Collier's

MARCH 22, 1947 TEN CENTS

THE BALLET GOES SOUTH

FORTUNE HUNTER A bright love story by ROB

March 22-1947

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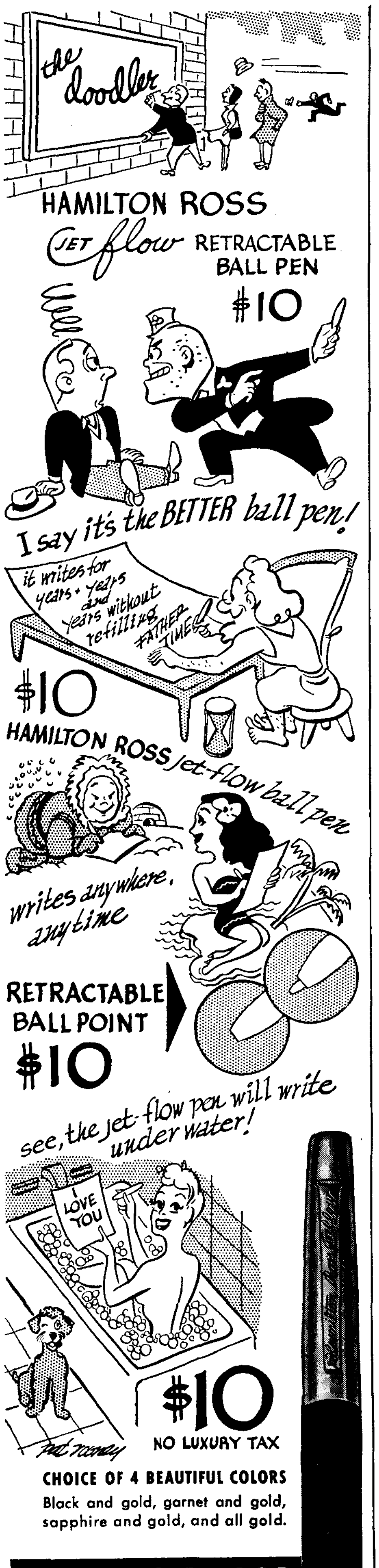

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March 22, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

VIGOR MORTIS

DEAR SIR: I spied your editorial How to Be a Bureaucrat (Feb. 8th) and thought you might like the enclosed copy of a memorandum circulated through Veterans Administration here in Washington:

To: Assistant Administrator of Red Tape
Re: Death of Administration Employees

It has been brought to our attention that many employees are dying and refusing to fall over after they are dead This MUST stop.

On or after April 1st, any employee found sitting up after he has died will be dropped from the pay roll at once.

If, after several hours, it is noted that a worker has not changed position, the Supervisor will investigate. Because of the close resemblance between death and the natural working attitude of government workers, the investigation is to be made quietly so as not to disturb the employee if only asleep. If doubt exists as to the true condition, extend a government check. If the employee does not reach for it immediately, it may reasonably be assumed that he is dead.

In all cases, a sworn statement by the dead man must be filled in on Special Form No. 44½-CX. Fifteen copies will be made. Three copies are to be filed and three given to the deceased. Destroy the rest.

OG-224A-Application for Permanent Leave, must also be filled out by the employee. (Be sure to include the forwarding address.) Complete case by pushing body aside to make room for the next incumbent.

By direction of, THE ADMINISTRATOR.

THOMAS F. ALLEN, Washington, D. C.

ALL AMERICANS

DEAR SIRS: Re: Home Again (Feb. 15th). I had the misfortune when I was about twelve years old of having to live in San Jose, Calif., for six months.

I put a few knots on a few of their noggins as a kid from Wisconsin, proving to them that the only state in the union wasn't California by a damn' sight.

No doubt there was a distinct dislike toward the Japanese, but after they were evacuated to their various places of concentration, did the great and upstanding people of California have to destroy all they had spent in years of sweat and toil to achieve?

HARRY C. PARRISH, Janesville, Wis.

CLEM KILROY CHAD SMOE CRAIG

DEAR SIR: Robert Trout of New York (Week's Mail, Feb. 1st) may be interested in the enclosed snapshot. We think it bears

(Continued on page 85)

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The right foods can mean better health! But remember, appetite and taste are not always the best guides to a good diet. Neither is cost, for some families that spend a lot on food are not as well nourished as those who spend less, but choose more wisely and enjoy a well-balanced diet.

Today, medical science is realizing more and more that food can be helpful in fighting certain physical conditions, such as diabetes, high blood pressure, and overweight. However, the main function of *your* food is to help you keep physically fit. Eating the *right amount* of the *right foods* every day can mean ***better health and a happier life for you!***

Choose foods to meet the body's needs!

Daily needs in nearly every normal diet include milk or cheese, meat, fish or poultry, vegetables, fruits, cereals or breads, fats, and sweets. You should also drink 4 to 8 glasses of water a day.

How much of each food you should eat for a well-balanced diet depends on your age, your physical condition, and the kind of work you do. Ask your doctor about your own health requirements, and be sure your diet includes all of the essential food elements in the proper amounts.

When and *how* you eat are nearly as important as what you eat. Have your meals at regular times. Eat them slowly and enjoy them—for a happy, peaceful atmosphere is helpful to good digestion and good health.

To help guide your choice of foods for a healthy diet, and to help you get the most good from the food you buy, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet, 47-C, "Three Meals A Day." Just fill in and mail the coupon at right.

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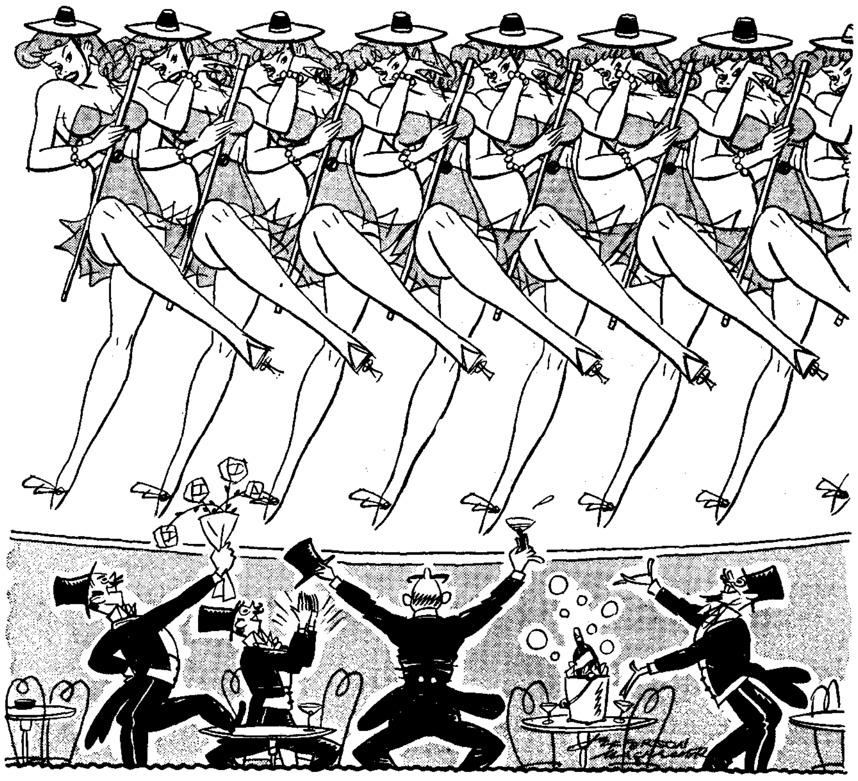

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

An international dance festival was held at the Paris Exposition on the night of July 2, 1937, in which the best troupe of each of ten countries participated at the invitation and expense of the French government. The United States was represented by the 46 Rockettes of New York's Radio City Music Hall, who made the 6,000-mile trip to do four of their famous four-minute precision dances, for which they were awarded the Grand Prix de la République.

Under the rent-control regulations of Australia, a landlord or his agent is subject to a fine if, in renting or re-leasing a house, they ask the tenant to pay a bonus, purchase furniture or other goods or make repairs at his own expense. Moreover, they cannot refuse to rent to a family with children or even inquire if children will live on the premises.—*By Robert D. Barnes, Sydney, Australia.*

Every Coptic Church in Egypt possesses the bones of five or six martyrs, each set being preserved in a leather container about two feet long and shaped like a golf bag. These reliquaries are usually kept in a box from which any worshiper may remove his favorite in order to pray to him. During their prayers, the men prostrate themselves before the bag, whereas the women fondle it in their arms as they would an infant.

The first state law imposing a personal income tax was passed in 1911 in Wisconsin. In 1919, such laws were in effect in three states having 16 per cent of our population, in 1932 in 15 states having 34 per cent, and today in 29 states having 56 per cent.

The sense of absolute pitch, or the ability to identify any musical tone when sounded alone, is possessed by less than five per cent of all musicians, singers, conductors and composers.

Few crooks have deceived the public as long as did John Keely of Philadelphia with his Keely engine, which he claimed ran on water, a quart being sufficient for it to propel a 30-car train 75 miles in 75 minutes. With frequent demonstrations of the engine in his workshop and predictions of the fortune in it, he attracted and held the faith of thousands of investors for 24 years. After his death in 1898, an investigation revealed the engine had been operated by a compressed-air machine in the cellar to which it was connected by a concealed pipe in the floor.

The extent to which interest in women as a sex surpasses that in men may be gauged by a recent study of the index of one of America's largest public libraries. Excluding biographies, only 446 books were listed under the general subject of Men, while 10,625—or 24 times as many—were listed under Woman and Women.—*By Linda Nison, New York City.*

A recent survey of America's 500 national associations and societies shows they now have a total membership of 70,200,000, a number that is equivalent to 1.5 memberships for every family in this country. Typical organizations in the survey included the Masons, Camp Fire Girls, American Bible Society, National Rifle Association and Veterans of Foreign Wars.

The Metropolitan Opera of New York has presented, during its 62-year history, 194 operas by 66 foreign composers and 19 operas by 16 American composers.—*By Lucille Zalewski, Ozone Park, N. Y.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no *items may be reproduced without permission*

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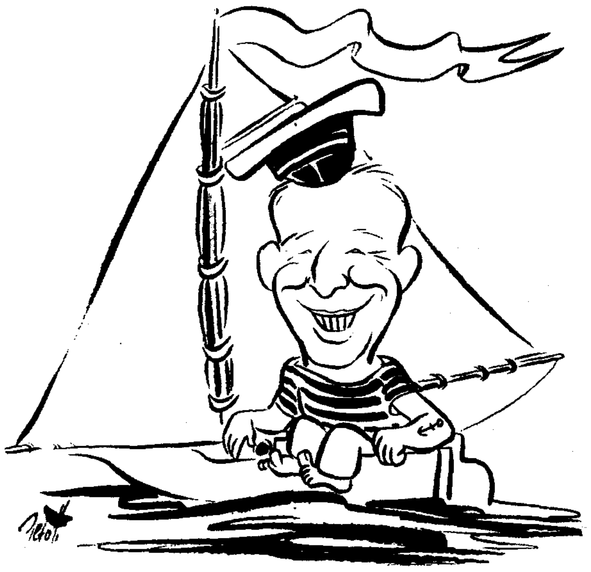
THE WEEK'S WORK

David R. Lindsay



JOHNNY PIEROTTI

EVER since he graduated from Harvard in '37, David Rodman Lindsay, born with a mizzenmast in his mouth, has owned a boat. He now operates a 31-foot Chesapeake ketch, which thus far he has sailed from job to job, and which he regretfully was unable to sail to war when he went into the Navy. It was aboard his destroyer that he got interested in the postwar yacht builders' plans. Boats for Everybody, p. 24, is his own postwar result.

"Like most sailboat sailors," he confesses, "I don't have much confidence in seagoing motors or females. I had one auxiliary that kept a mechanic in beer and skittles for a whole summer, and last September I let a girl take the tiller. Next thing I knew, water was pouring over the rail, and I lost my best shoes and a compass."

While he prescribes boats as an excellent substitute for woman, Mr. Lindsay (who is single) won't guarantee his likeness in Johnny Pierotti's excellent sketch of him above. Besides he says the boat is rigged wrong.

MONSIEUR POL QUENTIN, French newspaperman and coauthor of The Blank Page, p. 21, runs a Paris agency, Pages Internationales, which aims at supplying the world's publications with articles signed by VIPs. Author of Destins Ironiques (Ironical Fates), made up of strange newspaper items *(faits divers)* which Quentin loves to collect, The Blank Page came to him from such a clipping. Being a man of many ideas and fewer words, Quentin set it down in fifty words. Ironical Fate then threw him together with Jacques Baif in the De Gaulle Ministry of Information. Baif read the sketch by chance, added the rest of the words.

Jacques Baif (Jock Buy-eef to youse ignoramuses) is the nom de plume (name of pen) of Robert Victor, French writer and ex-mariner. In the tradition of Pierre Loti and other French navy writers, Baif started his first novel while officering for the French Indo-China Line. He was pilot for the Suez Canal in 1940 when De Gaulle made his famous call to resistance there. Victor immediately joined the Free French Forces.

After a spell of lecturing and editing in India for the FFF, he wound up as an outstanding radio commentator, needling the occupied French from Algiers. He marched into liberated Paris with De Gaulle, and became Public Relations Minister in the De Gaulle Cabinet. It was here he ran into Ideas Quentin (Quahn-tahn). In 1945, he entered the diplomatic service, and is now consul in Montreal.

The story was translated by Herma Briffault, who was born in a village in southern Ohio and still thinks the Ohio River, which she hasn't seen for over 30 years, is the most beautiful stream in the world. Mrs. Briffault has spent half of her checkerboard-jumping life abroad—17 years in France. She was in Paris during the occupation; in England during the buzz-bombing. Home again but a few months, she is just recovering from "that Lazarus-raised-from-the-dead-by-Rip-van-Winkle" feeling.

Besides numerous translations from the French, Mrs. Briffault has ghosted several books in a variety of disguises and in the first person. She has been vicariously: society woman, demimondaine, hotelkeeper's wife, and able-bodied seaman. "Translating," she claims, "gives one the illusion of creating—particularly when translating from that most beautifully logical, precise and difficult language: French." She lives in New York, with her Siamese cats, has not met either of the aforementioned gentlemen.

WALTER DAVENPORT started it by casually asking the number of pension checks the government sends out. Before she found out, Margot Grubb, of our Washington office (Here's Where Your Money Goes, p. 22), was dodging billions thrown at her in her dreams by bureaucrats wandering in a maze. For she found the figures she sought were spread over ten agencies, which kept books by abacus and other methods.

Further Grubbing (pun intended) revealed further auditor headaches. Check certifications by the millions of dollars often differed from actual disbursements because some people don't cash checks. Checks issued ten years before were presented for payment long after the appropriation had run out. It takes an Act of Congress to pay off the laggards.

Miss Grubb is from Cincinnati, a veteran of Smith College, radio work, and a government war job. Married to an Army man, she prefers Collier's checks to the government's. "The article helped me, however," she admits. "I now feel capable of splitting a luncheon check into properly apportioned parts."

This week's cover: The gossamer figure before the great gold curtains of New York's Metropolitan Opera House is the world's top classic ballerina, Alicia Markova. Crouched in the pit below, Photographer Jerry Cooke snapped her as she took her solo bows after completing Giselle, her trade-mark ballet in which she is said never to touch the floor. Alicia, born Alice Marks in London, is about 35, weighs a wraithful 98, eats like a stevedore after work, wears out a pair of $10.50 ballet slippers floating around in each Giselle, has partner Anton Dolin as her lifter, and will go on dancing forever. . . . TED SHANE

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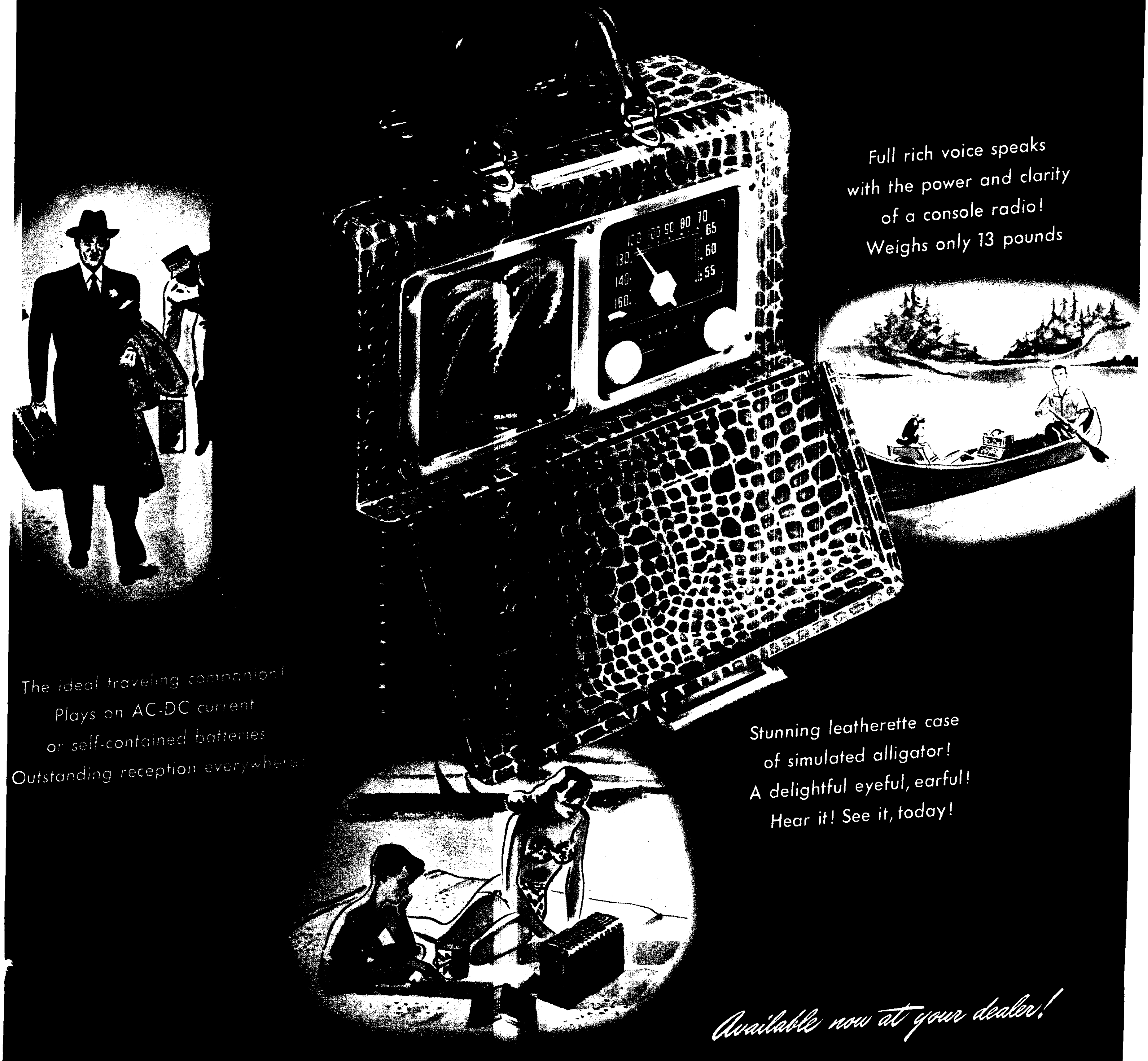

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FORTUNE HUNTER

BY ROBERT CARSON

Eric wasn't the man to be managed by any girl. But he could be led by one

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Jess stood and watched Eric as he played. He was on the point of going broke, when the tide turned

A SUNBURNED young man by the name of Eric J. Long lay on a beach at Lake Tahoe. When his shorts were dry, he added a vivid blue silk polo shirt, Argyle socks and leather sandals to his attire and headed for the Nevada line through wondrous mountain scenery. He was picking them up and laying them down with an energy inspired by his dip in the chilly water, when a girl in a new, expensive convertible stopped beside him.

"Want to get off your feet for a few minutes?" the girl asked.

"No, thank you," Eric said. "I need the exercise."

"Okay, Tarzan."

"Wait a minute!" Eric hastily removed his dark glasses and had a second look. "I've changed my mind."

He got in beside the girl, who was wearing a sunsuit with a bare midriff. Ordinarily Eric did not approve of female tourists haunting U.S. highways and drugstores in costumes that would give a chorus hoofer pause for thought, but he was willing to make an exception in this case. She was small and perfectly constructed, and she had green eyes. He seemed to remember her oval high-cheekboned face from his dreams. He sank back on the hot leather cushions contentedly and looked the gift chick in the mouth.

"Is there something the matter with me?" she asked.

"Absolutely nothing so far as I can determine," Eric said. "I wouldn't want to commit myself without a thorough inspection, but—"

"Never mind."

"I often think dark glasses are a handicap while touring. For instance, I nearly missed you with them on."

"May I ask you a question?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"What do you do at night—howl at the moon and travel with a pack?"

"I am merely another tourist," Eric said. "See America first, they say. Now I know what they mean."

"I have to turn off in a minute, I'm staying at Pine Lodge. Shall I drop you here?"

"No, drop me at Pine Lodge. I'm staying there, too."

"Oh, my gosh!" the girl said.

They drove up to the main building, and the girl parked the convertible. She gathered up a few parcels from the rear.

"May I have your name, honey?" Eric said. "I keep a memory book."

(Continued on page 79)

An "Ole Miss" football player looks on as pretty coeds probe into secrets of diet and make-up used by the ballerinas. Told that these Swan Lake costumes are called "tu-tus," the young man said: "Tut tut!"

THE BALLET HITS HIGH COTTON

When the Ballet Russe came to Oxford, Mississippi, everybody had a wonderful time—a state of affairs which Southerners describe as "high cotton"

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

UP TILL 6 P.M. on a certain Thursday night this winter, English was the only language being spoken in Oxford, Mississippi—and with only one or two exceptions, the accent was deep South. At exactly ten minutes after six, English was only one of 14 languages you could hear around Court House Square. Ninety-three ballerinas, *danseurs,* musicians, stagehands and electricians piled out of the busses which carried them from their special railroad cars 25 miles away. For the next 24 hours, the ballet found itself not only in the town—but on it.

Oxford folks, who don't cotton much to strangers, had the time of their lives. So did the Ballet Russe. *Pas de deux* or "do-si-do," each took the other in his stride—and the get-together not only enriched the legend of the town but added a milestone to the history of the dance.

As a Negro teamster remarked, watching the dancers practice a few ballons on some cotton bales: "Man, looks like they sure enough hit high cotton." Down South that means easy picking—or paradise.

What with the university and the county seat, there are deep undercurrents in the life of Oxford, and one of them flows through the cluttered offices of the printery, where

The dancers staged an impromptu performance atop some cotton bales, called it the Boll-Weevil Ballet

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

young Philip Mullin, better known as Moon, gets out the Oxford Eagle in collaboration with his father, Curtis. Just before the ballet came to town, Moon got to thinking—in print, of course:

"Ballet means dancing, and there's something right up our alley. We can't help speculating how the Ballet Russe would stack up in one of Oxford's good old-fashioned square dances down at Community Hall."

When Moon begins speculating about things, they have a way of happening—especially if he has the backing of a lady named Emma Sue Tucker. Emma Sue, who helps her husband Jack run the Sinclair Oil depot, knows the families of Lafayette County like Moon knows the keys on a linotype machine.

"What do you think?" asked Moon.

"I think," said Emma Sue, "it'd be a lot of fun for all and sundry."

And that meant that there would be a square dance.

Emma Sue Handles "Invites"

Moon called Archie Edwards about music by The Tri-State Playboys. Emma Sue had to go it alone so far as invitations were concerned. Usually she and her husband manage it together. But Jack was up in Memphis, getting his Shriner's degree.

"And you know those Shriners," said Emma Sue.

Night before the dance, Emma Sue was up till eleven o'clock telephoning people. She finally went to bed and "telephoned 'em lyin' down." But you can't just telephone and let it go at that. There are plenty of folks who'd like phones but just haven't got 'em yet. So Emma Sue made the rounds of outlying College Hill, Abbeville, and Yocond in person.

About the time Emma Sue was phoning out the last of her "invites," the Original Ballet Russe was winding up its final performance in Birmingham, Alabama. Dancers groaned as they looked at the call sheet for Oxford:

"Company will leave train at Holly Springs, take special busses to Oxford. Town's two hotels filled to capacity and one restaurant closes at 7 P.M. Think advisable to carry sandwiches. Accommodations to be worked out on arrival—we hope."

It wasn't so bad as all that—the town has three good restaurants which never close up before midnight. But how to sleep almost a hundred extra people in this town of 3,000 was a real problem. University enrollment had doubled since the war, and one student instructor, ex-Staff Sergeant Pat Hogan, had set up housekeeping in the star dressing room off the wings of the Fulton Chapel stage—where the ballet was scheduled to perform.

Dr. Ray Nichols was a tired and worried man as he finished his anatomy lecture a few hours before the ballet's arrival and went over final sleeping arrangements. As chairman of the university's Lyceum Course, the sponsor, Dr. Nichols was under no obligation. "But, after all," he said, "we can't have them campin' out on the Court House lawn."

It was Mrs. Julia Davis, of the Colonial Hotel, who saved the day. At considerable risk of losing commercial travelers to the rival Hotel Henry, Mrs. Davis agreed to make room for about 60—"if they don't mind doubling up."

That would just about take care of the *corps de ballet*. The stars and featured dancers, they agreed, should stay in private homes.

Till the very last minute, nobody knew what to do about the ballet's less glamorous personnel—the musicians, electricians and stage carpenters. Then Dr. Nichols thought of the old gymnasium on the campus, and Mrs. Davis scared up cots and blankets.

"Who's it all for?" asked one of the undergraduates making up the cots. Told it was for members of the Ballet Russe, he said: "I guess they don't speak any English."

"Yeah," agreed the other, "I guess they just sit around and eat caviar."

Steak in Many Languages

These speculations were wrong on all three counts. Far from sedentary, the ballet at that moment was streaming out of the busses and into the small lobby of the Colonial. Besides Russian, the uproar consisted of French, English, Portuguese, Spanish, Flemish and Turkish. Moreover, there was absolutely no thought of caviar when word got around that a near-by restaurant was serving steak.

Within an hour, everybody had a roof over his head—and with few exceptions a porterhouse steak under his belt. This made for an atmosphere of euphoria and good cheer in the big dining room which the Mansion Inn threw open to the newcomers.

"*Regardez ça*," said one of them, nodding toward the swinging doors into the kitchen. The waitresses, not minded to miss the goings on, were backing out through the doors, which they opened with a toss of the hip.

Verna May Stewart, youngest and comeliest of the waitresses, started collecting autographs on a specially printed Ballet Russe menu. As she joined her friends in a corner of the room, Verna May was all smiles:

"Guess I got me a parcel of names," she announced. But her face fell when she looked at them more closely. "I sure wish I had some way of havin' 'em down in English," she moaned.

The square dance was going full tilt in the Community House as the ballet dancers drifted over.

". . . With the right hand over and a how-do-you-do . . . Left hand back and how-are-you . . ."

The floor rocked under the swirling dancers. Archie Edwards and his Tri-State Playboys—2 fiddles, bass fiddle, guitar, and banjo—were in full swing, and Myrl Frazier was calling the steps.

"Square dances have a way of pouncing on people and just gobbling them up," said Emma Sue Tucker, standing in welcome near the door. The famous Markova found out that was no mere figure of speech.

A tall, strapping, loose-jointed young man in a red-white-and-blue plaid jacket detached himself from a group of townsfolk and singled out the *première* ballerina as she came through the door. His elbows were wide and flapping to the music and he bore down on her wordlessly with a gliding, shuffling gait . . .

"Oh," Markova gasped, "you want me to dance with you?"

"Indubitably," said the young man, and led her out to the floor.

This was Hoot Roane, young man about town, who has found in one word the answer to most of life's mysteries: "Indubitably." In the workaday world, Hoot is salesman for the U.T. and C.—which stands for United

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"'Tain't art but it shore is fun," says caller Myrl Frazier (left) of the square dance, and Alicia Markova (facing camera) agrees. "Hoot" Roane (right) refers to his plaid jacket as an "atomic tux"

THE RAT RACE

BY JAY FRANKLIN

CONTINUING AN EXCITING NOVEL OF MODERN ROMANCE AND INTRIGUE

"Would you mind not talking so loud," I said. "Those two men following us might misunderstand some of your remarks." "You mean those five men," Virginia said. I looked behind us. She was right

The Story:

Unknown to the public, the U.S.S. Alaska steams across the Pacific on a secret mission early in April, 1945, carrying a Professor Chalmis and the mysterious thorium bomb which he has developed. Unaccountably, Chalmis explodes the bomb in the ship's hold, disintegrating the ship and its entire crew—among whom is LIEUTENANT COMMANDER FRANK JACKLIN.

Jacklin regains consciousness that afternoon in New York to find to his horror that his soul now inhabits the body of WINNIE TOMPKINS, dissolute stockbroker. No one he talks to has ever heard of the Alaska. Seeing nothing for it but to adjust himself to Tompkins' life pattern, he goes to Tompkins' home, to find that Winnie has neglected his lovely wife GERMAINE—or "JIMMIE"— and has been carrying on affairs with tempestuous VIRGINIA RUTHERFORD, and with his hard-boiled but softhearted secretary, ARTHURJEAN BRIGGS. The "new" Tompkins resolves to renounce these extramarital relationships.

The next day F.B.I. AGENT A. J. HARCOURT questions him regarding his remarks about the Alaska, whereupon Tompkins tells his incredible story to Harcourt and Arthurjean. Harcourt is sympathetic, although officially skeptical, and tells him that the F.B.I. has been tracing Tompkins but has been unable to account for his whereabouts for five days during Holy Week, immediately preceding the explosion aboard the Alaska.

A man named AXEL ROSCOMMON visits the brokerage office of Tompkins, Wasson & Cone and blithely informs Tompkins that he, Roscommon, is a Nazi agent—implying that Tompkins, because of his mysterious connection with the missing Alaska, belongs to another segment of the same spy network. Roscommon then tells Tompkins that President Roosevelt is on the verge of death and urges Tompkins to "sell the war short" to make a nest egg for the nearly beaten Axis.

With some misgivings Tompkins arranges his clients' market holdings so as to take advantage of the probable effect of Roosevelt's death. He is approached with an offer from a group of high government officials to participate in a surplus-sales fraud, which he turns down. Still feeling his way through his impersonation, Tompkins returns to his house in Westchester where he realizes that Germaine, for the first time since her marriage, is in love with her "husband."

The next day, in Tompkins' office, the radio announces Roosevelt's death. PHIL CONE, one of Tompkins' partners, confesses that he had informed the F.B.I. about Tompkins' suspiciously sudden hunch that Roosevelt would die. Shortly thereafter, Harcourt grimly picks up Tompkins for questioning. . . .

III

THE events which brought me into the office of Edward Marks, one of the Deputy Directors of the F.B.I., on Friday the thirteenth, had developed so rapidly that I could scarcely believe that less than twenty-four hours had passed since Harcourt had picked me up.

We had taken a taxicab to the Federal Court House, where I was placed alone in a room for fifteen minutes. At the end of that period I was informed that Washington had asked that I be sent down for interrogation there.

I was told that if I preferred, I could demand a formal warrant of arrest but that Mr. Vail, who had been released with an apology, advised me to go. I was told that there was still no formal charge against me but I was asked if I would let myself be fingerprinted. I wiggled the two unbandaged fingers on my right hand; an impression of their tips was made.

They had allowed me to phone Germaine and tell her I was going to Washington and to invite her to join me there as soon as I could get hotel accommodations. The F.B.I. put me up for the night in one of their Manhattan hide-outs, an old house in the East Eighties, and in the morning, Harcourt and I had taken the plane. It was noon when I was told that Mr. Marks was ready to see me.

MARKS was a pleasant, youngish man—with that inevitable Hoover chubbiness—whose roomy office with its deep, leather easy chairs spelled power in the F.B.I. I was amused to note that he followed Rule 1 of whistle-stop detection by seating me in a deep chair, facing the light, while he sat at his desk on a definitely higher level, with the light behind him.

"Well, Mr. Tompkins," he began, "we've had disturbing reports about you from at least three different sources." He glanced at a file of papers on his desk. "The first one is an allegation that you aren't Winfred S. Tompkins, but an impostor who has kidnaped Tompkins and taken his place. That report was anonymous and we don't attach any particular importance to it, although if necessary we could use it to detain you for questioning under the Lindbergh Law."

I stretched out my hands toward him. "My fingerprints were taken last night," I said. "They ought to settle that question."

Marks laughed. "Unfortunately," he admitted, "it takes a little time to establish identity by fingerprints. I think we can assume that the final identification will bear you out. They're working on it now."

There was a buzz and he picked up the telephone. "Oh, they do," he remarked. "Good! That's that!" He turned back to me. "That was the Fingerprint Division. They're your prints, all right, so we'll cancel the kidnaping charge."

"What's the second strike on me?"

"That's a report phoned in by one of your partners, that you seemed to expect President Roosevelt's death two or three days before it happened."

"Well," I explained, "a man named Axel Roscommon came to my office, said that he was the chief Nazi agent in the United States, and told me that Roosevelt was on his last legs, and would die any day. I had already reported Roscommon to the Bureau and was told to let him alone. Roscommon said that his organization was spreading a rumor that Roosevelt was poisoned. I wanted to pass along the whole story but was told that it was too late, that I would simply expose myself to suspicion. So what I did was to make the normal business preparations to take advantage of its effect on the stock market."

Marks looked up at the ceiling and remained silent for a few minutes. "So that's the way it was," he said. "For your personal information, Mr. Tompkins, Roscommon told us about this poisoning plot a month ago but when we tried to warn the Secret Service we had our ears slapped back. If I'd known about the Roscommon angle in your case, I would have told the New York office not to worry. He's a troublesome bird," sighed Marks.

"You don't believe that President Roosevelt was assassinated, do you?" I asked, point-blank.

He shrugged his shoulders. "No, I do not," he replied. "It is not inconceivable, and the Secret Service is so set in its ideas and methods that—Well, frankly I'd rather not believe it. I have no evidence, and I rather think Roscommon was on the level with you—that is, he wants a rumor spread. Anyway, it's not in our jurisdiction."

I heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank God, I'm clear of that one," I said. "How about the third charge?"

Marks looked serious. "That's not going to be so easy, Mr. Tompkins," he announced. "Harcourt reports that he doesn't think there's anything to it, but Naval Intelligence has the jitters about this Alaska business. It seems to be pretty well established that on the afternoon of April second, you stated that the U.S.S. Alaska had been sunk in an explosion off the western Aleutians. That was over ten days ago and there has been no official word from the carrier since it was picked up at Adak by radar on the first of the month. The report given us was that you represented it as all a dream. What worries the Navy about this explanation is that no public announcement had ever been made of the Alaska's launching or commission. She's a sneak-carrier built under stringent security regulations, and until you came into the picture, the Navy was certain there'd been no leak."

I nodded dismally. "Knowing the Navy," I replied, "I can see how they feel. All that I can suggest, Mr. Marks, is that this is a case of mental telepathy. There have been plenty of other instances of it on record. Often they call it intuition or second sight. I can only say that if you investigate and can find any other explanation, I'll be delighted."

THE Deputy Director pursed his lips and placed the tips of his F.B.I. fingers delicately together.

"I don't think that Admiral Hoagland—he's the present head of O.N.I., though they change so fast we almost lose count—will be satisfied with the theory that it is a case of extrasensory perception, in spite of the many scientific experiments in that field of which I doubt the Navy is aware. And then there was the bomb—"

I nodded. "The thorium bomb—" I began, and stopped as I noticed an official change in Marks' attitude.

"Exactly, Mr. Tompkins," he observed. "The thorium bomb. Nobody—at least outside of the President, the Secretary of the Navy and Professor Chalmis—was supposed to know that there was such a thing as a thorium bomb. The security arrangements on the thorium project were so drastic—"

"Roscommon knew all about it," I said. "He also mentioned Chalmis."

The Deputy Director looked slightly ill. "He did, did he?" he growled. "*That* will teach the Navy not to let the Bureau handle domestic security. Hell, this thing gets bigger every minute. If Roscommon knew about it, then anybody could have known. Why, it's been an offense against the Espionage Act even to print the word "thorium" outside of chemical textbooks, and Chalmis is supposed to be in the T.B. sanitarium at Saranac. Wonder what happened to him?"

I leaned forward. "He's dead, Mr. Marks," I assured him. "Everybody on the Alaska is dead. The bomb went off, and there's nobody left to tell the tale."

"How do you do it, Tompkins?"

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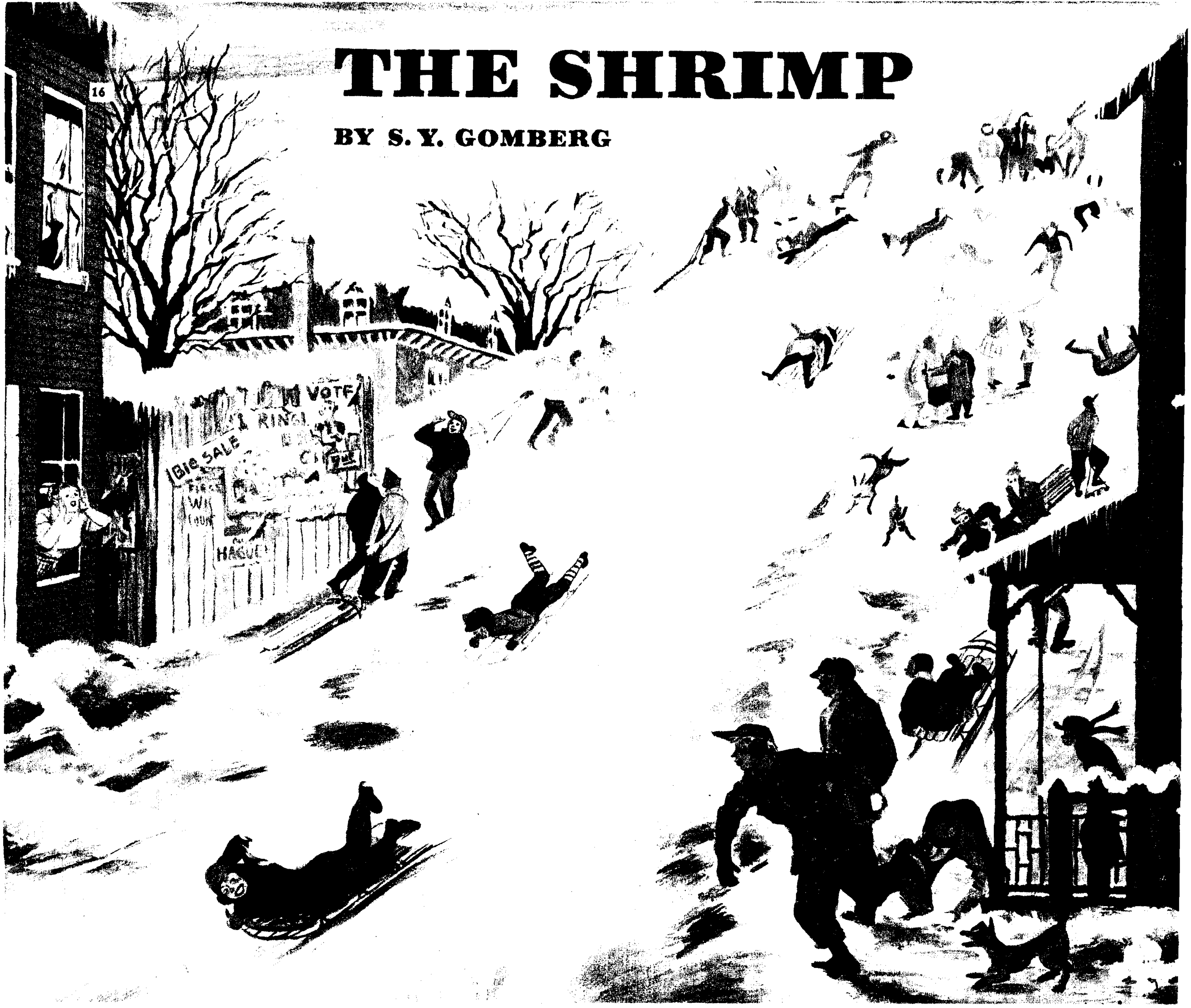
ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

THE SHRIMP

BY S. Y. GOMBERG



Word had spread around about the race, and the hill was crowded. A dime bet was a lot of money

The story of a small boy with a passion for fidelity—in this case a doubtful asset

"WATCH Marv and tell the butcher if the chop meat ain't fresh I'll send you back with it and don't forget a nice piece suet and remember I'll fix you if you take your sled out!" my mother yelled down to us from the third-floor landing. "Also be careful when you cross the street hold Marv's hand tight all the way and don't play come right home it's freezing in the air. . . !"

The apartment door closed behind us and cut off any further instructions. I shook myself free of the house warmth and drew in a real deep breath of the biting afternoon air. Then I shoved Marv, my kid brother, out onto the sidewalk. Walking behind him, I tested the crust of the snow with my heels. It was crisp and dry—the kind of a snow every kid in New Jersey had been praying for all through a long, mild winter. It was even better for sleds today than it had been yesterday, after the blizzard stopped. Now it was harder, icier. Just perfect.

"O-o-oh!" A painful thought speared me. My sled, with its shiny, newly sandpapered runners and its gleaming varnish job was down in the cellar. Because of my mother, it was put away, of no use to me or anyone else on a day like this. I kicked at a gray chunk of frozen slush. Right away Marv booted a smaller chunk. Then he crossed his arms like mine were. That made me so mad, I had to spit. Too much was too much. Why couldn't Mom see that?

What right did any mother have to punish a guy like this? First by keeping him in all day on a Saturday, then by making him take the Shrimp along even when she sent him to the store. And how long did she believe this snow would last, two months maybe?

All right, all right, I admitted. So I slid between the wheels of that coal truck on my sled yesterday. Okay . . . But was it my fault if it came around the corner when I was halfway down the hill? Did I tell the driver to pick that street? Why didn't Mom think of the other side of it? A guy who couldn't handle a sled as good as me might have been killed, easy. Like Jug Noretsky last winter. Anybody'd think she would be happy that I came out alive. But no! Not her!

"Sonofaseacook!" I kicked another piece of dirty ice as hard as I could.

THERE were no more lumps near by, so Marv stood still, watching me closely, saying nothing, waiting patiently. That wasn't unusual about the Shrimp. He was only four while I was eight, but he had been quiet like this for years. He just stared at everything with those odd, light gray eyes of his. He had a cold, thoughtful way of looking at things and people. But at me—and why, I didn't know—he

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ILLUSTRATED BY K. WIGGINS

CROSSROAD IN PALESTINE

BY BARTLEY C. CRUM

In the fall of 1945 after President Truman had urged that 100,000 displaced persons from Europe be allowed by the British to enter Palestine, British Prime Minister Clement Attlee replied that he did not know whether this was feasible and suggested that an Anglo-American fact-finding committee study the situation. Such a committee was named, including six Americans and six Britons. One of the American members, appointed by President Truman, was a Republican, Bartley C. Crum, San Francisco corporation lawyer. The committee held hearings in Washington, New York, London, Cairo and Jerusalem, and investigated the condition of displaced persons in Europe as well as the relations between Arabs and Jews in the Middle East. It later issued a unanimous report urging the admission of 100,000 refugees to Palestine and making other recommendations. In this article Mr. Crum looks behind the record of British and American dealings in Palestine. It is an excerpt from his forthcoming book, Behind the Silken Curtain, and represents the viewpoint of one member of the committee

WHEN I was appointed one of the six American members of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine, I was brought face to face with a problem which, I was to discover, presents the greatest issues of our time in microcosm. I was to learn much about how governments govern; about the prejudices that underlie the thinking of the leaders of nations; about the way democracy must go if it is to survive; and, particularly, about one of the great social and national experiments of our time—the tangled, tragic, yet deeply promising twentieth-century history of the Jews.

American foreign policy is, of course, of prime importance to the American people. We desperately need an honest, forthright policy, so grounded on moral principle that it will hold equally for China, the atomic bomb, Germany or Palestine. The basic question in Palestine, indeed, is whether the Western democracies possess such a moral principle. If they do, then we, the free people of the West, will win out. If they do not, the Middle East may well become the breeding place of new wars.

It is imperative that we think clearly on this subject. But we cannot do so if the facts are veiled. It is for this reason that I write now.

Almost the very afternoon I arrived in Washington for our Committee's first hearings I was briefed on the subject of Palestine. Loy W. Henderson, chief of the Division of Near Eastern Affairs of the State Department, took me aside, and observed, "Mr. Crum, one fact faces both the United States and Great Britain: That is the Soviet Union. It would be wise to bear that in mind when you consider the Palestine problem."

Sometime later I heard the same view expressed by a representative of the British Foreign Office: British policy was based on the protection of British interests against Russia and it should be to our advantage to fall in line with that policy.

This viewpoint was iterated when we embarked on the Queen Elizabeth for Europe. Climbing the stairs to the sun deck to attend our first shipboard meeting, I was chatting with Evan Wilson, of the Near Eastern desk of the State Department and chief of the American experts assigned to us. "If your Committee reaches a decision on Palestine which could be interpreted as too favorable to the Jews," he was saying, "an aroused Arab world may turn to the Soviet Union for support. The Committee must consider that seriously."

I turned to him. "If your words reflect the position of the State Department," I said, "how can you square that with all the assurances this government and the British Labor party have made to the Jews? Or does anyone know the real position of the State Department?"

Wilson looked at me quizzically. "The Department can't always make its confidential records public," he said. "But I can tell you that our concern is shared both by the British Foreign and Colonial Offices!"

I had a chance to read some of those confidential records on our third day out. I was handed a document marked "Contents of file of

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Despite top-level battling, Arabs and Jews live peacefully together when their settlements meet in the desert, the Anglo-American Committee members reported

EUROPEAN

TYCOONS OF THE TURNTABLE

BY STANLEY FRANK

Owner of a voice which seems to spell S-E-X to every listening housewife, Martin Block will make $400,000 this year simply by playing records and making remarks

RIENDS of the unseen and unknowing radio audience feared Ted Husing had lost his mind—an occupational calamity almost as dire as losing his voice—last October. The famous sportscaster announced he had left the Columbia Broadcasting System's national network and $27,500 a year to sign a five-year contract as a disk jockey for WHN, a local station in New York

A disk jockey, as every American with a functioning eardrum must know, is a man who plays interminable phonograph records on the wireless as a crafty excuse for belaboring the listener with commercials every three minutes Old admirers sighed lugubriously and grieved that Husing, a coast-to-coast headliner for 20 years, had been reduced to such indignities All of us should be as washed up as poor old Husing.

In these next five years Husing, working 21 hours a week, will earn a conservative $1,000,000, a sum that will astonish everyone except those who know what goes on in radio

Disk jockeys are the most fabulous blokes in a fabulous trade which long ago ceased to blanch at the fantastic prices paid for talent, genuine and spurious The biggest money-maker in radio, with the possible exception of Walter Winchell, is the mellifluous Martin Block, who has cultivated the most extensive and profitable *corn field* in the history of the world

Block is a disk jockey whose Make Believe Ballroom is heard only over WNEW, a small, 10,000-watt station in New York Using the identical technique he learned as a pitchman and door-to-door salesman trying to make a hit-and-run buck in his youth, Block this year will earn $400,000 a figure quoted on the authority of Bernice Judis, general manager of WNEW The guy has made more *money from the phonograph than Mr* Thomas A Edison, who merely invented it

Brother Block's top billing at a picayune $400,000 a year will be challenged by clients who know only what they read in the papers. How about the 20 to 28 Gs a week commanded by Fred Allen, Bing Crosby, Jack Benny and Bob Hope? Is that box tops? Such stipends indeed are paid for half-hourly transfixions of the citizens, but they are "package deals," currently dear to the heart of the entertainment world. The star of the show is left with only a miserable fortune after he shells out of his own pocket for a 43-piece band, vocalist, supporting cast, announcer, script writers, rehearsals and production costs.

A disk jockey is in business with a collection of records furnished free by the station, a mike and a sheaf of commercials from sponsors. His only expenses are for an assistant to run the records and a secretary to answer mail. He is ready for the day's labors after gargling briskly and glancing at a few carefully contrived ad-lib cracks.

Formula for Profit-Making

At the last count there were 1,318 radio stations in the country and every one, without exception, had at least one disk jockey. Platter players are the lifeblood of the "peanut roasters" (small, independent stations) because their programs show the greatest profits of all in a field where genius of a high, persistent order is required to lose money. A can't-miss formula explains the sudden enshrinement of disk jockeys as the fair-haired boys of radio: They draw upon the best musical talent available and pay nothing for it.

The proposition can be reduced quickly to concrete terms. Arthur Godfrey, a refreshing and imaginative record changer, is on the air from six to nine o'clock in the morning for WCBS and WTOP, the New York and Washington outlets for CBS. That one-man, three-hour hitch pays *all* operating expenses of *both* major stations for the entire day before the doors are opened.

Perhaps the most successful enterprise in radio, on the basis of proportionate profits from invested capital and operating expenses, is WNEW. It got that way through disk jockeys. More accurately described as The Waxworks, WNEW is on the air 24 hours a day, and 15½ hours are devoted to its stable of six jockeys. The station couldn't make more money if it had a license from the Treasury to print currency—not with Block bringing in $250 for each quarter hour of baring his limpid larynx at the microphone. Since Block throughout the year is on the air 3½ hours a day, or 14 quarter-hour periods, even an abacus would break down under the strain of computing the loot.

The drawing power of canned music accompanied by a patter of wry, sly or unctuous remarks is not a phenomenon confined to New York. Every section has a disk jockey whose judgment in music and advice to consumers is followed by an extensive audience with a devotion unknown since the sustaining broadcasts of the Prophets from the Mount. Sherman Feller of Boston, Russ Hughes of St. Louis and Allen Courtney of Denver are in the eyes and ears of listeners for hundreds of miles around.

Record companies and sponsors on the West Coast genuflect at the feet of San Francisco's Jo Allen, Oakland's Craig Harris and Pasadena's Andy Mansfield. As might have been suspected, the nonsense began in Los Angeles. Al Jarvis first foisted an unrelenting program of recorded music upon the public over KFWB in 1932, and along with Gene Norman he still is waxing wealthy.

The formulas disk jockeys use to plug as many as 30 sponsors' products are as diverse—and uninhibited—as the records they play. Block and Husing blandly beat the audience over the head with a feathery ball bat while suggesting that life can be beautiful for one and all.

Art Ford, in the driver's seat of the Milkman's Matinee from midnight to 6:30 A.M., is informal and unobtrusive. Freddie Robbins employs a hyperthyroid jive vocabulary greatly admired by hepcats bored with the prosaic mother tongue. André Baruch and Bea Wain, the celebrated announcer and vocalist, have formed a husband-wife team that features the heckling and sugary sarcasm supposed to denote connubial bliss. And then there is Arthur Godfrey, who conforms to no rules, and hooray for him.

Godfrey has attracted a cult that actually gets up at 6 A.M. to hear the master of the "Morgan kick," the trade term for satirizing commercials. The label is a misnomer. Godfrey has been casting the harpoon since 1934 and he has made more money from the dodge than Henry Morgan, which is just as it should be, for he originated the technique.

A truculent redhead who doesn't need television to communicate a fine, pear-shaped sneer, Godfrey has revolutionized radio by the simple expedient of sounding exactly like a man who goes to work at six o'clock in the morning. His voice is unshaven as he grouses at the dreadful people who force him to make a living—circa $150,000 a year—at that ungodly hour. He is irritable and you can see his uncombed hackles bristle at a piece of advertising copy oozing with overripe platitudes. Copywriters who have had their quivering hides flayed by Godfrey forsake purple prose and

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People shook their heads sadly when Ted Husing, famed sports announcer, became a disk jockey. They should be as hard up as he!

Most unorthodox of the breed is Arthur Godfrey, who breaks records he doesn't like, razzes sponsors and captivates audiences

Radio's disk jockeys may seem like wax dummies to you, but the riches they reap from records prove that platter chatter pays

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

BRITISH COMBINE

A new study of Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth as she poses at foot of the palace stairs for artist-photographer Cecil Beaton. She will be 21 in April

PRINCESS ELIZABETH

BY IRVING WALLACE

After her twenty-first birthday next month, England's future queen may find her desire for personal freedom clashing with the demands of Empire. How she will react to this collision is a matter of personality, but also of long, hard training

II

WHEN Princess Elizabeth comes of age next month, she will be charged with many new duties and responsibilities befitting England's next ruler. She is not likely to allow this to stifle her individuality. Besides her much-publicized romance with Prince Philip of Greece, there are many other scattered incidents that clearly reflect the princess' insistence on some degree of personal freedom.

Until 1945, she had never been in the subway, ridden on a bus, visited a movie theater or been in a pub. Today she has accomplished all but one of these adventures. Through constant pestering, she obtained permission to ride, with her sister and governess, on the subway from St. James's Park to Charing Cross and back. It was her first look at the underground, the turnstiles, advertisements, conductors, crowds. Again, on a trip out of town without her parents, she wangled a bus ride from Dartmouth to Plymouth.

As for the movie theater, it was her minor ambition to go inside a real one. She sees a movie every week in the private projection room at Buckingham Palace (her favorite stars are Gary Cooper and David Niven), but it was not until late last year that she crashed a real theater.

This was accomplished by inviting Ray Milland, Pat O'Brien and others to a command performance at the Empire Theater at which Elizabeth saw an English film. The Hollywood stars were to attend a reception afterward, but Pat O'Brien refused to show up unless he could bring his wife. The king at last consented, and all wives had to be invited. As a result, Elizabeth had to shake the hands of 45 movie guests.

During the war, Elizabeth wanted to join one of the women's services. Her father took it up with the Minister of Labor, and it was decided that Elizabeth must not enlist in anything, that her training for the throne was of first importance. But Elizabeth felt that she would be a slacker and carry about an inferiority complex for life. So, for a year, relentlessly, she persisted. Just before her nineteenth birthday, her father gave in. She joined the Auxiliary Territorial Service, as an auto mechanic and driver, and though she slept at the castle, she toiled amid oil, valves and engines from ten to five every day. One of her major joys was to get dirt under her nails and grease stains on her hands, and display these signs of labor to her friends.

At graduation, a new crisis was provoked. Every ATS student, for her final exam, was required to drive a truck from the camp to busy London. The king and queen went into a hurried conference with Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary, about this. It was agreed that Elizabeth must not take this exam, since she might be involved in an accident.

Qualifies as Truck Driver

When the trio came out to announce their decision, they found a grinning Elizabeth guiding a lumbering camouflaged truck into the palace gates. She had made the complete journey, from Camberley to London, through the thickest traffic and twice around Piccadilly Circus, on her own, because she wanted to attend a party at the palace—and hear the royal decision on her final exam.

Occasionally, more daringly, Elizabeth's individuality crops up in official functions. In her first radio broadcast, on B.B.C.'s Children's Hour, she was to address British youngsters who had been evacuated to the United States and Canada.

In a voice very much like her mother's, pretending to read from a script she had already memorized, Elizabeth went through her paces, while her sister Margaret stood at a distance behind her, and the king and queen watched from an adjacent room. As she finished her last words, Elizabeth suddenly stopped, said extemporaneously, "My sister is by my

(Continued on page 63)

An earlier photo of Princess Elizabeth with her younger sister, Margaret Rose, leaving Buckingham Palace to attend a meeting of their troop of Girl Guides

EUROPEAN

THE BLANK PAGE

BY POL QUENTIN AND JACQUES BAIF

Starting from a piece of paper, his suspicion led him down a long, lonely avenue of regret

HE WALKED slowly, with his head bent back, looking for a house number. Absent-mindedly he read them aloud until, becoming aware of it, he tried to check himself. He was behaving like a madman! But soon he was doing it again, counting anxiously:

"102 . . 104 . . . 104-A. That damned A slows me up by one more door. 106—a café. 108—a warehouse. 110. The end of the block."

He crossed the street. A car honked, brakes screeched. Careful! Agnes had been run over just like that, and in this very street. It must not happen to him. Not, at any rate, until he had solved the enigma of that blank sheet of paper they had found, clutched tightly in her dead hand.

"110 . . . 112—a hotel. 114—at last!"

Intently he surveyed the building, as if imploring it to surrender some clue. Its windows had looked out over the scene of the tragedy. From that building Agnes had walked unknowing and unseeing to her death. But the house was noncommittal, genteel, shabby, completely undistinguished. Just one more apartment house, like thousands of others in Paris, just one among many along this large tree-bordered boulevard near the Gare de Lyons. He paused at the door, afraid.

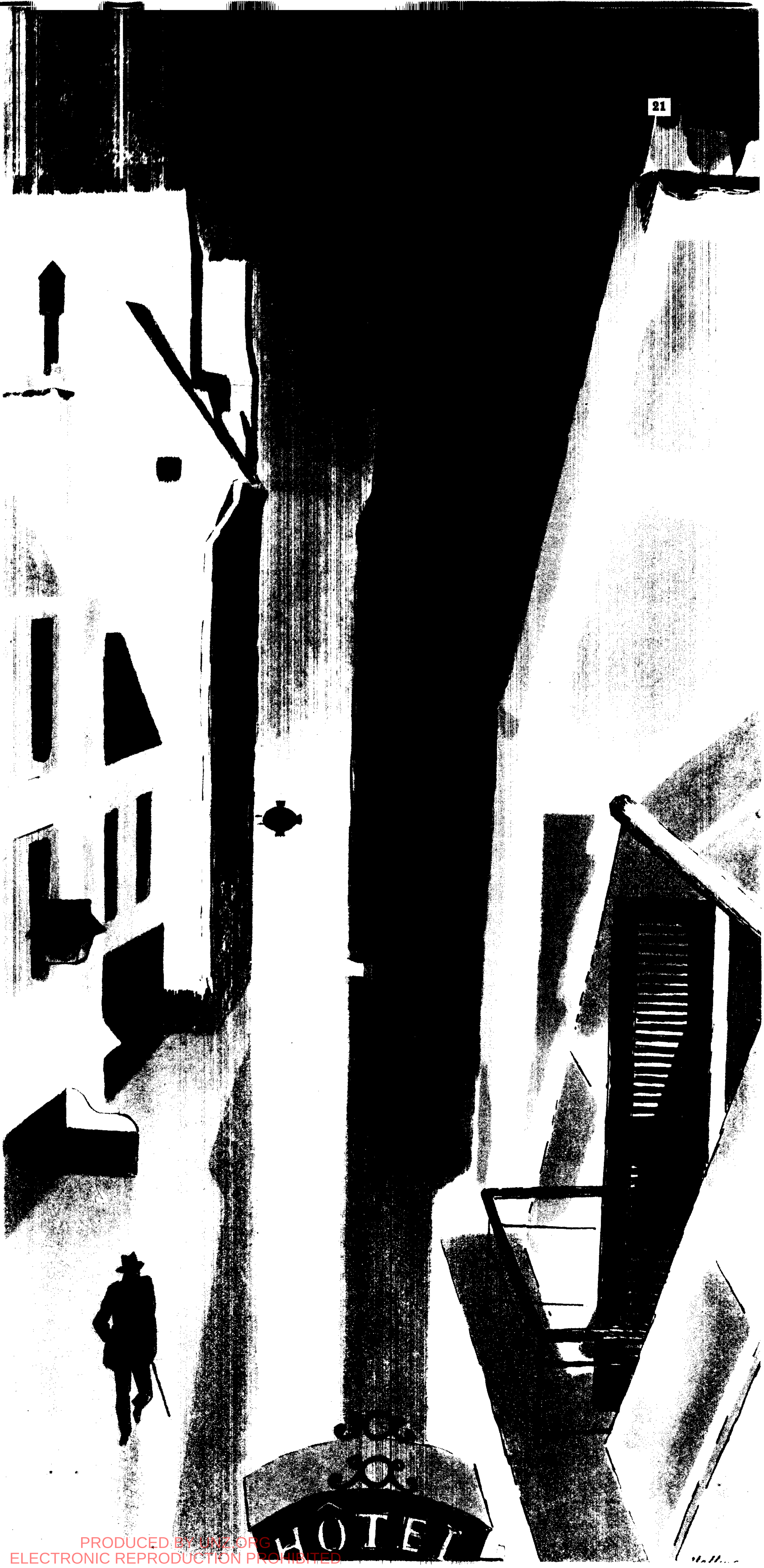
"When I come out of here," he told himself, "I'll *know*. I'll come out of here a new man."

He stepped inside the main entrance, and the big door closed behind him.

The concierge was in, for a light streamed through the small window immediately to his right. He stretched out his hand toward the latch, then stopped short.

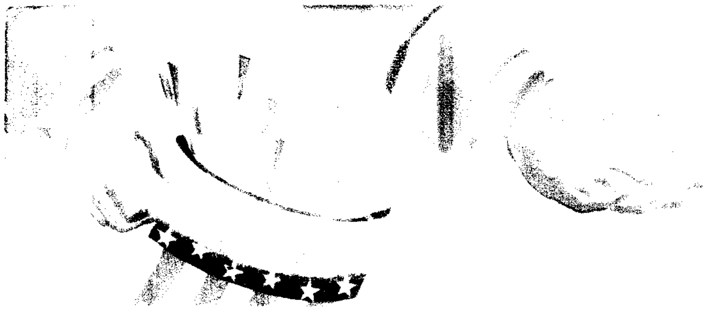
Who was he going to ask for? Lambert was the name, all right. J. Lambert was what he had found in the telephone book. But could he ask for "J. Lambert's flat?" Must he say: "*Monsieur* Lambert's flat?" He was certainly looking for a man. Somehow there was no doubt of it in his mind. But suppose there was a Madame Lambert? In that case, he ought to ask for her. The gun bulging in his pocket had put ideas into his head. He was hunting a man. The concierge might serve as a witness. You read about such things in the newspapers. Yet he didn't want to kill anyone. If he happened to be carrying a gun, it was because you had to in these days, with the Germans, and the curfew, and the holdups in the blackout. You had to be ready for anything.

As a matter of fact, it was just an oversight. He would have left the gun behind if he had remembered it. But since Agnes' *(Continued on page 93)*



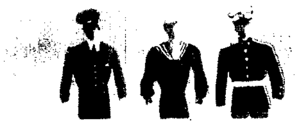
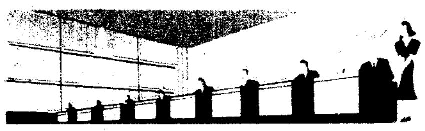
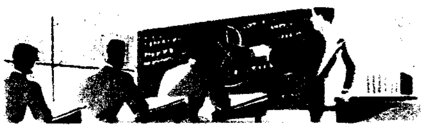
He crossed the street. ". . . 114 at last!" He surveyed the building, as if imploring it to surrender some clue. But it was completely undistinguished

ILLUSTRATED BY A. HALLMAN



DRAWINGS BY LEO RACKOW

HERE'S WHERE YOUR

		APPROX. NO. PERSONS PAID IN FISCAL YEAR 1946		NO. CHECKS ISSUED	VALUE OF CHECKS
		Living Persons	Dependents of Deceased Veterans		
	MEXICAN WAR 1846-1848		51	1,000	$ 27,000
	INDIAN WARS 1817-1898	971	2,500	45,000	2,123,000
	CIVIL WAR 1861-1865	154	21,500	274,000	10,682,000
	SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR 1898-1902	122,000	77,000	2,387,000	141,410,000
	WORLD WAR I 1917-1918	422,000	340,000	7,754,000	350,510,000
	WORLD WAR II 1941-1945	1,541,510	319,400	16,500,000	734,972,000
	REGULAR SERVICE Army-Navy	43,717	19,500	699,000	24,589,000
	SOCIAL SECURITY Old Age & Survivors Insurance	1,502,085	Included in First Column	16,450,000	1,870,680,000
	CIVIL SERVICE Paid to retired government employees	99,100		2,530,971	860,029,000
	RAILROAD RETIREMENT PAY Aid to railroad workers and their dependents	261,700		2,949,201	617,019,000
	U. S. EMPLOYEES COMPENSATION (disability)	29,864		358,369	18,120,367
	INCOME TAX REFUND CHECKS			46,548,000	3,034,380,000
	AGRICULTURE CONSERVATION PAYMENTS			2,722,047	341,529,000
	VETERANS EDUCATION AND TRAINING	1,285,159		4,300,000	384,702,664

Grand Totals (Excluding Confederate Pensions)

MONEY GOES!

BY MARGOT GRUBB

Part of that income tax payment you just made helps to finance the benefits listed below

DURING the 1936 Presidential campaign a favorite slogan of the Republicans was "You can't beat four billion dollars," referring to the appropriation in that amount Congress had just granted for relief to be administered by President Roosevelt. Eleven years later that figure is slipping into the chicken feed category. For the fiscal year of 1946 it was more than eleven and a half billion dollars! And we probably haven't seen anything yet.

This impressive amount is paid out annually, most of it "for services rendered." It goes to veterans of recent and remote wars, disabled and retired government employees, eligibles for Social Security, dependent children and the blind. It goes into rebates made to individuals who paid more income tax than they should and to farmers for soil conservation. Official Washington realizes not a single penny of return on this investment but of course there is ever the satisfaction feeling that we are taking care of our own.

Some of the figures in the accompanying tables are conservative estimates since it is impossible to obtain actual totals because of the varying methods of disbursement. In all probability the grand total would exceed eleven and a half billions. Another point to remember is that these expenditures are entirely independent of the cost of operating the machinery of our government—that's a separate, bursting-with-billions story.

The physical operation incidental to the filling out, signing and distribution of these welfare checks requires unique, intricate equipment, much of which resembles Rube Goldberg's craziest contraptions. One ingenious machine signs and dates 150 checks a minute. Another stamps the notation "salary," "pension" or whatever on them. All of which adds to the cost.

A machine called the hay-bailer stamps checks from plates which are reused periodically and makes as many as four copies of each. One mail-room machine opens 78 envelope flaps per minute, slips checks into them, dampens the flaps, seals the envelopes and counts them.

Treasury check-issuing machines operate continuously for eight-hour days except for a lull between the 21st and 24th of the month when they are given a much-needed rest and overhaul. When Congress grants a 20 per cent increase in veterans' pensions or makes other changes, this calls for a herculean job of changing plates, vouchers and other records.

Has *your* government check arrived yet?

SEPARATE ITEMS

WAR OF 1812

Nine checks totaling $180 were paid to Esther Ann Hill Morgan of Independence, Oregon, the last surviving dependent of a deceased veteran of the War of 1812. Mrs. Morgan, daughter of a private in Clark's and McCumber's companies of the New York Militia, was born 42 years after the war ended. At her death, aged 89, she was receiving a pension of $20 a month.

ARMY OF THE PHILIPPINES

Survivors of members of the Philippine Army who were killed fighting with the U. S. Army early in World War II received, in 1946, 181 checks totaling $22,000. Claims due Filipinos will take years to adjudicate since most military records in the Philippines were destroyed during the recent war.

RETIREMENT PENSIONS

After regular service in the Army, Navy, Marines or Coast Guard.

Persons	*No. of checks*	*Value*
56,711	652,000	$77,260,000

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION

Includes payments to unemployed veterans of World War II (the 52-20 Club) and to veterans owning their own business to bolster their income from same.

	Unemployed	*Self-employed*
Persons	4,402,122	320,220
Amount	$908,131,656	$115,959,586

(Number of checks not available)

PAYMENTS MADE BY STATES

Partly From Federal Funds

(a) Unemployment Insurance paid to workers enrolled under the Social Security Act. Conducted by the states, under each state's law, with the federal government paying costs of administration.

Checks	51,864,106
Value	$1,091,000,000

(b) Public Assistance Programs: Designed to pay monthly sums to old people, dependent children and blind persons not covered under Social Security payment programs. Administered by states, under state law. Federal government pays half the benefits and states the other half, up to $40 monthly.

1) OLD AGE (All states including District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska.)

Checks	24,733,464
Value	$761,587,000

2) DEPENDENT CHILDREN. (All excepting Nevada.)

Checks	3,351,709
Value	$172,800,000

3) BLIND (All excepting Pennsylvania, Missouri and Nevada.)

Checks	861,672
Value	$21,409,000

CONFEDERATE PENSIONS

Thirteen Southern states pay benefits to Confederate veterans and/or widows of deceased veterans with no aid from Washington. These states are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. Latest approximate figures available from the Sons of Confederate Veterans are for 1945 and thus are not included in the grand totals at the bottom of these pages.

Veterans	143
Widows	8,100
Checks	98,916
Value	$3,562,376

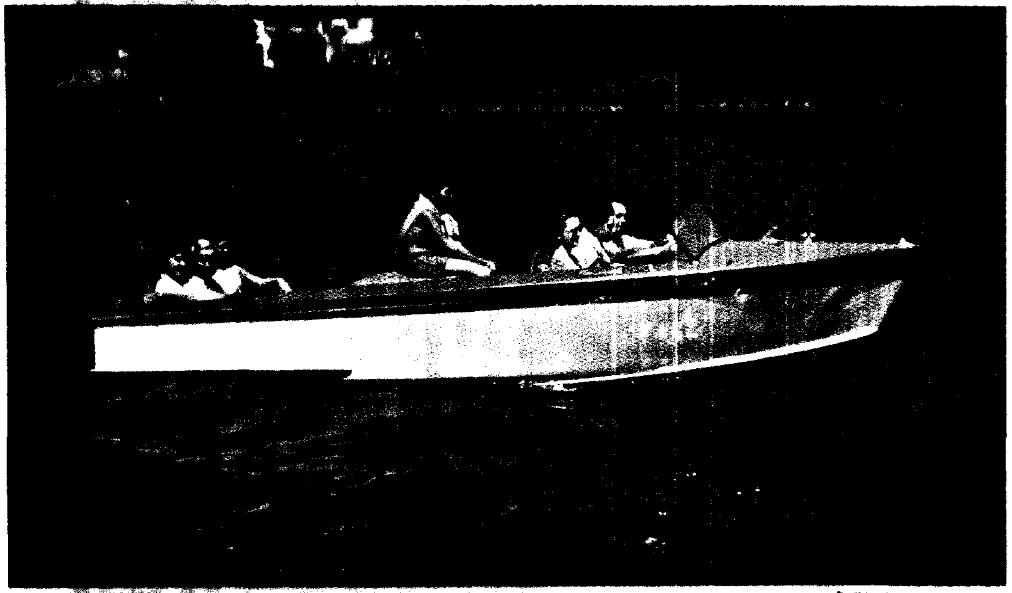
Checks: 186,993,531 Value: $11,538,942,273.

SHEP SHEPHERD

These are plastic boats. The one on the left is a 16-foot wherry which the U.S. Navy tried for a year to destroy by rough usage. It's still as seaworthy as the day it was made. Plastic boats need no painting; color is impregnated

BY DAVID R. LINDSAY

Now that boatbuilders are using plastics and plywoods, and mass production is here, there won't be enough room in the lake to swing a catboat



HANS KNOPF

Molded plywood is another new material which is being widely used for the hulls of postwar boats. This 13-foot motor cruiser will do 36 miles an hour

HANS KNOPF

Many companies which manufactured aircraft during the war are now making sailboats and canoes out of aluminum. These can be mass-produced cheaply

NOBODY will be particularly surprised to learn that mass production is here to stay. One of the last of the old handcrafts was in the boatbuilding industry. It was long considered necessary for workmen to toil endless hours hewing hulls out of hardwood. New materials and methods of construction were introduced before the war, but buyers were skeptical.

Now that war-tested materials have proved themselves, however, the customers are interested in aluminum rowboats, molded plywood sailboats, even plastic boats.

The conventional type of boat is *still* popular, of course, but newer methods of construction indicate that some day soon there may be a boat in everybody's budget. The family yacht may take its place alongside the family car, if there's a quart of water within miles. More and more boats of all types will be available, and more and more families will learn how to pilot, tack, paddle and row themselves about on the briny.

Once it took half a dozen men two weeks to build the hull of a 26-foot cruiser. Now one company stamps and welds a new steel hull every four hours! The method is like the one for auto bodies. Sheet steel is shaped over heavy forms, then electrically welded. One boat yard estimates it can produce 12 to 15 steel hulls per day this spring. Even that isn't fast enough to keep up with the demand. There's a backlog of orders at this firm, and delivery within five months is all they can promise.

Steel hulls have proved they can take it, too. One manufacturer wondered what would happen if he dropped his hull 110 feet over the water. The little shell proved that it could take even this unlikely eventuality, by floating tight and safe, but a little dished in. Then he took a completed boat, with motor installed and all the fittings in, and dropped it 30 feet. He got in and drove it away, even crashing unharmed through a fence he'd strung up over the water, just to prove his point!

One of these steel hulls survived a collision with a Lake Michigan steamer last summer, without breaking or cracking. Another plowed 66 miles through a one-inch layer of ice in the Erie Canal. Only the paint was scratched.

One of the most popular boats uses molded plywood for hulls. Thin layers of wood are laid over a carefully made mold, and plastic glue is put between the layers. Then the whole thing is baked like a pastry shell, and you have a hull that's all in one piece.

During the war one big boat yard designed a sailboat made of molded plywood. It was launched with great fanfare, only to develop a leak. There was consternation among company officials, and the designer was called upon to explain how a hull molded in one piece could be so unseaworthy.

The poor man grappled for a while with theory and practice, then abandoned his slide rule and got down to cases. Sure enough, he spotted a small hole. It had been made by a nail driven into the scaffolding around the boat before she was launched. The designer promptly plugged the hole with a wooden matchstick, and the boat has been dry ever since.

One company is ready with a build-your-own-boat project. It sells molded plywood hulls to amateurs, together with the materials necessary to assemble a completed boat at home.

Aluminum is another material just coming into its own in yachts and pleasure craft. Many companies which manufactured aircraft during the war are now using aluminum on canoes and sailboats. A Tennessee firm is making outboard aluminum runabouts. An aluminum company in Chicago is using heavy presses to stamp the entire outside skin of small runabouts out of one piece of metal. A Pennsylvania firm now turns out 8-foot all-purpose aluminum boats at the rate of almost a thousand a

(Continued on page 97)

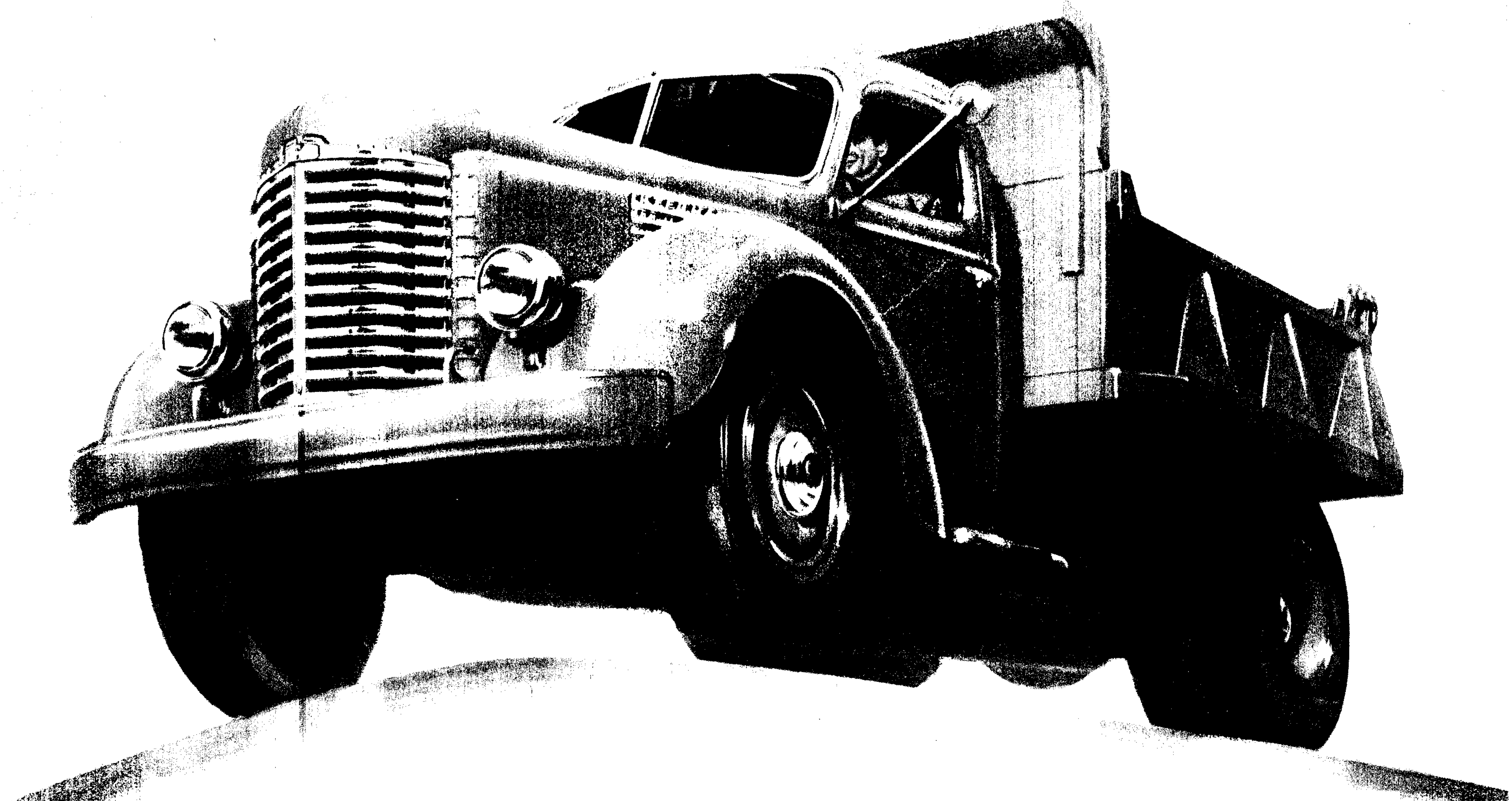
NOW

The Finest Values in
40 Years of
International Truck History

New

INTERNATIONAL

Trucks



For 16 years more heavy-duty International Trucks have served American commerce and industry than any other make.

Now come *new* KB Models — light-duty, medium-duty and heavy-duty — with gross vehicle weight ratings from 4,400 to 35,100 pounds. Note the designation — KB.

That means many features and improvements . . . new goals in engineering, research, and design . . . new styling, with trim, flowing lines accented by gleaming chrome.

And that means rugged International stamina, long, trouble-free life, and ease and economy of operation in greater abundance than ever before.

Yes, KB Internationals are the finest trucks in 40 years of International Truck history. In the complete line is the right truck for every job. And back of every truck is service as great as the trucks themselves, supplied by the nation's largest company-owned truck service organization—International Branches —and thousands of International Dealers.

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INTERNATIONAL

Tune in James Melton on "Harvest of Stars" every Sunday! NBC Network. See newspaper for time and station.

Other International Harvester Products
FARM TRACTORS AND MACHINES
INDUSTRIAL POWER
REFRIGERATION

THIS EMBLEM INTERNATIONAL **IDENTIFIES GREAT TRUCKS**

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RAT RACE

Continued from page 15

Marks demanded. "If you will give us the details and the names of your accomplices, I think I can promise you a life sentence instead of the chair."

"Mr. Marks," I replied, "you can promise till the cows come home. I, W. S. Tompkins, had no connection with it at all, and you can't prove that I had. I know about it only because of—well, call it mental telepathy. I could sit down and tell you exactly what happened on the Alaska before Chalmis deliberately touched off the bomb, but I couldn't prove it, and there isn't a living soul who could support or disprove my story. And if you place me under arrest I'll be in a position to sue for heavy damages. False arrest on a charge of treason is no joke and I'll fight."

Marks looked slightly uncomfortable. "Well?" he asked. "What would you do if you were me? Let you go, with the Navy howling for action?"

"There are two things I'd do," I told him. "First of all, I'd assign a flock of agents to see if they can find out where I was and what I was doing between the twenty-fifth of March and the second of April. Harcourt tells me that was the critical period. I don't remember. It's a case of amnesia, I guess. At any rate, I've drawn a blank. You have my fingerprints and photograph. You ought to be able to locate something."

MARKS shook his head. "That's not necessary now," he replied. "If Roscommon knew about Chalmis and the bomb, the question of where you were the week before last isn't terribly important any more. We'd have to check back for at least two years."

"The other thing I'd do," I continued, "would be to let me go under some sort of open arrest. Fix me up so I can see the Intelligence people here and give me a chance to convince them that—" I paused.

"Convince them of what?" he asked tartly.

"See here, Mr. Marks," I said, "I'm in a hell of a personal jam. For personal reasons, I'm trying to clear things up. Believe it or not, this business about the sinking of the Alaska, and the thorium bomb is the least of my troubles. I've got the damnedest case of loss of memory I've ever heard of. As Winfred S. Tompkins, I can only remember as far back as April second, but I can remember years before that as somebody else. That's how I happen to know all about the loss of the Alaska. If you give me a chance to talk to the Intelligence heads, I think I can prove to their satisfaction not only that I know what I'm talking about but that my knowledge is perfectly legitimate."

Marks grinned. "The Bureau is in enough fights as it is without being accused of sending a screwball around to bother the heads of G-2 and O.N.I."

I leaned forward. "I can see your point," I admitted. "I know that in the Navy everybody is out to cut everybody else's throat. It must be worse when two different government bureaus are involved."

The Deputy Director looked at me. "You seem to know a lot about the Navy for a stockbroker," he observed. "At any rate, that idea's out. I won't give you introductions."

"Then let me try to do it my own way. I have some friends in the O.S.S. I'll see if they can't get me in to see General Donovan, and maybe he'll pass me on to the others."

Marks laughed again. "You don't know Washington, Mr. Tompkins. General Donovan's blessing won't help you," he declared. "They hate his guts for trying to make them combine. However, if you think you can get to see him on your own, go right ahead but don't say the Bureau sent you over."

"All right," I agreed. "Then I take it I'm under open arrest. I won't try to leave town without telling you."

"If you can't get accommodations, phone back here and we'll fix you up with a cot somewhere in the F.B.I. barracks," said Marks.

"Then I'm in the clear, so far as you're concerned?" I suggested.

Marks smiled cryptically. "I didn't say that," he remarked, "and it isn't so. We have nothing specific to hold you on, but the Alaska is missing and, Roscommon notwithstanding, the President is dead, and you're caught in the middle."

"What will it take to get myself cleared?" I asked.

"Now, Timmy, darling . . . Iwo Jima is a very *tiny* bit of an island, and not *all* little boys' daddies could *possibly* have been there. Besides, there were many, *many* other important jobs in the war, and even if Roy's *daddy did* fight there, you can tell Roy that *your* daddy was . . ."

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Marks considered. "If you can get O.N.I. off our necks, with a clean bill of health, we'll relax," he admitted. "But I give you twenty-four hours to do it. Admiral Hoagland's pretty worked up on this Alaska business, and he wants action. Remember, if you're not cleared in twenty-four hours, we'll be calling you in again—to give you the works."

Luck was with me. I left the F.B.I. and walked up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Willard. As I followed the queue to the registration clerk at the desk I heard the man just ahead of me start to say, "I want to cancel—"

"Just a moment, sir," the clerk said, as he picked up the telephone. "Yes, madam? No, I'm sorry—"

I plucked at the man's sleeve.

"Don't cancel, if it's for tonight," I said. "Here's fifty."

The man nodded. "Okay, buddy," he agreed, pocketing the money. "The name's R. L. Grant of Detroit."

"Name, please," the clerk asked.

"R. L. Grant of Detroit," I answered. "I have a reservation."

The clerk retired to his tabernacle and consulted his files. "Right," he said. "Lucky you wired a week ago."

After lunch I screwed up my courage and telephoned the Office of Strategic Services.

"May I speak to Mrs. Jacklin?" I asked the switchboard girl. She promptly referred me to Information, who told me that Mrs. Dorothy Jacklin was on Extension 5964 shall-I-connect-you?

A moment later a pleasant voice said, "Yes? This is Mrs. Jacklin."

"Mrs. Jacklin," I told my wife, "my name is Tompkins. W. S. Tompkins. I have a message for you from Commander Jacklin."

"Oh," she said. It was not a question. "Are you a friend of Frank's? Is he all right?"

She did not sound deeply concerned.

"He asked me to see you when I got to Washington and gave me some special messages for you. I'm staying at the Willard. Are you free for cocktails or dinner this evening?"

Something of the urgency in my voice communicated itself to her, and I could feel her reverse her original impulse to refuse the invitation.

"Why, yes, Mr. Tompkins," she agreed. "I'd be glad to join you, for cocktails, that is. Shall we say about half past five?"

"Splendid! I'll meet you in the south lobby. I'm sure to recognize you, Frank gave me such a good description of you. If there's any slip-up, have one of the bellboys page me."

"Thank you," she said. "I'll be there."

As I laid down the telephone, my pulse was racing and my throat was dry. How should I act with her?

Half past five crawled around. I filled in some of the time by phoning the F.B.I. and telling Marks' secretary I was registered at the Willard under the name of R. L. Grant. I phoned Bedford Hills and told Jimmie that I was in Washington and wanted her to join me at the Willard. She was a little slow about getting the Grant angle but said she'd come down.

I went to the barbershop and had a haircut, shave and shampoo, while a trip across the street to the Press Building liquor store netted me a bottle of whisky and the makings for dry Martinis.

In spite of my assurance, I almost failed to recognize Dorothy. She looked younger, smarter and infinitely more self-possessed, and the tanned and muscular young man in uniform who accompanied her was obviously not animated by brotherly sentiments toward her or toward me. It piqued me to realize that not only had she slipped her marriage but seemed happier for it.

"Mrs. Jacklin?" I asked. "I'm Tompkins. And—" I turned eloquently to her escort.

"Oh, this is Major Demarest," she said. "Thanks, Tony, for escorting me. I'll see you later?"

"Half past sixish?" Demarest asked.

"Say, seven," Dorothy told him. "I'll meet you here."

So I was neatly bracketed. While Dorothy and I were talking, her escort would be waiting—impatiently. There was no chance of a prolonged operation. I must keep things moving.

I TOOK her to the rather garish cocktail lounge on the east side of the hotel and ordered her a Bourbon old-fashioned and a Scotch and soda for myself.

"Frank told me that's what you like," I remarked, before she could raise her eyebrows after I told the waitress to bring a sliver of lemon peel to go with the old-fashioned.

"Where did you know him?" she asked. "He never used to speak of you."

I leaned confidentially across the table. "Mrs. Jacklin," I told her, "I'm in Intelligence. Tompkins is my name but I don't use it much. I've seen quite a bit of your husband during the past few years—here in Washington and out in the Pacific. In fact," I added, "I might say that I'm his closest friend. We were at school together, many years ago. I'm surprised he never mentioned me."

"How *is* he?" she asked. "I know too much to ask *where* he is."

I looked gravely at her. "We don't know where he is," I replied. "His ship hasn't been reported for nearly two weeks. He was on a special mission. That's why I've looked you up. Frank made me promise that I would if—I mean—he thought—"

Dorothy drained her glass and gave me a long, strange look. "Are you trying to tell me that he's dead?" she asked.

"It's not official," I said. "It may never be confirmed, but I personally am sure, as sure as I'm sitting here, that you'll never see him again."

She looked down at the table and nervously tapped an unlighted cigarette against her lacquered thumbnail. "I'll have another drink, if you don't mind," she said. "It's not that— Well, our marriage was over long ago but, he—I—"

I signaled our waitress and duplicated our order.

"How do I know you're telling the

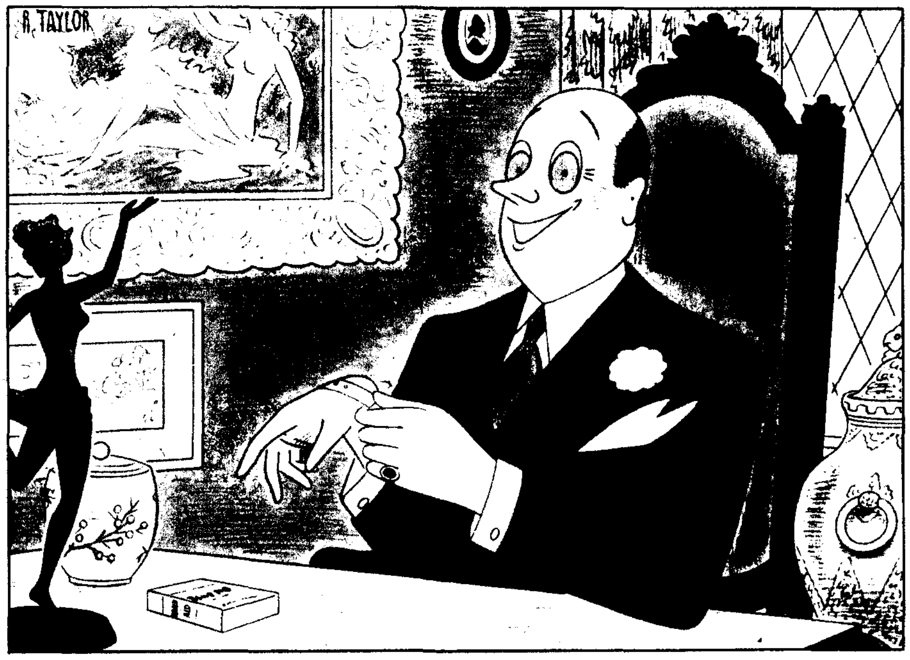
Its cleaner, brighter Taste means cleaner, brighter teeth!

New Pepsodent, the only tooth paste containing Irium, removes the film that makes your teeth look dull...uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!

Pepsodent
Pepsodent

Use Pepsodent twice a day...
see your dentist twice a year.

All silver isn't Sterling!



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truth?" she suddenly asked. "What proof have you?"

Here I was on home ground. "Frank thought of that. He told me to remind you that you have a mole on your left hip, that you're nuts about Prokofieff, that you don't like Hemingway and—"

"The louse!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I know I oughtn't to talk about him this way if he's dead, but I didn't dream men told each other—"

I pulled out a fountain pen and in spite of my bandaged fingers, wrote a pretty good facsimile of my Jacklin signature across the back of the cardboard coaster. I pushed it at her across the table.

"There!" I told her. "Recognize that, Mrs. Jacklin?"

"Why!" Dorothy exclaimed. "It's his writing! Who *are* you, Mr. Tompkins? Only *I* could say that it's a forgery."

"Listen, Dorothy," I began conspiratorially. "And if I call you Dorothy, it is only because your husband always spoke of you as Dorothy. I must see General Donovan. This is much more than a matter of your husband and yourself. It's a matter of top-echelon Intelligence."

"You say he's dead," she murmured. "How did he die? Poor Frank! He was such a nice guy in spite of himself. He always wanted to do something noble, so long as the papers reported it."

I SHOOK my head. "I didn't say he was dead," I told her. "I believe that he is, but we probably won't know until the end of the war. No, this is a matter for Wild Bill Donovan."

She looked downcast. "The general's out of town," she said. "He's trying to get back for the Roosevelt funeral. I think the man for you to see in his absence is a Colonel Fitzhugh—Ponce Fitzhugh."

"Very well," I told her. "Will you arrange to have me see Colonel Fitzhugh tomorrow morning? Tell—" Here I decided to take a leap. "Tell him that I'm from the White House."

"You aren't, are you?"

"Of course not, but I gather that's the kind of bait your colonel needs."

"He's a very clever man," Dorothy said, defensively. "They say he did brilliant staff Intelligence work under Stilwell in the first Burma campaign."

"That's the one we lost, isn't it?" I asked dryly. "No, Dorothy. Let me see this colonel. You know how to fix it—there's always one special girl in an office that has the ear of a man like that. Frank swore to me that there was nothing you couldn't do if you set your mind to it."

She looked at me across the little round, black table. "Mr. Tompkins," she said, "I have no way of knowing whether you are telling the truth or not. Frankly, if General Donovan was in town I wouldn't bother him, but Colonel Fitzhugh is—you know—one of *the* Fitzhughs. You never heard of him? Nobody else did, either, but here he is with a British accent, and if you can make the grade with him, it won't worry me."

I ordered another round of drinks.

"Tell me, Dorothy," I said, "not that it's any of my business, except that I was a friend of your husband's, don't you feel any special regret that he's probably gone west?"

She took a man-sized swallow of her old-fashioned. "Not particularly," she admitted. "In a general, normal sort of way, I'm sorry, of course. He was nice, even if we didn't get on very well. He was kind, I suppose, but so stuffy and boring to live with. Day after day, Hartford, Connecticut, writing and yessing, living by minutes and dying by inches. He rather liked it. I couldn't understand it. I can't pretend to be prostrated. And perhaps he isn't dead at all."

I nodded. "He's dead if that's the way you feel about him," I said. "He told me that his wife was a lovely girl with a mole on her hip and a hell of a temper. He said it was like being married to a circus acrobat or an opera singer—exciting but not happy. He said you had a habit of—" I stopped in the nick of time.

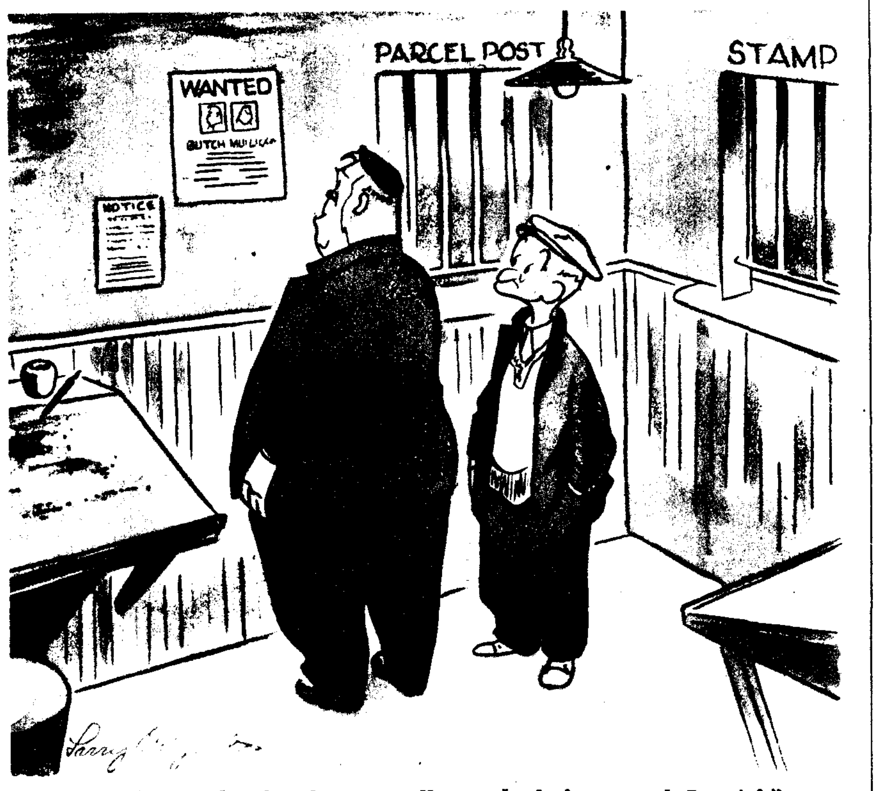
"Oh, he did, did he?" she snapped. "Well, Mr. Tompkins, I don't suppose he ever told you that he snored or that—"

"Skip it, please," I calmed her. "It's your marriage, not mine. I told you these things so you'd know I was really sent to you by Frank. Now you fix it so I can talk to Fitzhugh."

"I will," she replied.

It was the epitaph on ten years of marriage. I knew when I was licked. She had not shown a trace of recognizing Frank Jacklin inside the body of Winnie Tompkins, even though my morning calisthenics were reducing my circumfer-

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I don't see why they have to tell everybody how much I weigh"

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by Berry

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Oil City, Pennsylvania

ence. And she obviously had someone else on the string. The Master of the Rat Race obviously meant me to play the hand he had dealt me, and no Joker. I decided revengefully that it would go hard with Dorothy's boss when I came to grips with him. All the Navy men who had been hitched by Washington would applaud me—Marty Jones, who had been sent out against the Nagato with the wrong-size shells for his guns; Abie Schwartz, who had been cashiered because he had refused to obey a travel order for the admiral's sweetie; Julius Winters, who had been killed on the Lexington—and all the gobs who had died. Well, win or lose, I'd give the F.B.I. a run for its money, and what could they do to me? Damn it! I was a civilian—I helped pay their salaries!

Colonel Ponce Fitzhugh was one of those who had been born with a platinum spoon and a broad "A" in his mouth. His face bore the marks of years of application to the more expensive tables, cellars and boudoirs. He was, he told me, "keeping a sort of over-all eye" on the doings of the O.S.S. "until Bill gets back," and what could he do for me?

"Colonel," I said, "I came to you in the face of strong opposition from the F.B.I. I have firsthand information concerning the sinking of the Alaska."

"Alaska?" Fitzhugh replied cheerily. "It was on the map five minutes ago. I'm sure it's still there."

I smiled. "The U.S.S. Alaska, sir," I explained. "It's a ship. I have the inside story of the sinking of the carrier. The F.B.I. told me it was useless to try to see you or Admiral Hoagland. In fact, they ordered me not to mention the F.B.I. in connection with my mission."

Fitzhugh toyed with a small white elephant on his desk. "Exactly what *is* your mission?" he asked.

I drew myself up, not without dignity. "I am with Z-2, Colonel," I told him, "and as you know, the Z Bureau reports only to the President." I had heard of *G-2, A-2, even X-2. Why not Z-2?*

"Of course," he agreed, without blinking an eyelash. "But why have you come to see me, Mr. Tompkins?"

"Call me Grant, Colonel," I replied with a knowing smile. "That's the name I'm registered under at the Willard. The reason I've come to you is that my orders, which were given to me personally last February by President Roosevelt, were to consult the O.S.S. if anything went wrong. F.D.R. told me that if I needed prompt action at any time to come to this office and skip the other Intelligence services."

COLONEL FITZHUGH relaxed. He almost smiled and would have done so if it had been considered part of standard military equipment.

"I got back to this country less than two weeks ago, Colonel," I told him. "I was working on the other end of the Alaska case—and it's a tough one—when word came of the President's death. My report was due to him at Warm Springs next Monday. Now I'll have to take it up direct with Admiral Hoagland. The F.B.I.'s trying to block me."

"Why?" he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. "You know Washington, Colonel," I said. "The F.B.I. tried to get control of Z-2 and was stopped by the other services. Since then, they've refused all co-operation. And I must get to see Admiral Hoagland before he goes away for the week end. Since Roosevelt's death, the whole town has changed, and Truman is too busy and bothered to see Z-2 reports."

Colonel Fitzhugh put in some earnest work on the telephone.

"Hoagland," he said at last. "Fitzhugh speaking, O.S.S. A Mr. R. L. Grant—that's not his name but he's from Z-2. Yes, of course you do. That's the special . . . Yes, that's right, Admiral. He has a special, urgent report for you. He's been trying to reach you since Thursday but our good friend you-know-who has been blocking him. . . . Sure, you remember. . . . That was a couple of years ago, when F.B.I. tried to grab Z-2, and we all helped block it. Grant has some hot stuff for you, on the Alaska sinking . . . Fine! Yes, he'll be over as fast as my car can take him. Oh, not at all. As you know, orders are to help Z-2 at all times—no questions asked, nothing on paper. Righto!"

I smiled wanly. I had won the first round of my match with the F.B.I. Hoagland meant nothing to me but I had to convince him that I was on the level, or Mr. Marks would close in on me. In any case, I owed it to my Navy friends to take a fall out of the Department. After all, I couldn't be worse off than I already was, with the G-men breathing down my neck and me out on open arrest, on a charge of treason. The electric chair doesn't seem funny when there's even the faintest chance of sitting in it yourself.

THE snippy young thing at the Navy Department Reception Desk said, "Name, please!"

"R. L. Grant," I told her. "To see Admiral Hoagland. By appointment."

"Have you any identification?"

"Of course not. Tell the admiral that Z-2 has no identification. He'll understand."

She looked at me very dubiously but dialed a telephone and muttered into it. Suddenly she cackled, "You don't say? Sure! I'll send him right up."

She beamed at me. "The admiral is expecting you, sir," she said. "Here's your badge. Please sign this form."

She thrust a numbered blue-and-white celluloid saucer at me, and passed me a mimeographed form, which I duly signed "Robert E. Lee, C.S.A." and which she duly accepted and filed.

Admiral Hoagland was a civilian's dream of a Navy officer—"every other inch a sailor," as we used to say in the *Pacific—with a ruddy face, grizzled hair*, incipient jowls, a gruff-old-sea-dog manner and a hearty handclasp.

"Glad to see you, Grant," he told me. "I've been checking up on Z-2 since Fitzhugh called. You boys have been doing one hell of a swell job on your security. There's not a word about you in our files." I winced as Hoagland gripped my bandaged hand.

"Z-2, Admiral," I replied modestly, "is forbidden by the terms of the Executive Order setting us up to put itself on record. We have no identification, we get no glory, but a Z-2 agent was in the Jap squadron that attacked Pearl Harbor, and one of our men was military secretary to Rommel in North Africa. Two of our agents hold the rank of general in the Russian army. As you know, sir, we report direct to the President, always verbally. Nothing on paper."

"I know, I know," the admiral agreed wistfully. "Fitzhugh gave me a fill-in on the fine job you did on the Alaska case."

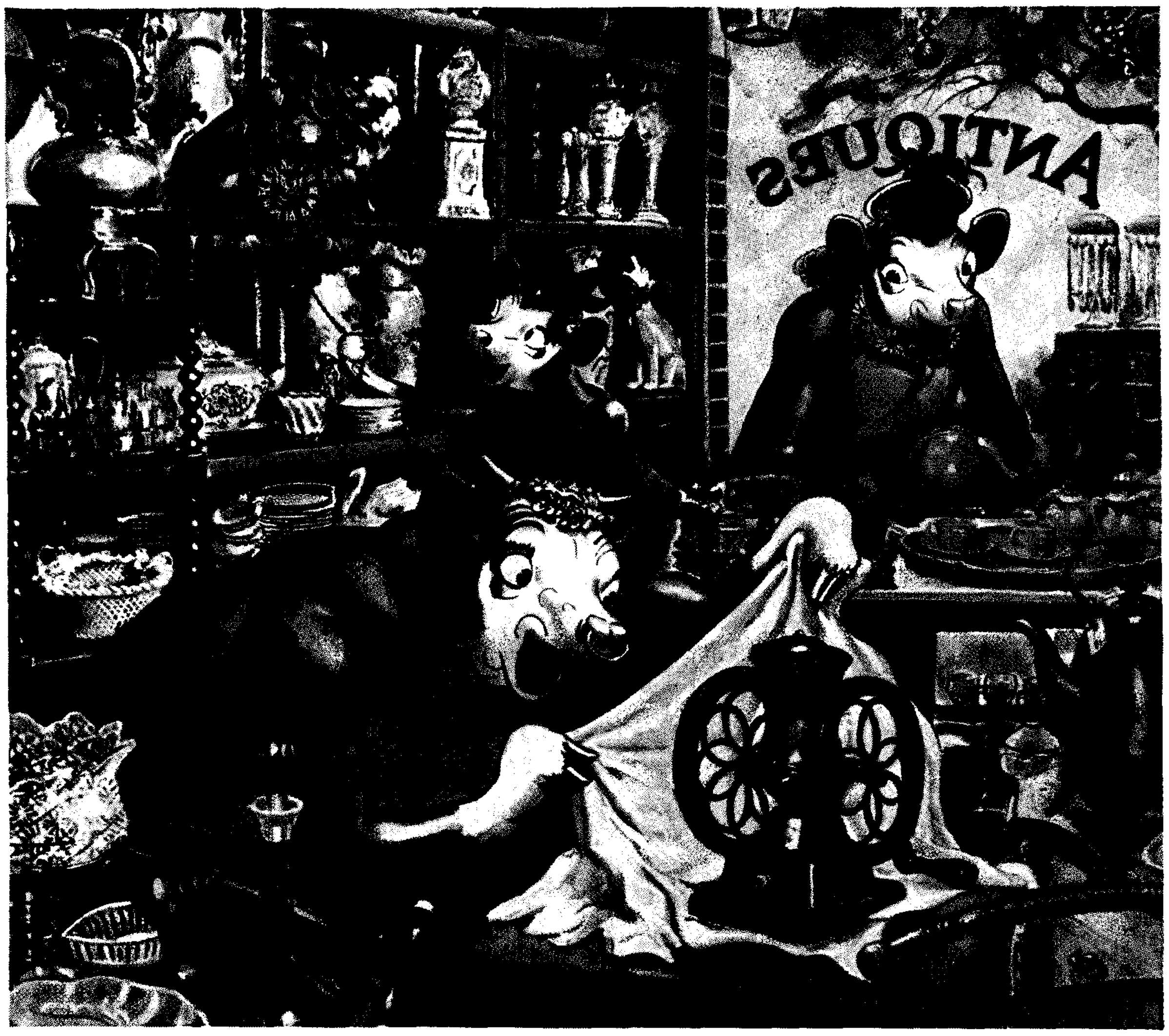
"I'm afraid I worried your O.N.I. group in New York, sir!" (In addressing an admiral, the "sir!" should not be slurred but should come out with a touch of whip-crack, if you wish promotion in the U.S. Navy.) "They almost penetrated my cover as W. S. Tompkins, a Bedford Hills stockbroker with offices in Wall Street, and reported me to the F.B.I., and I had to do some fast footwork and fancy lying to keep out of the brig."

"Oh!" Hoagland seemed relieved. "So *you* are Tompkins. No wonder Church Street was worried. Of course, they didn't know you were Z-2."

"Naturally I couldn't tell them, sir!" I confided. "I was due to report to President Roosevelt at Warm Springs next Monday, but since his death, I have to report to you, according to previous White House instructions. The new President hasn't had time to get orientated

“Women are much more modern than men!”

SAID ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW



“WHADDA you mean—*modern?*” roared Elmer, the bull. “I'm as modern as the next one! I just like old things.”

“So do I, sweet,” smiled Elsie, “but only when they fit into modern living. And, for the life of me, I can't see what that antiquated coffee grinder would be doing in a modern home.”

“*You'd* be grinding the breakfast coffee with it every morning,” haw-hawed Elmer.

“But, dear,” protested Elsie, “grinders went out with your grandfather. Even coffee pots and percolators are old hat. Today, you can make coffee in a *jiffy*, with no work at all — not even a *pot* to wash. I mean with *Borden's Instant Coffee!* And it's the most gloriously delicious coffee ever!”

“Who says it's so doggoned delicious?” sneered Elmer. “Don't tell me it's *You?*”

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INSTANT
COFFEE

“Me—and loads and loads of coffee lovers,” answered Elsie. “And *Borden's* says that anybody who doesn't like Borden's Instant Coffee *better* than any coffee they ever tasted — ground or instant—they can have their money back! Besides—”

“That's *all*, sister!” snapped Elmer. “I'm getting back to my antiques.”

“But, darling!” cried Elsie. “That *isn't* all! Borden's Instant Coffee is ever so *economical.* Most users say they get *half again* as many cups from a regular jar of Borden's as are usually obtained from a full pound of ground coffee. Why, it's like getting every third cup *free.*”

“I'll take the third cup every time!” guffawed Elmer. “Use this big, antique spoon to measure.”

“Goodness, no!” said Elsie. “You just drop ½ to ¾ of a *level teaspoon* in a cup, and add hot water to get coffee that puts your tummy in a happy glow.”

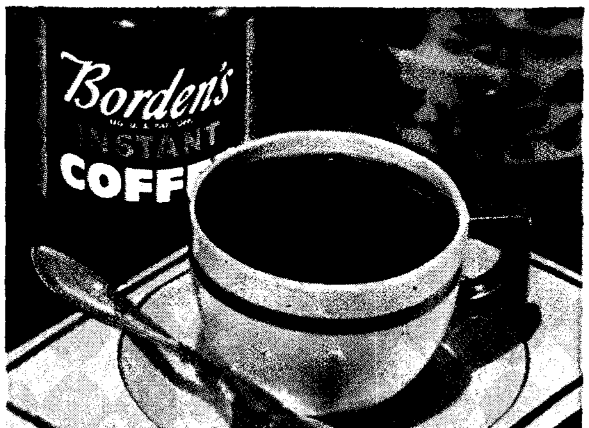
“Leave my *tummy* out of this!” commanded Elmer. “Talk sense—if you can!”

“It's good sense,” chirped Elsie, “to use Borden's! It's *all coffee*—wonderful coffee—no dextrins, dextrose, or maltose added. That's why it goes so far.”

“I've had enough!” bellowed Elmer. “I can't waste time on your Borden palaver.”

“Waste?” cried Elsie. “There's never a *smitch* of waste with Borden's Instant Coffee. And no grounds or mess, either.”

“Please, Elsie,” groaned Elmer, “if I agree it's the swellest coffee ever got a guy going in the morning, *will you go away* and let me rummage?”



“No siree!” teased Elsie. “Not until you admit it's the grandest coffee that ever met up with a sandwich, or finished off dinner, or warmed the cockles of your heart between-times!”

“OK! OK!” gave in Elmer. “I'll even go so far as to say it's *good.*”

“But, of course!” sparkled Elsie. “It's one of the Borden Family of Fine Foods, and—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*”

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IS ESSENTIAL TO
CONTINUING SUCCESS
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on Z-2 operations and this Alaska business can't wait, sir!"

Hoagland did some dialing, asked a few terse questions—gruff-old-sea-dog style—over the telephone and then turned to me.

"It's lucky for you, Grant, you didn't try to report to the White House. The Secret Service might have nabbed you," he said. "The Naval Aide tells me that all Roosevelt's personal papers and records have been impounded for the Roosevelt estate under the law and that it may be weeks before they are untangled. Now, tell me about the Alaska. We've had no report on her since early on the second, when she cleared Adak."

HERE was my chance to play it safe, and I took it.

"Before I report to you, sir," I replied, "I'd rather you asked me a few questions about Alaska and Operation Octopus. In that way you can satisfy yourself that I know what I'm talking about."

"Good!" the admiral grunted. "Wish O.N.I. had as much sense as Z-2. Save a lot of time. When was Alaska commissioned?"

"Late in February, sir! At Bremerton. A sneak job. 38 knots at full speed, 8,000 mile cruising radius. Twenty-four planes."

Hoagland looked at the ceiling. "Who is her commander and what's his nickname?"

"Captain Horatio McAllister, U.S.N., sir! Commonly known as 'Stinky' McAllister. No reason assigned for Stinky, at least so far as reserve officers knew."

"Stinky? That's because he once used perfumed soap before going to the Midshipmen's Ball in Washington," Hoagland informed me. "Who was exec?"

"Commander B. S. Moody, sir!" I answered. "A roly-poly sort of guy and hipped on boat drills and all that."

Hoagland glanced at a list on his desk. "Her chaplain?" he asked.

"Father Eamon de Valera O'Flaherty, begob and begorra, savin' your riverence," was my reply. "A grand man and a good priest, God rest his soul!"

Hoagland wriggled in his chair with some discomfort, as though he felt he ought to stand at attention or order a volley fired over the ship's side.

"What about Commander Chalmis?" he inquired, with an air of baiting an elephant trap for me. "What job did he do?"

"Chalmis was not a commander, sir!" I told him. "He was a civilian. He had some kind of a thorium bomb, and the chief job he did was to use it to blow up the ship. The mission was to drop it on Paramushiro. Chalmis got cold feet, sir, when he thought of the effects of an atomic explosion and decided to blow up the carrier instead. He argued that the Navy Department would conclude that thorium was unreliable and drop the atomic project until the end of the war."

Hoagland leaned back in his chair and gave careful consideration to the design of his Annapolis class ring. After a long pause, he swung around in his swivel chair and faced me squarely.

"Grant," he barked, "I'm going to ask you an unofficial question. You don't have to answer it. I have no authority over Z-2 anyway, but this is mighty important to the Navy. Do you believe," the O.N.I. officer asked slowly, "that Chalmis could have been inspired by another government agency to make a failure of—" He paused.

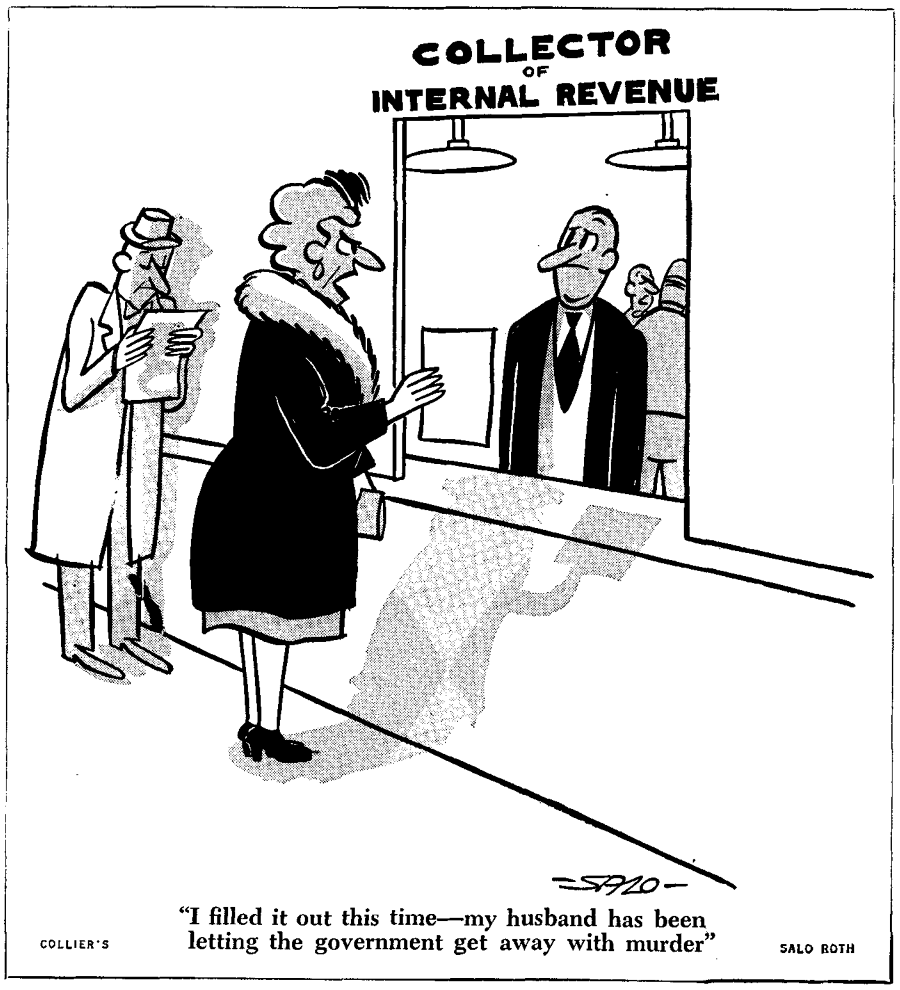
"Operation Octopus, sir?"

"Right! Could Chalmis have deliberately destroyed the Alaska and sacrificed his life in the interest of General Groves and the Army's bomb?"

Groves was a new name to me but I took it in my stride. I looked the admiral full in the eye—a thing which admirals rate along with a snappy "Sir!" as proof of initiative, intelligence and subordination on the part of their inferiors.

"I am not at liberty to answer that question, Admiral," I replied. "My orders forbid me to discredit any of the armed forces of the United States. After all, sir," I added, "we must not forget that Professor Chalmis paid for his loyalty with his life."

Hoagland's face lighted up with nautical glee. "I knew it; I knew it!" he roared. "I knew there was something wrong the last time I consulted G-2, they were so smug and polite. I might have known that they were cooking up something to get even with the Navy for winning this war in the Pacific. By God,



"I filled it out this time—my husband has been letting the government get away with murder"

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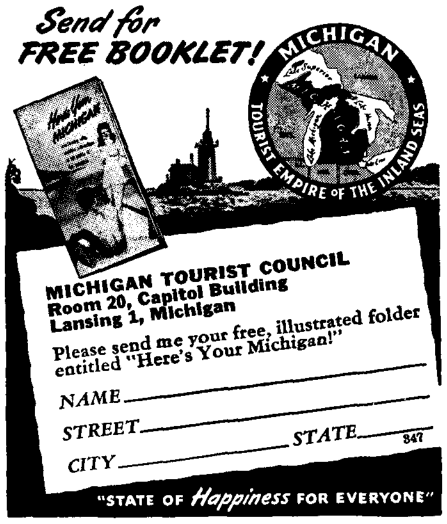
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Grant, you have to respect the Army for their fanaticism, if for nothing else! Here is a civilian like Chalmis, a great scientist, proved one hundred per cent reliable by all of our tests. We checked him for twelve months before we even approached him on the thorium research. Yet the Army, the damned, gold-bricking, double-crossing, medal-splashing, glory-grabbing Army, gets next to him on the sly, and persuades him to blow himself up rather than let the Navy get ahead with its atomic bomb."

"Mind you, sir," I said, "I do *not* state that the Army had a hand in this outrage. All I ask is that you give me clearance to the right man in Army Intelligence, whoever that may be."

"Yes, Mr. Grant," Hoagland was all but chanting, "I'll send you over to see that prince of double-crossers, Major General Charles Fenster, Army Counterintelligence, so-called. Mind you, he probably won't admit you to the Pentagon, coming from me, or if he does, he'll try to frame you—"

"Z-2, Admiral," I assured him, "is entirely familiar with General Fenster's methods and reputation. I can take care of myself, if you can get me into the Pentagon. I have some reports, entirely apart from the Alaska business, which belong to the Army, and I should deliver them to Fenster in person. As you know, Z-2 is not allowed to take part in interdepartmental feuds."

"That's all very well," Hoagland barked at me, "but right is right, and wrong is wrong. You're not supposed to be blind to that, are you?"

"You ought to know where our sympathies lie, sir!" I snapped back. "But my orders are to see Fenster, if he's the responsible Counterintelligence hombre."

This was sheer bravado. As a matter of fact, I knew I ought to call it a day, now that Hoagland was in my camp, but the best way to keep him on my side was to move against his Army opponents. I felt rather like a slug in a slot machine as it starts to hit the jack pot. Z-2 had been a happy thought. So far, nobody had gagged on it, and with Roosevelt's papers tied up, the war would be over before any of the topside officials guessed I had invented it.

HOAGLAND calmed down enough to buzz his secretary and tell her to get General Fenster on the line, but fast. A moment later the Admiral was talking to his double-crossing Army opposite.

"Hullo . . . Chuck? . . . This is Hoagland. How's your golf? . . . Too bad! Neither can I . . . Well, there's a civilian here you ought to see. . . . Grant, R. L. Not his real name, of course . . . from Z-2 . . . Yes, Z as in zebra, two as in two . . . He's just cleaned up one of our worst headaches and says he has some special reports for you. . . . No idea, Chuck, he didn't tell me and I didn't ask him. . . . Z-2 doesn't talk. Can you see him today?"

I shook my head. "Sorry, sir!" I interrupted the admiral. "I can't see him until tomorrow morning at seven-thirty."

The admiral winced as though a cobra had suddenly appeared on his blotter. Then he grinned maliciously. "Hold on a minute, Chuck," he said. "You can have your golf this afternoon, after all. Grant says he can't see you until tomorrow morning at seven-thirty. . . . Yes, seven-thirty. . . . No, ten o'clock will be too late, he says. . . . At your office at seven-thirty, then."

He hung up and turned back to me. "You know, Grant," he remarked, "I wouldn't mind belonging to Z-2 for a few days myself if I could make that scoundrel Fenster rise before Sunday noon."

"Sir! I did this to General Fenster because the last time one of our Z-2 agents had to report to G-2, General Kahle—you remember that old hellion! —kept our man waiting for two hours. That's as bad as though you kept the President of the United States waiting. No, Admiral, I could have seen Fenster today, but I'm going to see him at seven-thirty tomorrow morning. That will teach G-2 to push Z-2 around in this man's town."

Hoagland grinned. "Grant," he said, "how come you never thought of joining the Navy? We could use men like you. Get in touch with me if anything happens to Z-2. This here war may be just about won, but then there's no armistice in the battle of Washington."

AT SEVEN-THIRTY the next morning I was ushered into the office of the Chairman of Counterintelligence.

Fenster was a bluff, hearty type of soldier, with more bluff than heart. Waving me to a chair, he proceeded to get down to cases.

"I've decided, Grant, and the whole Department agrees," he informed me, "that the time has come to liquidate Z-2. All of these irregular agencies have been nothing but a nuisance since before Pearl Harbor. Z-2 has been in the Army's hair for years. We've heard nothing good of your outfit."

"You are fully entitled to your point of view, General." I have observed that generals do not go for "Sir!" as eagerly as admirals. "But the decision rests with the White House. All I do is follow my orders."

General Fenster exhumed a ghastly smile. "The White House ain't what it used to be, Grant," he communicated. "While Roosevelt was President, we couldn't do much about it, but now, by Gad, the time has come to co-ordinate the White House! This Z-2 business is played out, anyhow."

I started to say something soothing but the general refused to yield the floor.

"I've been checking on you, Grant," he told me, "since Hoagland phoned me yesterday. We have a good Counterintelligence corps in this country and I'm told that your name isn't Grant at all, but Tompkins—W. S. Tompkins. You're linked to a fellow in the Navy named Jacklin. No use pretending, Grant. Z-2 may be smart, but our information is that Jacklin is probably a double spy for the Nazis. In fact, we believe that Jacklin is really the notorious Von Bieberstein. We were on his trail long before Pearl Harbor. He's a slick article, Von Bieberstein is. We think that when things began to get hot, he joined the Navy knowing that the Army couldn't touch him there. Then he seems to have planted his common-law wife or mistress—an American-born girl, mind you!—in O.S.S. to keep him informed of Army operations. No, Tompkins, we have him now. We have rounded up all his contacts and accomplices."

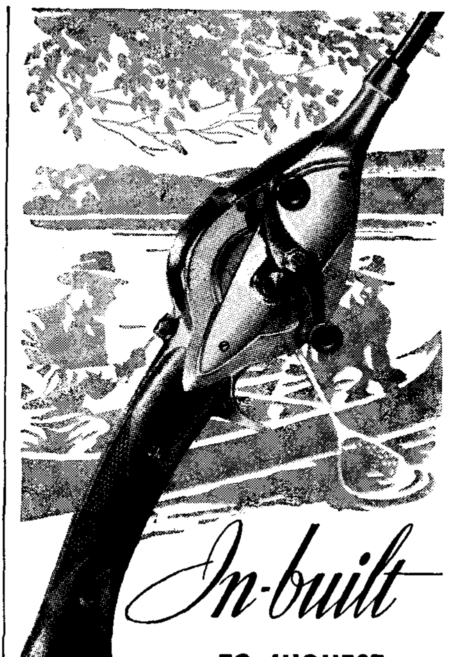
"General," I assured him, "somebody's eaten a bad clam. I can vouch for Jacklin's loyalty as I would my own. Why, he was editor of a Republican newspaper and went to Yale. He was at school with me. I've known him for thirty years. He's as patriotic as I am."

Fenster snorted. "It just shows how farsighted the Germans are. They plant their agents over here twenty—thirty—fifty years—yes, generations before they are needed. Gad! this country's been asleep. Here Military Intelligence has been hunting Von Bieberstein for the last ten years—and what do we find? We find that he's lived in this country all his life and holds a reserve commission in the United States Navy! No wonder we had Pearl Harbor! This time, Grant, we're sure of our facts and we're going to take them to the White House."

"You may be sure of your facts, General," I agreed, "but do you happen to know a man named Axel Roscommon?"

Fenster nodded. "Of course, a thorough gentleman. See him every week or so at the Army-Navy Club. Well informed, too."

"Did he ever tell you that he's head



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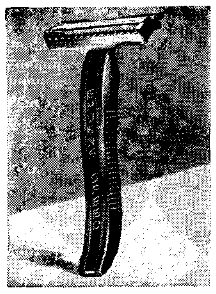

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of Nazi Intelligence in this country?"

"Rubbish!" The G-2 officer detonated impressively. "He's nothing of the kind. That's nothing but a smear put out against him by the F.B.I.. He's an Irish citizen but we've checked him carefully —he's definitely anti-Communist."

"Well, General," I admitted, "I'm wasting your time. I have some reports—"

"Just a minute, Grant. I'm not done with you. We're going to finish this Z-2 business right now. He pushed a button and spoke into his phone: "Sergeant, bring those women in here!"

A moment later, the door opened and Dorothy, Germaine and Virginia appeared, each looking as bedraggled as any woman who has been awakened too early.

"Winnie!" Germaine's face lighted up as she crossed the room and kissed me. "I thought—"

General Fenster coughed severely.

"Mrs. Tompkins," he announced, "I'm Major General Fenster. This is G-2. The C.I.C. has rounded up your husband's chief associates for this interview. We're about to close in on the most dangerous Nazi spy ring in existence. You know Mrs. Rutherford, of course, and this other woman goes under the name of Mrs. Jacklin."

"My name *is* Mrs. Jacklin," Dorothy replied with feeling, "and the O.S.S. will want to know by what authority—"

FENSTER waved her and the O.S.S. aside. "Very clever, Mrs. Jacklin, or should I say, Mrs. Von Bieberstein?" He turned back to Germaine. "Thanks in part to your husband, Mrs. Tompkins," he continued, "we have at last got on the track of Hitler's ace operative in the Western Hemisphere, Kurt von Bieberstein, or should I say Frank Jacklin? We almost had him cornered five years ago but he took advantage of the confusion after the declaration of war, and went into hiding as a naval officer. It was only by accident, when Mr. Tompkins accidentally supplied the missing link, that we found the trail again."

"And what am I doing here, General Fenster?" Virginia cooed at the specimen of military manhood in a way that was practically an invitation.

Fenster smiled before he remembered that he was a pattern of military efficiency. "You are known to Counterintelligence, Mrs. Rutherford, as one of the best agents in Z-2."

"But what is Z-2?" Virginia was frankly bemused. "Of course, I've heard of Intelligence. Isn't that something that belongs to the Army?"

The general oozed approval. "Gad! Tompkins, you train your agents well. She'd never admit a syllable without your permission. No, Mrs. Rutherford, Z-2 is to be liquidated and we're here to find this fellow Von Bieberstein."

Dorothy stood up. "I've heard all the drivel I propose to stand for," she announced. "Frank is a decent, loyal American, and it's not his fault that we couldn't get along together. I've never heard of Von Bieberstein in my life. Mr. Tompkins," she added, turning to me, "if you had anything to do with this high-handed foolishness—you say you knew Frank—"

"Mrs. Jacklin," I told her, "I don't think that your husband—and I know him well—was disloyal for one moment of his life. In any case, Military Intelligence can't lay a finger on your husband."

"And why not?" Fenster demanded.

"Because he's dead, General," I said.

"Suicide, eh?"

"No, sir. He went down with—"

"Winnie!" Jimmie interrupted me as though descending from a fiery cloud. "*Now* I see why you've been acting so strangely. You're in *Intelligence*. Of course, you couldn't tell *anybody*. Darling!"

Even the general looked embarrassed.

Dorothy did not relax. "I am going to leave this room and this building," she announced. "And if anybody interferes with me, you are all witnesses that I am being detained illegally. Just call the O.S.S. and tell them that Army agents under General Fenster's orders broke into my bedroom at six this morning and kidnaped me."

She turned and left the room. Nobody stopped her. Fenster pressed the buzzer again. "Sergeant," he commanded, "see that Mrs. Jacklin is escorted out of the building and that our people keep an eye on her." He looked at me. "Now, Tompkins," he resumed, "what's this word about Von Bieberstein being dead?"

"If you'll have the ladies leave the room, General," I told him, "I'll give you my report."

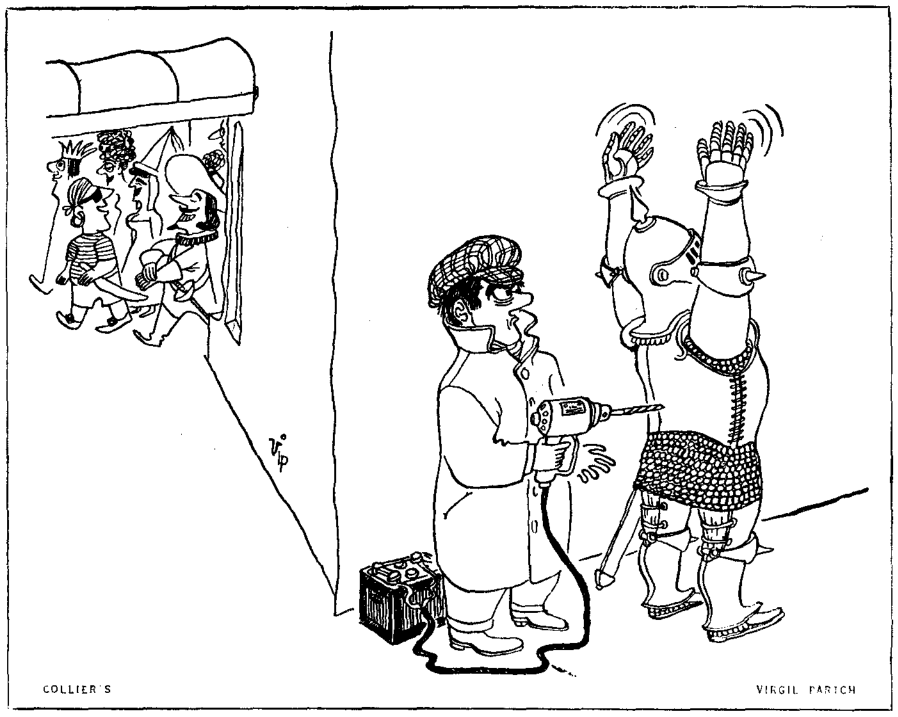
Jimmie and Virginia withdrew, with visible reluctance.

"Jacklin is dead," I told him. "I think that your agents are mistaken in linking him to Von Bieberstein. In fact, I know it, because I think I know who Von Bieberstein really is. But I can't tell you without direct verbal authority from the President. But I can tell you how Jacklin died."

Major General Fenster became once more the man of action. "Good, let's have it!"

"The Navy Department," I began, "has been trying to beat the Army with the development of an atomic bomb—"

"The dastards!" muttered Fenster in-



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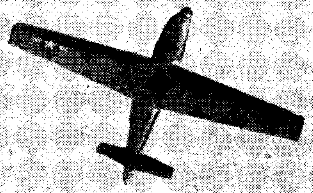

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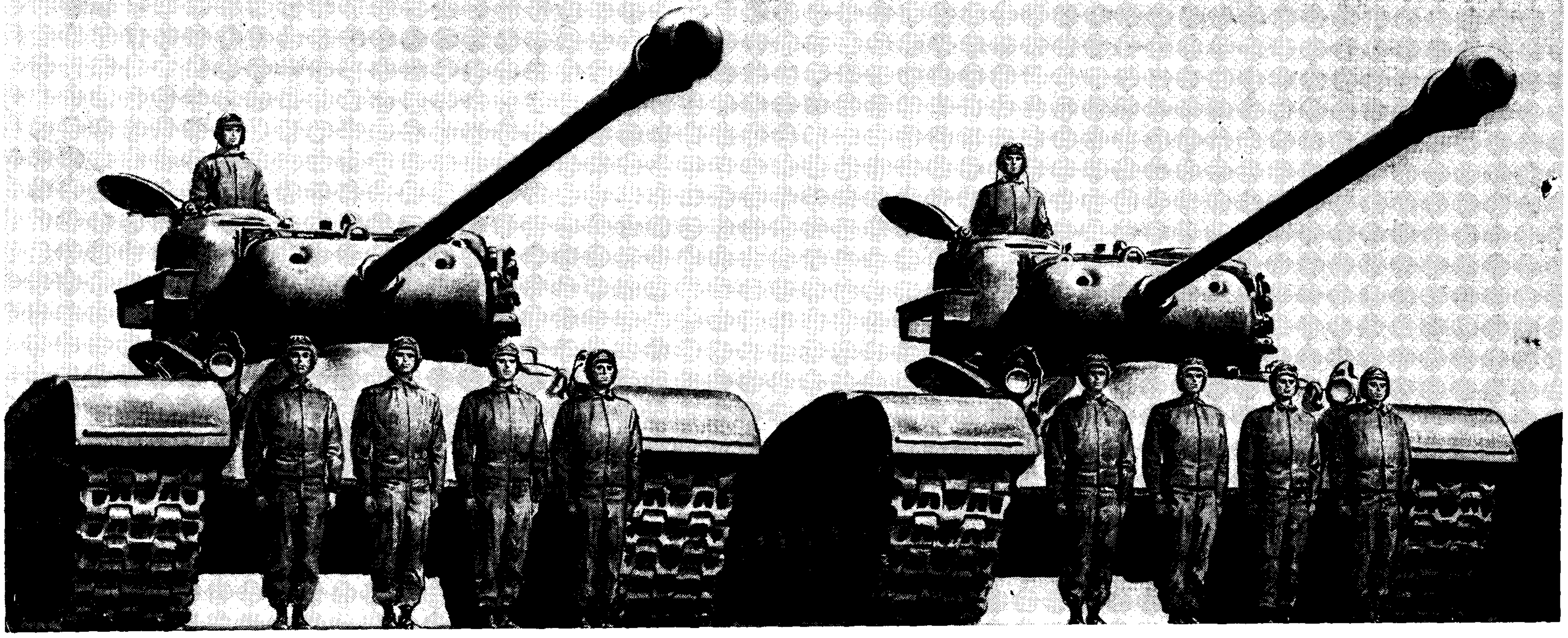

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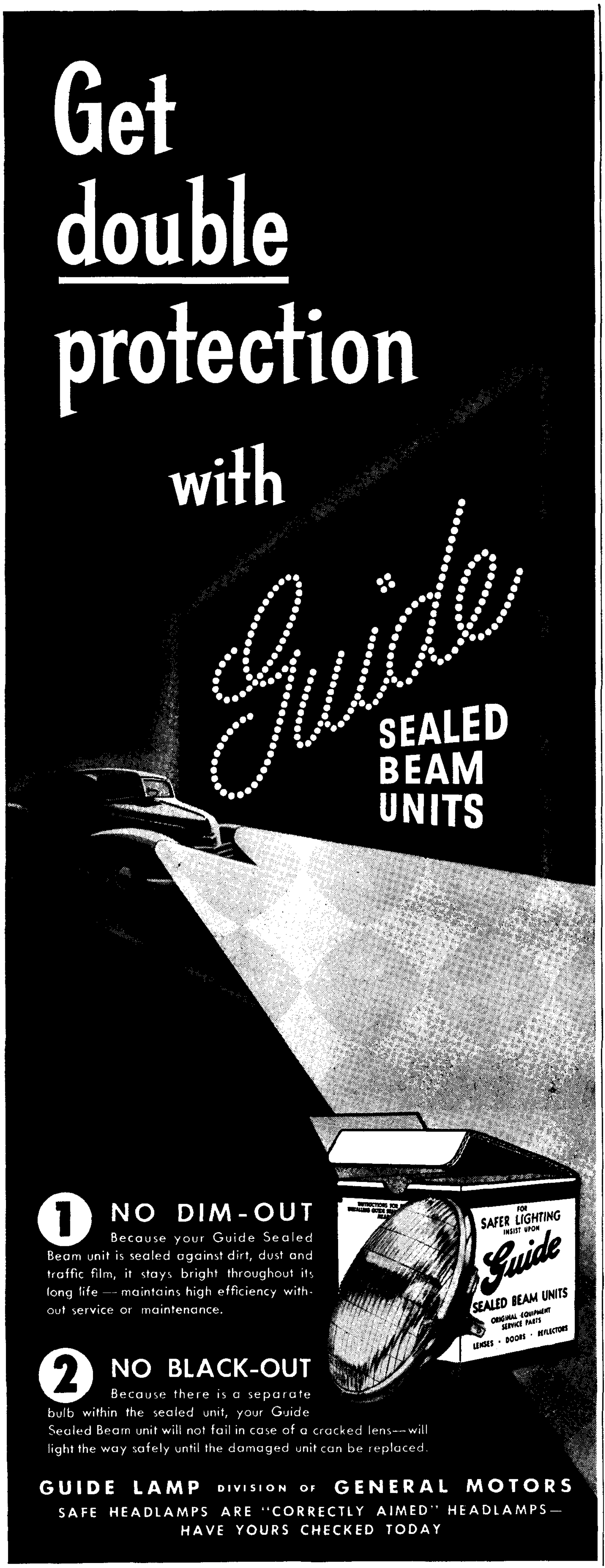

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credulously. "You can't trust the Navy as far as you could throw a battleship. By Gad! Tompkins, *this* is going straight to the White House."

"They had a man named Chalmis who did something with thorium, General," I continued. "I'm not a scientist, so I can't tell you about the process. I believe it was simpler and less expensive than what General Groves is trying to do."

"Groves!" Fenster spoke with soldierly pride. "Now there's a West Pointer for you! Four years and two billion dollars and he hasn't got it yet, but by Gad, the old West Point spirit never accepts defeat! He'll get a bomb if it takes fifty years and a hundred billion dollars. The Navy can't match that kind of guts, Tompkins."

"Of course this thing wasn't anything like so good as the Army's bomb, General," I assured him. "It was something whipped up in eighteen months and cost less than fifty millions."

"Pikers!"

"Well, the Navy rushed through this sneak bomb of theirs and sent Chalmis with it on a surprise raid against the Kuriles, on the latest light carrier, the Alaska."

Fenster took a few portentous notes on a memo pad.

"Jacklin was assigned to the Alaska, and our information is that he was with Chalmis in the ship's magazine when the bomb—er—accidentally went off. The ship was a total loss, and everyone aboard died in the explosion."

Fenster got to his feet and stood rigid for a moment.

"He was a brave man, Tompkins," he observed with soldierly emotion, "a damned brave man. By Gad, I'm almost sorry we're going to liquidate Z-2. We'd like to take you all over into M.I.D., but red tape won't let us, eh? So Jacklin was one of your men and he died for the Army. He sank the Alaska and killed himself and the inventor of the Navy bomb, rather than let the Navy get away with this outrage. By Gad, Tompkins, General Groves will have a laugh over that one. I'll go and apologize to Mrs. Jacklin in person for our mistake. Von Bieberstein would never have done that job. As you know, it's the Nazis who are backing the Navy against the Army. If it wasn't for the Japs backing us against the Navy, we'd have a rough time of it in this man's war. Now, Tompkins, this thing is too big for us to handle. It's got to go up to the highest echelons."

I raised my eyebrows.

He nodded. "Yes, this has got to be laid before President Truman himself. By Gad, Tompkins, I'll see that you get to report to the President tomorrow morning if I have to take you there myself."

A goose walked over my grave. I shivered. "As to Von Bieberstein, General?" I suggested.

Fenster leaned across his desk. "Tompkins," he assured me, "I'll get Von Bieberstein if it's the last thing I ever do. By Gad! If you help me, I'll see that you get the Order of Merit, a Presidential citation and the Orange Heart."

"Don't you mean the Purple Heart?"

He snorted. "That's merely for combat casualties. The Orange Heart is a confidential decoration given to those who serve Intelligence well on the home front, even including civilians. It's personal and worn on the *inside* of the coat lapel."

He buzzed again. "Sergeant!" he barked. "Get me the office of the Military Aide, the White House, and if they don't answer, wake up Harry Vaughan at Blair House. Tell him this is top-priority."

I sighed. The water was already far over my head, but it was now too late to draw back. I had to swim for the far shore.

THE White House usher said, "The President will see you now, Mr. Tompkins," and he beckoned me to follow him from the Cabinet Room, where I had been kept waiting for a few minutes, into the famous oval study which Roosevelt had designed to set off his collection of old shipping prints.

A pleasant, rangy, mild-mannered man rose from behind the great desk, greeted me cordially and said he'd heard great things about my work in Z-2.

I decided at sight of him that the President of the United States was entitled to the simple truth.

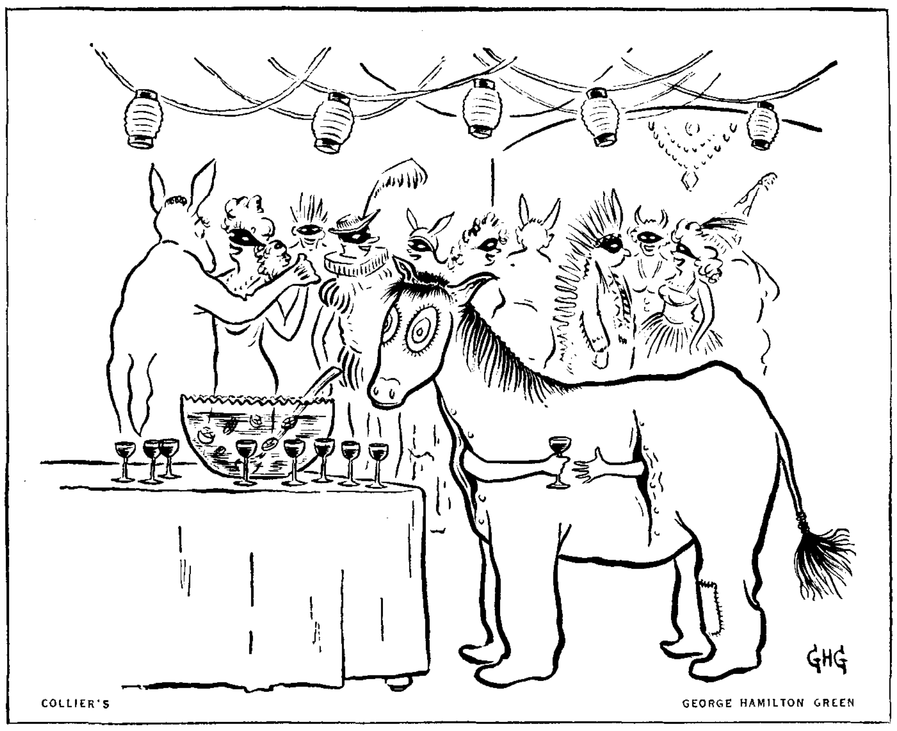
"I know you're a busy man, Mr. President," I said, "but if you'll listen to me for five minutes, I'll tell you the strangest story you ever heard."

He nodded and settled back to listen.

"Mr. President," I began, "to begin with, there's no such organization as Z-2." And I told him the whole story from Alaska to Z-2.

At the end of the account, the President smiled and suggested that I had been working too hard. He recommended that I tell my wife to take me home and take good care of me while I took a rest, and I found myself agreeing with his suggestion that my work in connection with Z-2 had taken a lot out of me. Z-2, he informed me, was being put under the jurisdiction of General Fenster, and the work would go ahead without me.

He also suggested that the government



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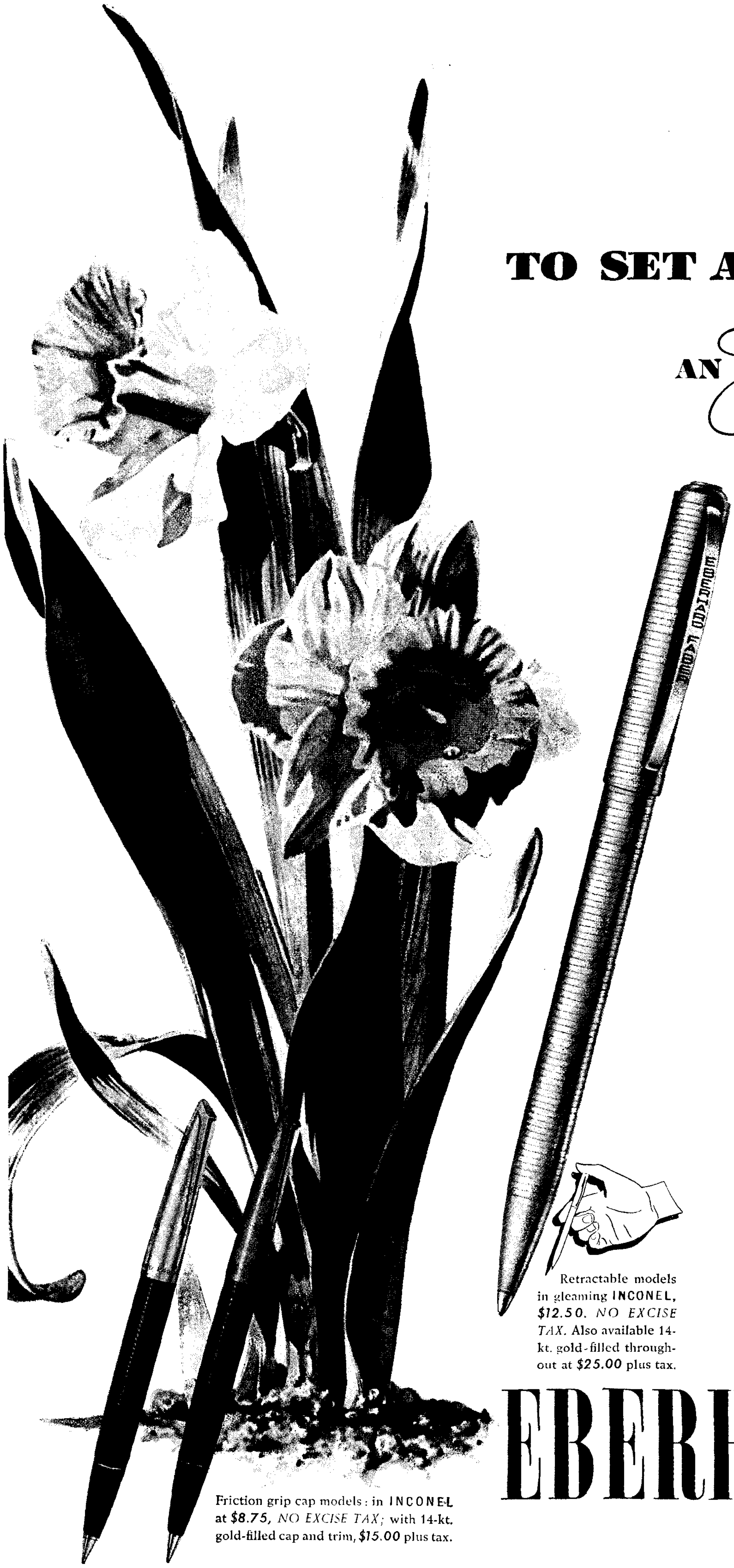

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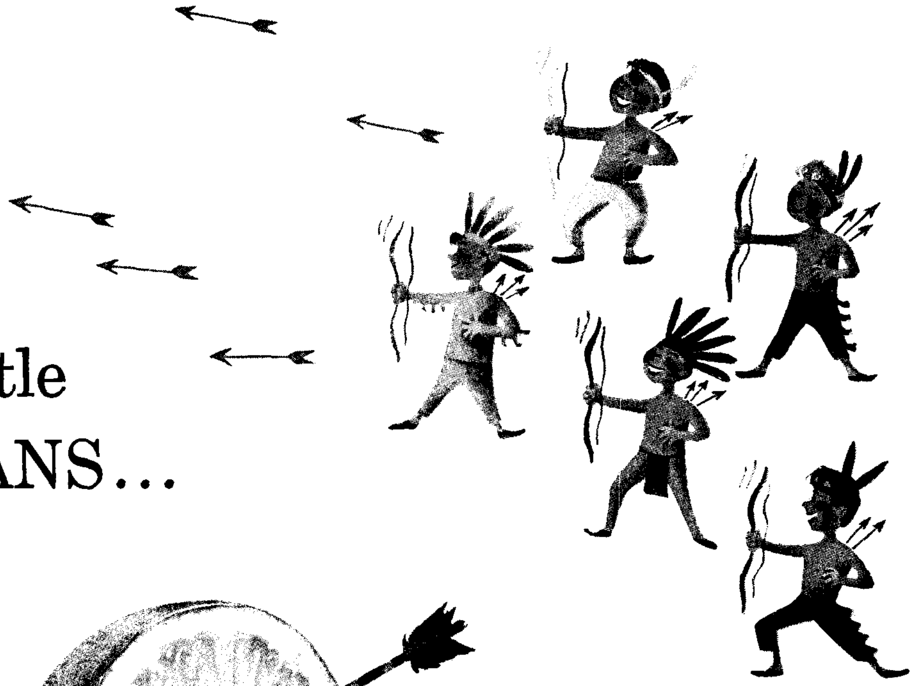

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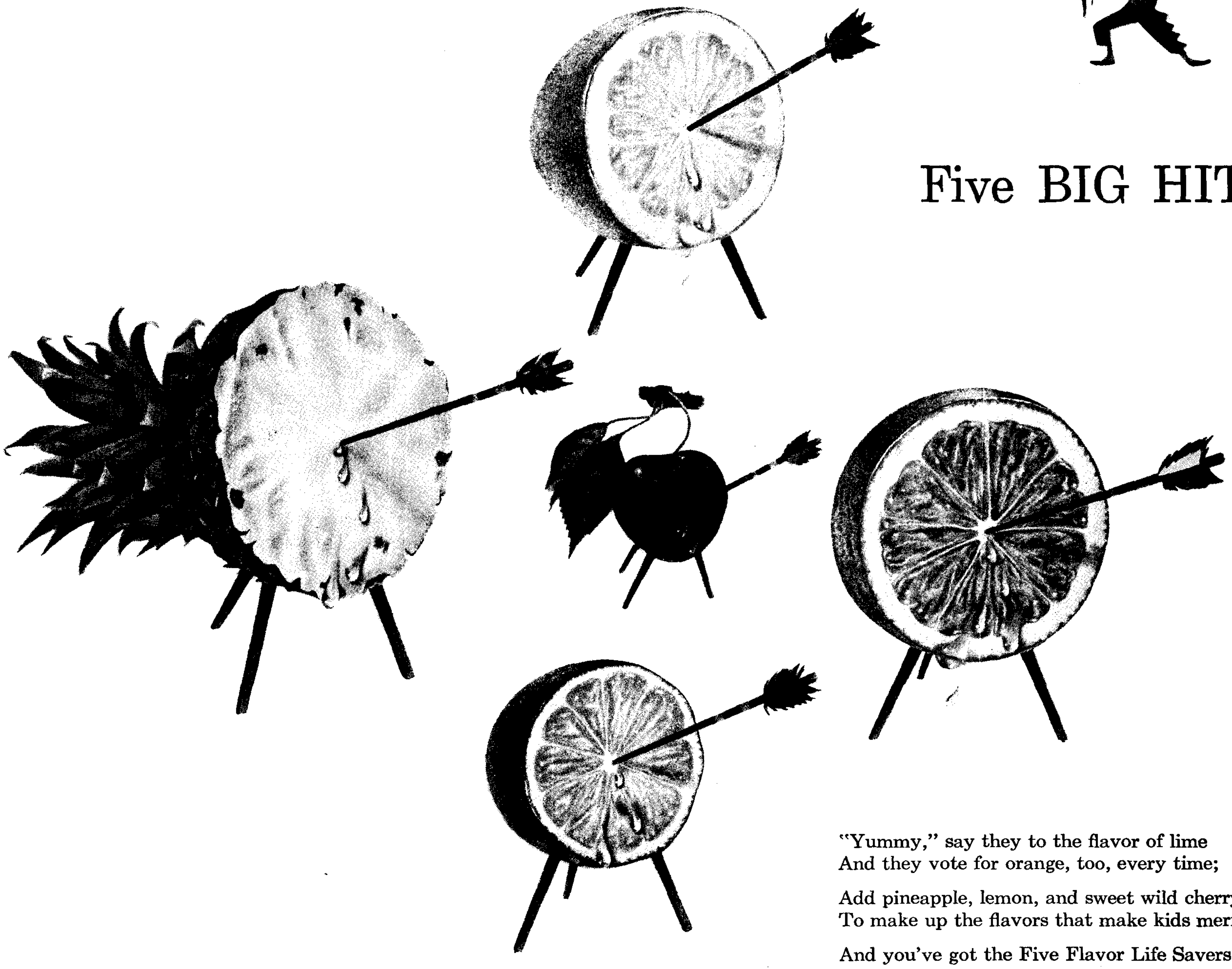

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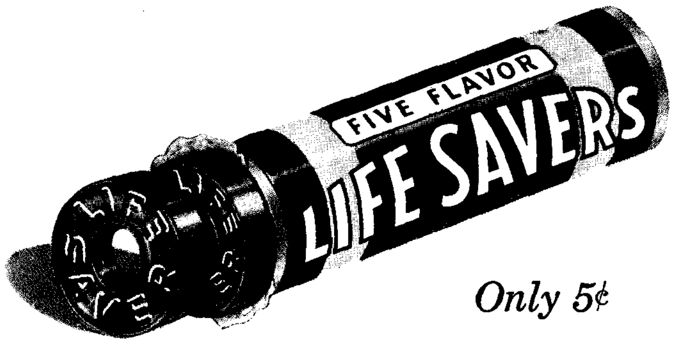


Only 5¢

might be able to use me in the State Department. In fact, it might be a good idea if I were to talk to the State Department before taking that rest.

"Just go across the street and tell them you sent me?" I asked.

He nodded.

The two bodyguards closed in on me, so I bowed slightly and withdrew from the President's office.

At the gate of the White House drive I was suddenly halted by a piercing "Hi!" It was Virginia Rutherford. She dodged her way between two stalwart sentries and took my arm.

"Winnie," she cooed, as soon as we were across Pennsylvania Avenue, "you utter devil!"

It seemed safest to say nothing.

"To think," she said dreamily, "that all this time you have been an American secret agent. Ain't that something?"

Again it seemed safest to say nothing, but it was getting under my hide. "Virginia," I told her, "I have just spent the last twenty minutes trying to convince President Truman that I'm not a secret agent. He will have none of it. He says I've been working too hard and need a rest."

"You devil!" Virginia chuckled dangerously. "You absolute, utter demon! Here is civilization at the crossroads, and what does Winfred S. Tompkins do to amuse himself? He strolls down to Washington and persuades the generals and the admirals and the President that he's been winning the war for them instead of winning the wife of his family physician. That's what I call funny."

"Have it your own way," I agreed. "If you can persuade General Fenster that I'm a fake, more power to you! He believes that you are one of my best operatives, and nothing can shake him."

She laughed merrily.

"Would you mind not talking quite so loud," I begged her. "Those two men following us might misunderstand some of your remarks."

She glanced over her shoulder. "You mean those five men following us, don't you, Winnie?"

I looked behind us. She was right. A group of five—if not six—people were trailing along behind us. Marks and the F.B.I., Hoagland and the Navy, as well as the Army's Counterintelligence and the O.S.S., were probably represented.

"Five is right," I agreed. "You see, Virginia, I'm a pretty important person. You noticed, I hope, that President Truman took time out to chat with me."

We were at the Willard.

"Here, Virginia, I must leave you," I told her. "You can't follow me up to my bedroom, and anyhow I have a message for Jimmie from the President of the United States." . . .

When I reached the room, Jimmie herself was not to be seen, but various articles of clothing were scattered around the room, and there was a rush and gurgle of water from the bathroom, which suggested that my wife was taking a bath. She was.

"Winnie?" she called through the half-open door.

"Theesa tha floor waiter," I grunted. "You wanta me? I busy."

The answer was an indignant shriek, and the bathroom door was slammed shut. The water stopped rushing, and Germaine's voice came cool and very ruling-class through the partition.

"Waiter," she commanded, "please leave the room at once."

"What'sa alla so secret, hey?" I asked, still speaking in subject-race style. "Letta me see!"

I TOOK the handle of the door, wrenched it open and pushed. There was an angry screech from inside, followed by an indignant, "Winnie, you beast! Get out of here!"

I didn't, so Jimmie dropped the bath towel she had draped defensively across her shoulders and subsided laughing into a warm, soapy bath.

"You are the absolute limit!" she declared. "I'll never forgive you for this. Tell me what the President was like."

"Very nice," I said. "He said that I needed a good long rest and that you must take very good care of me."

She looked up at me through a haze of steam.

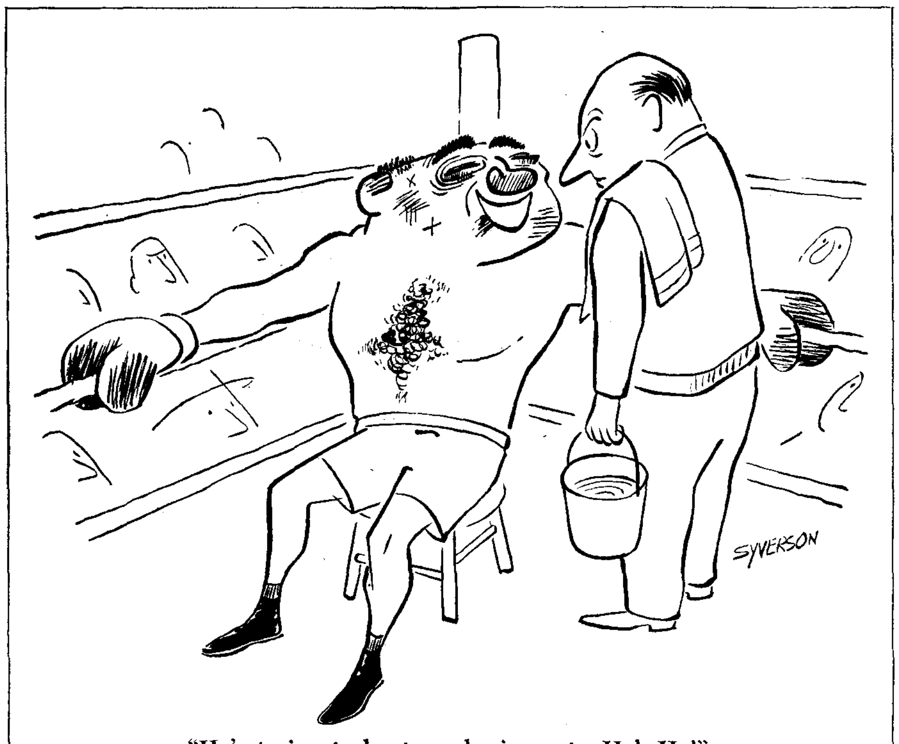
"Oh, Winnie," she declared, "I *am* so proud of you. To think that all the time you've been doing secret Intelligence! And I believed you were just chasing around after those silly girls. Don't you think you could have trusted your wife?" she asked.

I shook my head emphatically. "That was part of my cover," I replied. "If you hadn't been worried about me, it wouldn't have looked natural. Suppose you get dressed now and come downstairs and we'll have some champagne cocktails to celebrate."

"Celebrate what?" she asked, loosening the stopper with her toes.

"Celebrate the liquidation of Z-2," I said. "It's being taken over by the Army. My work is done anyhow. And tomorrow I have to see the State Department."

"The State Department!" She jumped



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out of the tub, scattering water lavishly on the floor and on me. "Are they going to make you an ambassador or something?"

"Come down to earth, Jimmie." I urged her. "I'm a Republican from New York, not a Missouri Democrat."

"Get out of my way, you," she said.

I got.

"Just the same," she murmured wistfully, as I closed the bathroom door, "it *would* be nice to be an ambassadress, wouldn't it?"

THERE was a brisk knock on the bedroom door. I walked over and opened it, to see F.B.I. Special Agent A. J. Harcourt. He gave me a reproachful glance and pushed his way into the room.

"I can only stop a minute, Mr. Tompkins," he said, "but I have orders from my superior to call on you in person and present the apologies of the Bureau for having inconvenienced you. If you had only told us you were connected with Z-2, there would have been no trouble."

"Sit down, Harcourt," I urged him. Then I crossed to the bathroom door. "Don't come out until you're decent, dear," I called to Germaine. "The F.B.I. is here."

Some muffled instructions answered me, so I went around the room picking up the various scattered wisps of silk and rayon, and thrust them through to my wife.

"That's all I was to say, Mr. Tompkins," Harcourt repeated, still standing, "that the Bureau is mighty sorry about the whole business."

"Sit down," I told him again. "Now get this Z-2 thing straight. There isn't any Z-2. I just invented it, trying to get myself out of this jam. I never was a Z-2 agent. What I told these people was all moonshine."

Harcourt nodded. "We know, of course, that you're not allowed to admit you're in Z-2 to anybody but the top guys, but we know that Z-2 does exist. If it didn't, how could the President abolish it?"

"How's that again?" I asked, sinking into the one easy chair.

"Yeah, special confidential Executive Order No. 1734, signed today, abolishing Z-2 and transferring its duties to the War Department. There was something else, too, about giving you the Order of Merit for—quote—special services which contributed usefully to the conduct of the war—unquote."

"Listen here, Harcourt," I insisted. "I can't help it if the White House pulled a boner. I *told* the President there wasn't any such thing as Z-2, and all he said was that I ought to take a good long rest. I simply got so damned tired of trying to prove that I couldn't remember what Winnie Tompkins had been doing before April second that I invented my own alibi—Z-2."

Harcourt scratched his head.

"Cross my heart and hope to die," I assured him.

For the first time since he had delivered his wooden official apology, the special agent relaxed. "That's one for the book," he said with deep feeling. "Mrs. Harcourt's little boy isn't going to let it go any further. So far, only the President of the United States, the Army, the Navy, O.S.S. and the F.B.I. believe you were in Z-2. I'm not sticking my neck out to tell them it's all a lot of malarkey. That leaves only the State Department and the Secret Service. How come you've skipped them? You must be slipping, Mr. Tompkins."

"I'm seeing the State Department tomorrow morning," I explained. "I think I'll let the Secret Service alone. Incidentally, Mrs. Tompkins also believes all this Z-2 business. It will do as a stall until I learn what I was really doing before I drew a blank."

"Not for me!"

We both looked up. In the doorway—which I must have forgotten to latch—stood Virginia Rutherford. She entered the room, closed the door firmly behind her and sat down on the bed.

"No, Winnie," she began. "Oh, hullo, Mr. Harcourt—You haven't fooled me. I know there's something behind all this business. Imagine the nerve of that silly general, practically jerking me out of bed to come down and listen to him babble about Von Bieberstein to that pretty Mrs. Jacklin. Who is this Von Bieberstein anyhow? He sounds like a brewer."

"Kurt Von Bieberstein," explained A. J. Harcourt, "is supposed to be the ace Nazi operative in the U.S.A. We know nothing about him, except his name. All we ever got on him was one fragment of a short-wave radio message in 1935 and a letter in a code we couldn't break, just before Pearl Harbor."

The bathroom door opened and Germaine entered the room. "Well, Virginia," she observed, "you seem to be making yourself at home. Mr. Harcourt, have I no legal right to privacy in my hotel room?"

Harcourt rose and bowed. "Certainly, ma'am," he told her. "If you object to her presence you are entitled to order her out. If she refuses to go, you can throw her out or call the house detective."

Jimmie laughed. "Good! Virginia Rutherford, you get out of my bedroom or I'll throw you out."

Virginia relaxed back against the pillow. "Act your age, dearest," she said. "You don't want any public scandal about your husband, do you?"

"Oh!" Germaine paused. "Of course not! Not when he's going to the State Department, maybe to be made an ambassador."

"Send him to Turkey," advised Virginia. "He has the harem temperament."

THE next morning found me fumbling my way around the corridors of the State-War-Navy Building in search of the proper official to handle secret Intelligence reports. I finally unearthed him in the form of six feet of languid Bond-Street-tailored perfection—a redheaded diplomatic lily by the name of Dennis Tyler, a sort of Deputy-without-portfolio in the Liaison Section. To him I addressed myself.

"Oh, yes, so you're Tompkins—of Z-2," he observed. "Yes, yes. Quite too tragic for you. It reminds me of the time my old outfit—the C P.I.—was abolished in a wave of economy just after we'd thwarted three revolutions in the Caribbean and saved the Secstate from a fate far worse than death—public ridicule!"

"Tell me, Mr. Tyler," I inquired, "did you ever hear of Axel Roscommon?"

Tyler leaned back in his chair and contemplated me soulfully. "Now don't tell me that poor old Axel is a Nazi agent, Mr. Timkins—"

"Tompkins, Mr. Wiley," I riposted.

"The name is Tyler, Mr. Tompkins," he grinned. "No, dear old boy—to quote Axel—we do not *think* that Mr. Roscommon is a Nazi agent. We know it. I had the devil of a time fixing it up with the F.B.I. so they wouldn't arrest him. We can't let the Swiss—God bless their cuckoo clocks—represent Hitler over here. We need a man of the world who realizes that milk chocolate has no place in diplomacy, to maintain contact with the Third Reich. No, Axel's a fine fellow. He's on a strict allowance: one military secret a month—usually a little one and every now and then a phony—so as to keep his job. He sees that our people in Berlin get the same allowance. All very cozy and no harm done."

I nodded agreement. "Yes, Mr. Tyler," I told him, "I know the picture. It's just that I have a hunch that Roscommon may be Kurt von Bieberstein."

Tyler exploded. "Absolute, obscene rot, Tompkins! Not a word of truth in it. Roscommon is foxy, if you like, but

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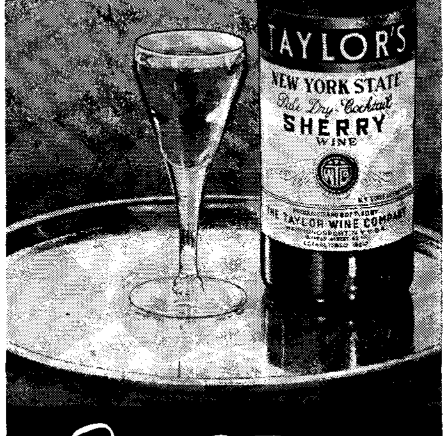

TAYLOR
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he hasn't got Von Bieberstein's ruthlessness. No, we made a thorough check on our Axel, before we let the Gestapo accredit him to this government. He's just a good contact man and first-rate field operative—plays a dashing game of backgammon and a sound hand of poker, holds his liquor well, and, with an unlimited expense account, stands unlimited rounds of drinks.

"What on earth made you confuse him with Von Bieberstein?" he concluded. "Kurt's a devil. He's slipped through the fingers of every Allied Intelligence service. Even the Gestapo doesn't know much about him. He's never been photographed or fingerprinted and he reports direct to Hitler. Even Himmler has no file on him."

"It was only this, Mr. Tyler," I told him. "It was Roscommon who warned me two days before Roosevelt's death that the President would die within the week. That isn't easy to laugh off."

Tyler became calm. "You mean the poison story? Bosh! Of course we knew the state of Roosevelt's health, and we've already taken steps to kill the poison rumor, so you can forget about that."

This was getting too deep for me, but I owed it to Germaine to make a grab for the brass ring.

"President Truman was very complimentary about my work for Z-2," I told him. "He wants me to take a rest now that the War Department has taken over our work. After that, I wondered whether there mightn't be something in the diplomatic service. The President thought I would be useful here. I've plenty of money and—"

Dennis Tyler groaned convulsively, hunched forward over his desk and clutched his red head in his hands.

"And you have a beautiful wife who would make a charming American ambassadress, no doubt. Yes, Mr. Tompkins, I see it all. You went to a good school; no doubt you even attended Harvard. You just missed combat service in the last war and were unfortunately too old for this one. You know how to make money in Wall Street, if it wasn't for those damned Roosevelt taxes. You do not speak German nor Italian nor Spanish nor Russian, not to mention Arabic and Chinese. You know nothing of economics, sociology, natural science or political geography. You have been to Canada, the West Indies and no doubt to Gay Paree. And to cap the list of your qualifications, you are a Republican and this is a Democratic Administration."

"Then there isn't a chance," I mumbled, my cheeks flaming with embarrassment.

"Did *I* say that you had no chance?" demanded Dennis Tyler. "On the contrary, you seem to be fully qualified for any diplomatic post within the gift of this Administration, at least as much as any of a dozen of our well-named envoys extraordinary. But, Tompkins, you're a decent sort of chap. Don't do it! For your wife's sake, if not mine, let the poor old State Department go to hell in its own quiet way without speeding the process. Oh, well, I suppose I shall never learn. Doubtless you will be our next ambassador to Portugal and I shall have one more black mark against me."

I HELD out my hand. "If the popular demand becomes too great for me to resist, Mr. Tyler," I assured him, "I may be forced to accept a diplomatic appointment."

Dennis Tyler looked up, shook my hand and winked broadly at me. "Just between us, Tompkins," he whispered, "who put you up to that Z-2 line of yours? You have the whole town fooled. No, don't look virtuous, dear old boy—again to quote the immortal Axel—I happen to know that you can't possibly be connected with Z-2, because until yesterday, when the Army grabbed it, I was head of Z-2 myself!"

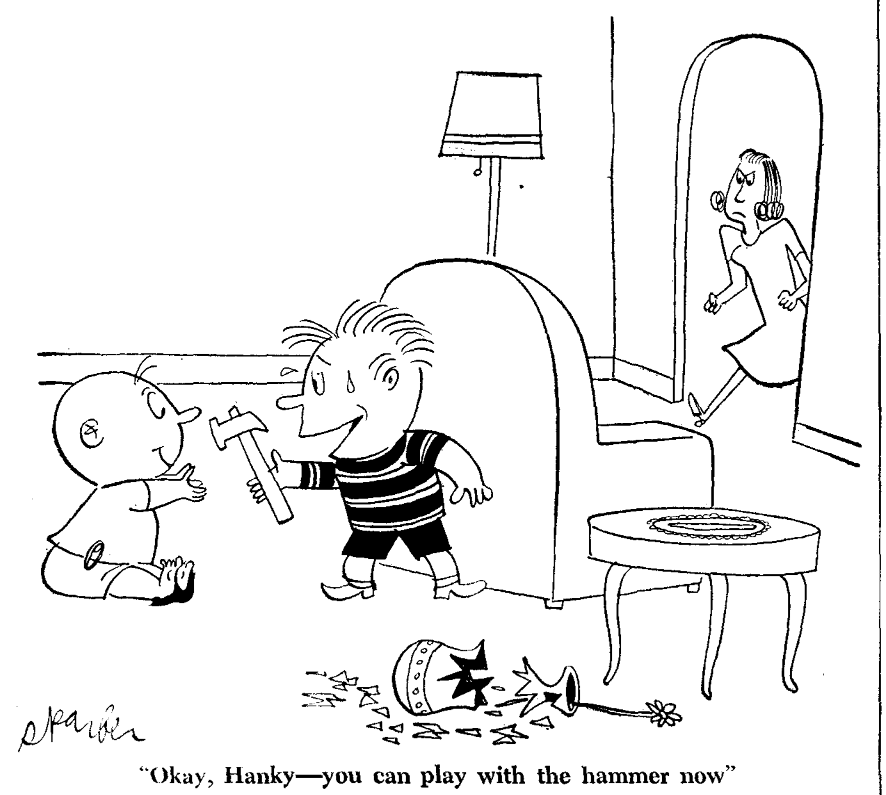
"You were what?" I demanded.

"I am—or was—the head of Z-2," Tyler replied. "You know, Mr. Tompkins," he continued, "I find it most intensely interesting that you should have picked on that particular combination—Z-2—for your higher echelons. In fact, I should like to have you psychoanalyzed, in order to learn why you, of all people, should have selected the supersecret insignia of the supersecret Roosevelt Intelligence outfit. Not that it matters now, of course," he added. "With this new regime, I'd be lucky if the White House knew the difference between Z-2 and a B-29."

I studied Tyler's face. In spite of his airy persiflage and la-di-da manner, I felt that he was straight.

"Okay, chief," I said. "I confess. You see, it was this way—"

TIMMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**



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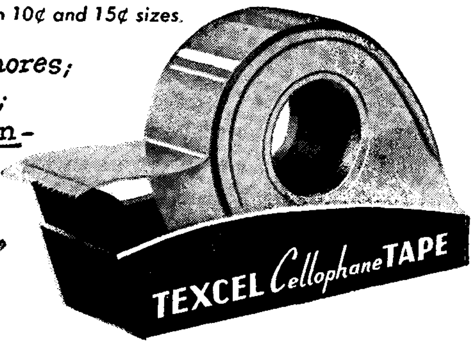

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Tyler sat back and heard me out in the history of my last two weeks.

"I can't expect you to believe me, Mr. Tyler," I concluded, "but I'd like to have it on record somewhere in this town that I had told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. And all I get for it is an Order of Merit citation."

"Few escape it!" he cried. "Oh, Tompkins, my poor old bewildered Tompkins! Of course I believe you. Stranger tales than yours have passed across my desk. I have served under one President who *thought* he was Omnipotence, one who *knew* he was Omnipotence, and two who were afraid that the voters would realize they were *not* Omnipotence. I have seen five successive Secretaries of State who had no doubt that they were Providence's vice-regents on earth. Your case is nothing out of the ordinary in Washington. Just the other day, for instance, our Ambassador—"

I interrupted his monologue. "Then what would you do if you were me, Mr. Tyler?" I asked him. "I'm the innocent victim of the damnedest set of circumstances ever dreamed up. Here I find myself," I reminded him, "in high favor with the Intelligence forces, and with the reputation of a Don Juan in the bosom of my family, and no idea how I got there."

Tyler chuckled. "Think nothing of it. Stupider men than you have stood in far higher repute in this town. Just the same, Mr. Tompkins, it would be interesting to know why you picked on Z-2 and where you got your undoubted talent for brass-knuckled duplicity."

"Again in my own defense," I said, "I did it only because the F.B.I. had a gun at my back and were going to give me the works if I didn't clear myself inside twenty-four hours. I always thought," I added, "that in this country you were assumed innocent until proved guilty."

Tyler winked wickedly. "There's a war on," he announced, "and doesn't the F.B.I. know it!"

Feeling weak in the knees, I bade the diplomat goodby and left the State Department with a sense of personal uneasiness. Who would have dreamed that there was a Z-2 organization before I imagined it? If this kind of thing kept on happening, it mightn't be a bad notion to take a fling at a sanctuary and have myself psyched by experts.

"Beg pardon, sir, but are you Mr. Tompkins?"

The rugged youngster who accosted me on the State Department steps had a definite bulge under his left shoulder that warned me he was armed.

"Yes, and who are you, sir?" I inquired.

"I'm Monaghan from Secret Service," he told me. "The Boss wants to see you."

"And who is the Boss?" I asked.

"Boss Flynn," he said. "It's only a few steps over to the Treasury Building."

What had I to lose?

"All right, Mr. Monaghan," I agreed. "I'll come along quietly. Am I under arrest? Should I send for my lawyer?"

"The Service don't go much for lawyers," he said. "This way, sir."

A few minutes later I found myself in a large, sparely furnished room, facing a white-haired Irishman.

"This is Tompkins, Boss," Monaghan reported and left me with the gimleteyed Secret Service executive.

"You W. S. Tompkins?" he asked me.

"Yes. And who are you?"

"My name's Flynn."

NEITHER of us said anything for a couple of minutes. He was obviously waiting for me to ask him why I had been brought to him—so I deliberately kept silent, pulled out a cigarette and lighted it. Seeing no ash tray, I flicked the burnt match on the official green carpet and waited for him to open the conversation.

"So you don't need to be told why you're here, Tompkins," he purred.

Then I recognized Flynn as just another smart Irish detective, who had apparently risen in the Secret Service by seniority, due to there having been no acknowledged murder of a President since McKinley's assassination. The only way to deal with him was to make him lose his temper.

"I came here, Mr. Flynn," I told him, "because one of your men practically put a gun at my ribs in front of the State Department. What do you want? A ticket to a prize fight? A good write-up in the papers? Tell me what it will cost me and I'll pay within reason."

Flynn scowled out the window in the general direction of the White House. I dropped some more cigarette ash on the carpet. Suddenly he whirled at me. "We're here to protect the President," he snapped, "and we don't propose to take any lip from you."

I said nothing. Then I noticed the flag over the White House at half-mast.

"Why's that flag at half-mast, Mr. Flynn?" I asked.

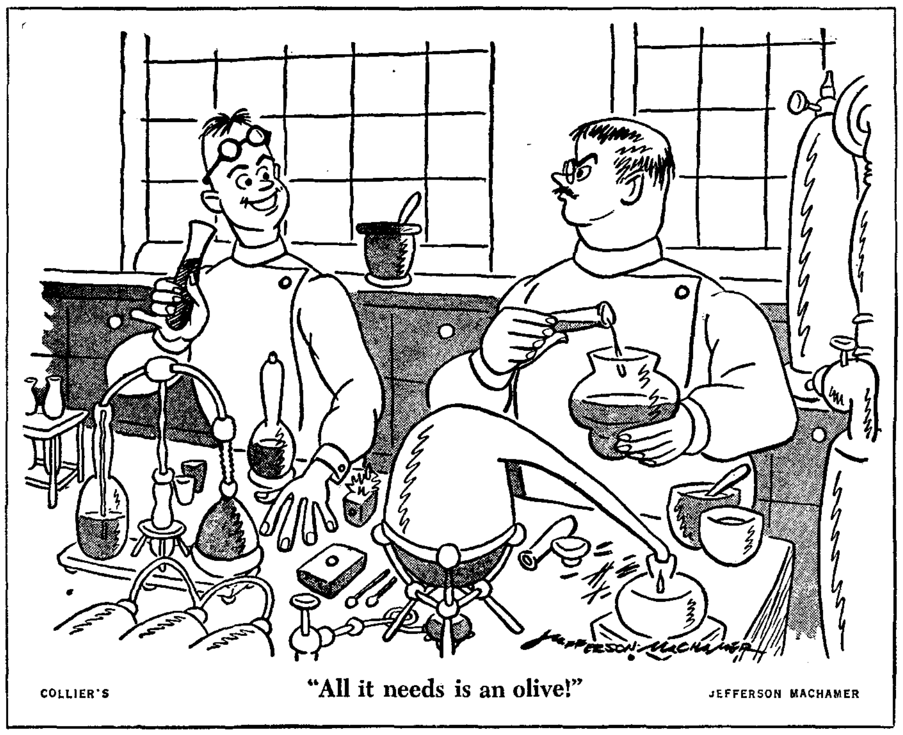
"Because the President's dead."

"Was he murdered?" I asked.

"He was not! He died of natural causes, but we don't go for people plotting to kill any President, even if he's dead. Our job depends on it."

I rubbed out the stub of my cigarette on the corner of his mahogany desk and lighted another one.

"Since Roosevelt wasn't murdered,



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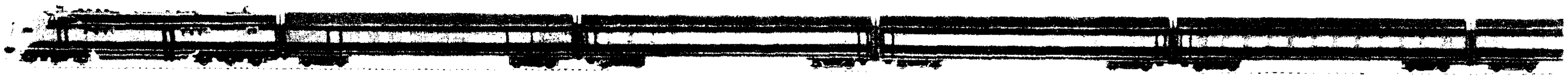

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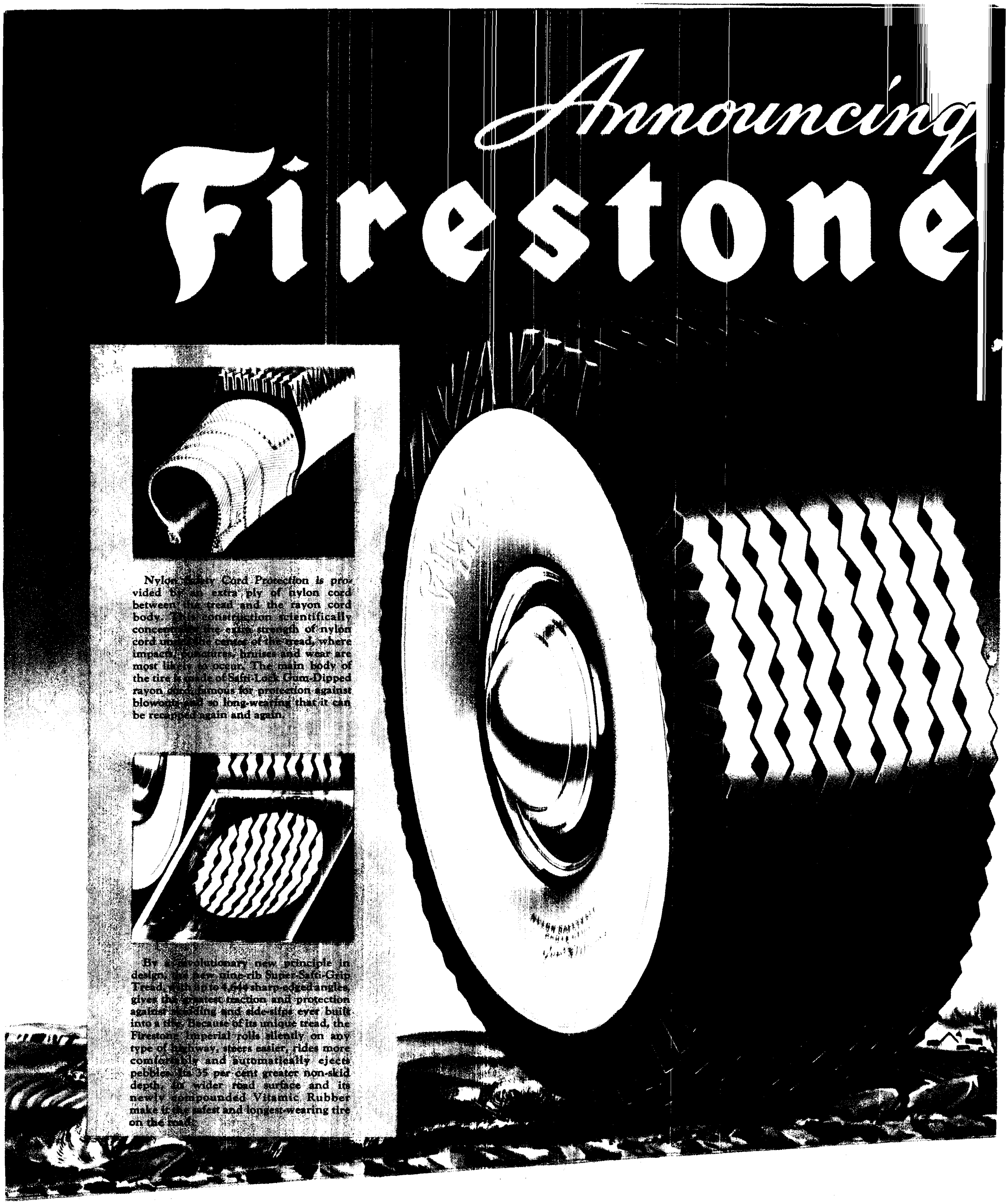

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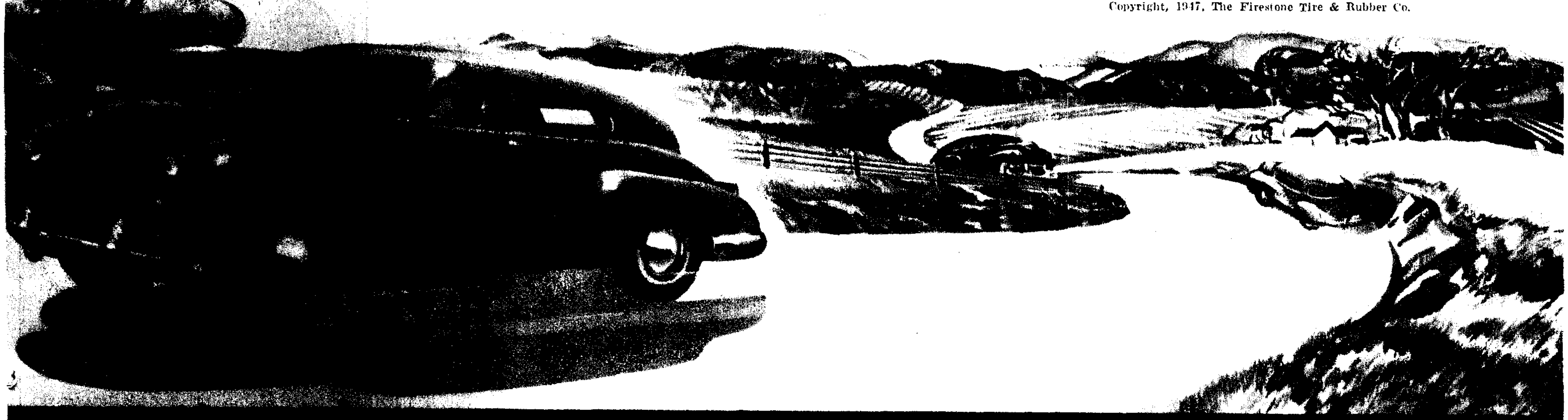

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what am I here for?" I asked. "If you have anything to ask me, I'll be glad to try to answer questions, but I'm damned if I propose to sit here and let myself be accused of something I never dreamed of doing."

"And what are you going to do about it?" he asked. "Sue?"

"Oh, I have no doubt that you can beat me up and send me to the hospital, but as soon as I'm out, I'll tell my story, and then I guess a man named Flynn will be looking for another job."

Flynn smiled. "And why do you think the hospital will be letting you go, Mr. Tompkins? Of course, if it was only for a broken leg or a fractured skull, it would be easy. But what about St. Elizabeth's?"

I raised my eyebrows. "Never heard of it," I said.

"St. Elizabeth's," he explained, "is where we send people in Washington who aren't right in the head. They can hold you there as long as they like, because if there's any question about a man's sanity, they would be failing in their duty if they let him go."

"In other words, Mr. Flynn," I interpreted, "you threaten to send me to the local lunatic asylum if I raise any objection to your methods. Is that the game?"

FLYNN was on familiar ground here. "Mr. Tompkins," he asked me, "how's your health? You don't look any too good to me. Don't you think you'd be better for a little special care?"

I laughed admiringly. "So that's how it's done, is it? Well, I never thought the Secret Service was reduced to blackmail. Okay, I'll pay."

"Who ever mentioned pay?" Flynn was indignant.

"Nuts!" I replied. "Cops are all the same. They jail Capone for income tax because they can't convict him of being a racketeer. You think you're being cute by sending people to the booby hatch if you have no proof that they're dangerous. Scratch a cop and find a four-flusher," I observed incautiously. "You're still looking for Booth in Ford's theater and are figuring ways to guard Garfield in the Union Station. For all you know, Roosevelt may have been killed, but if he was, you know I had nothing to do with it. The record shows I'm one of the few people who tried to do anything about his impending death. And you don't dare touch the man who told me."

"Who was that?" Flynn demanded sullenly.

"Axel Roscommon," I said, "another Irishman, so you don't dare lay a finger on him."

"Roscommon!" Flynn snorted. "A Black Protestant from Ulster. He's no Irishman, but I can't touch him, as well you know. The bloody British in the State Department are protecting him."

"So you take it out on me, eh?" I suggested.

Flynn drew himself up. "See here, Mr. Tompkins," he said, "I'm telling you to get out of Washington and stay out of Washington. In a job like mine, I have to follow my hunches, and my hunch is that if you aren't out of here by noon tomorrow, we'll send you over to St. Elizabeth's for observation. After all, we can't have people threatening the President."

"When did I ever threaten the President?"

"Sure and you did it just now," Flynn declared. "You used threatening and abusive language about the President of the United States, within the meaning of the Act, and the Secret Service is not going to stand for it."

"In other words, Mr. Flynn," I observed, "you can't win against the cops. Anything to keep their job. Okay, I know when I'm licked. I'll leave town and I'll even beat you to the booby hatch. If this is sanity, I *want* to be locked up."

Flynn hunched his shoulders and scowled at me.

"Yes," I told him, "I'll check myself with the psychiatrists and the alienists and then, when I have expert witnesses lined up, I'll come back here and clean every last Mick out of the Secret Service. You haven't got the sense of decency to resign after losing Roosevelt in the middle of the war, so I'll see that you're driven out of office."

"Mr. Tompkins," Flynn remarked quietly, "the more I see of you, the more I feel that you ought to have immediate medical attention."

He lifted his telephone and began dialing a number as I left the room.

Nobody tried to stop me as I walked out of the Treasury, but I knew that I must take no more chances. As it was, I had gone too far, because I had been frightened.

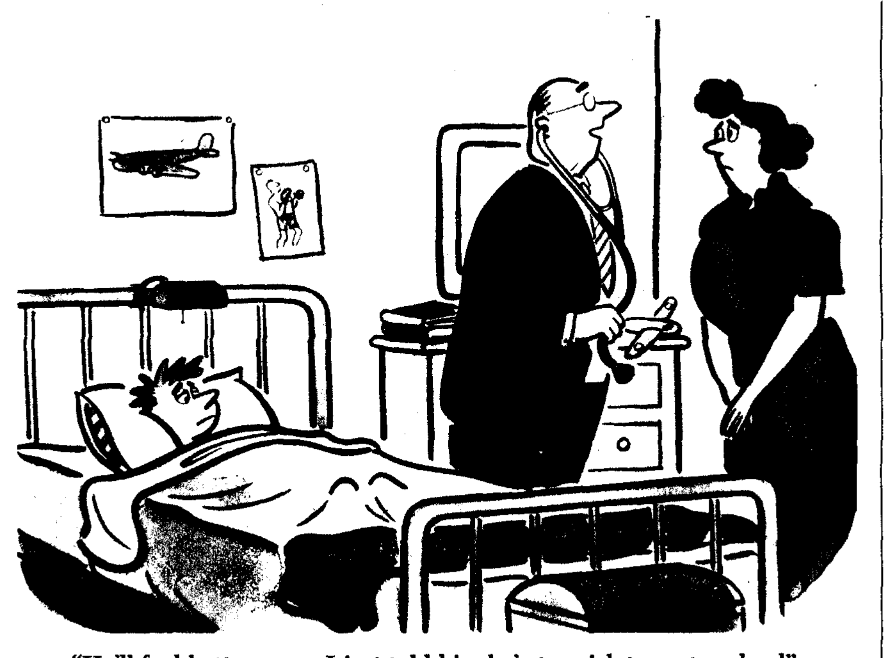
I hailed a taxicab. "Drive me to the Phipps Clinic, Johns Hopkins Hospital," I told the driver.

"Hell, Chief! That's in Baltimore."

"You are absolutely right," I told him, "and it's fifty bucks for you if you get me there inside an hour."

I sank back on the cushions of the rear seat. I had come out of the Washington rat race worse off than when I had entered it. Then it was merely a question of my liberty. After three days it had become a matter of my sanity.

(To be continued next week)



"He'll feel better now. I just told him he's too sick to go to school"

TYCOONS OF THE TURNTABLE

Continued from page 19

lush adjectives when preparing a spiel for him.

At 6:42 A.M., Godfrey may pick up a commercial for a chocolate pudding. "Buy this rich, creamy, delicious dessert. . . ." he begins. There is a pregnant silence as the mounting distress corrugating Godfrey's rugged pan comes through the ether with bell-like clarity.

"Uh. Who can think of chocolate pudding at this time of the morning?" he says. "Maybe it's pretty good stuff. Try it sometime, but not now."

He plays Stardust with Hoagy Carmichael, the composer, rendering the chorus in his "shaggy dog" style of singing. After a few bars, Godfrey suddenly stops the record.

"There's the guy who wrote the song and he doesn't even know how it goes," Godfrey comments morosely. "The biggest trick of any week is to see how far away from the melody a singer can get." From there he goes on to blast the current trend in vocalizing, while thousands of listeners, whose enjoyment of humming an old tune has been spoiled by tone-deaf improvisers, cheer silently.

A Hat Makes Godfrey Feel Silly

He finishes a pitch for men's hats with a ghoulish chuckle. "I'm a fine guy to be advertising hats. I never wear one. Except when I'm dragged to the opera or fancy parties or junk like that. They stick one of those high, silk jobs on me and boy, do I feel silly!" Follows a melancholy dissertation on quaint native customs that gives early birds the courage to carry on and face more of the same.

The day after Thanksgiving, Godfrey received a letter from a man who complained that he did too much talking on the program. The following morning Godfrey, whom Fred Allen calls the Huck Finn of radio, dourly acknowledged the letter and added that he would keep his yap shut if that's what the customers wanted. The CBS switchboards in New York and Washington immediately were bombarded with phone calls from outraged listeners. A woman said she just couldn't go to work without an inspirational message from her man Godfrey. An irate gentleman phoned to say he would throw his damn' radio out of the window unless the only intelligent commentator on the air spoke his mind.

When enough calls had been received to assuage Godfrey's wounded sensitivity, he consented to deliver his caustic commercials and observations.

A minor legend is the job Godfrey has done on—and for—a Washington furrier and a dirty polar bear named Olaf. Olaf, a quite dead, stuffed beast, stood outside the furrier's shop as a symbol of trade for years and attracted little except a thick coat of grime. In an effort to stimulate business, the furrier bought a few spot announcements on Godfrey's program and promptly was assailed as a menace to health and aesthetics. Godfrey, demanding that his sponsor rid the streets of Olaf, urged his audience to go downtown and jeer at the mangy monstrosity. Hundreds of people went to curl a derisive lip at the polar bear and several went away wearing new fur coats.

Godfrey's unremitting abuse has made the furrier one of Washington's leading businessmen and Olaf a familiar landmark. When Godfrey now gives a straight commercial without insulting references to Olaf, the furrier rushes to the phone and asks querulously: "What'sa matter, Arthur? Don't you like me any more?"

Disk jockeys today are carefully picked for Fame & Fortune. When Godfrey started in 1934, they were carelessly kicked into oblivion. The least talented or most troublesome characters around the studio were assigned to "opening the station," a radio synonym for the doghouse, in keeping with the prevalent belief that nobody was tuned in, anyway. The early-morning man swept the floor, answered the phone, served as his own engineer and played loud band music that was calculated to blast the listener out of bed with the look of eagles in his eye—or an ax in his hand.

Godfrey, who had won several diction awards and was NBC's ace announcer in Washington, was banished to the Siberia of the early morning trick as punishment for missing several shows. Brooding over the injustice of it all, he began to horse around, flouting radio's treasured taboos and breaking records he didn't like. He loused up things so splendidly that NBC fired him. People called in demanding more of Godfrey's refreshing candor, but by the time NBC decided to forgive him, its archrival, CBS, had him under a six-week contract at a guarantee of $75 a week.

Determined to slap down the renegade, NBC imported a big-shot announcer from New York to take away Godfrey's 6 A.M. audience. CBS retaliated by putting him on the air at midnight for a six-hour hitch, hoping he would keep people tuned to the station. All-night shows then were a terrific novelty and Winchell devoted an entire column to Godfrey's clowning. The publicity lured 36,000 people out to the swamps whence Godfrey was broadcasting. At the same time Al Jarvis in Los Angeles was demonstrating with his Make-Believe Ballroom that sponsors would buy programs at highly improbable hours, and the panic was on.

Block—the Customers' Delight

There are critics who insist that disk jockeys should still be sweeping the floor. In proof of it they sometimes point to Martin Block, the prize specimen of the breed. George Frazier of Variety says his program "offers a careful selection of the most dreadful music ever put on records." High-minded young men dedicated to raising America's artistic standards cannot be trusted to shave themselves after learning of Block's well-authenticated income. Nobody goes for him but the customers, who comprise the most astonishing audience, bar none, in the history of radio.

The Pulse, the only monthly survey of radio listening in the New York metropolitan area, recently released some statistics on Block's appeal. His broadcasting hours (10-11:30 A.M., 5:30-7:30 P.M.) coincide with well-advertised shows on national networks. WNEW is a small station that must be tuned in with watchmaker precision.

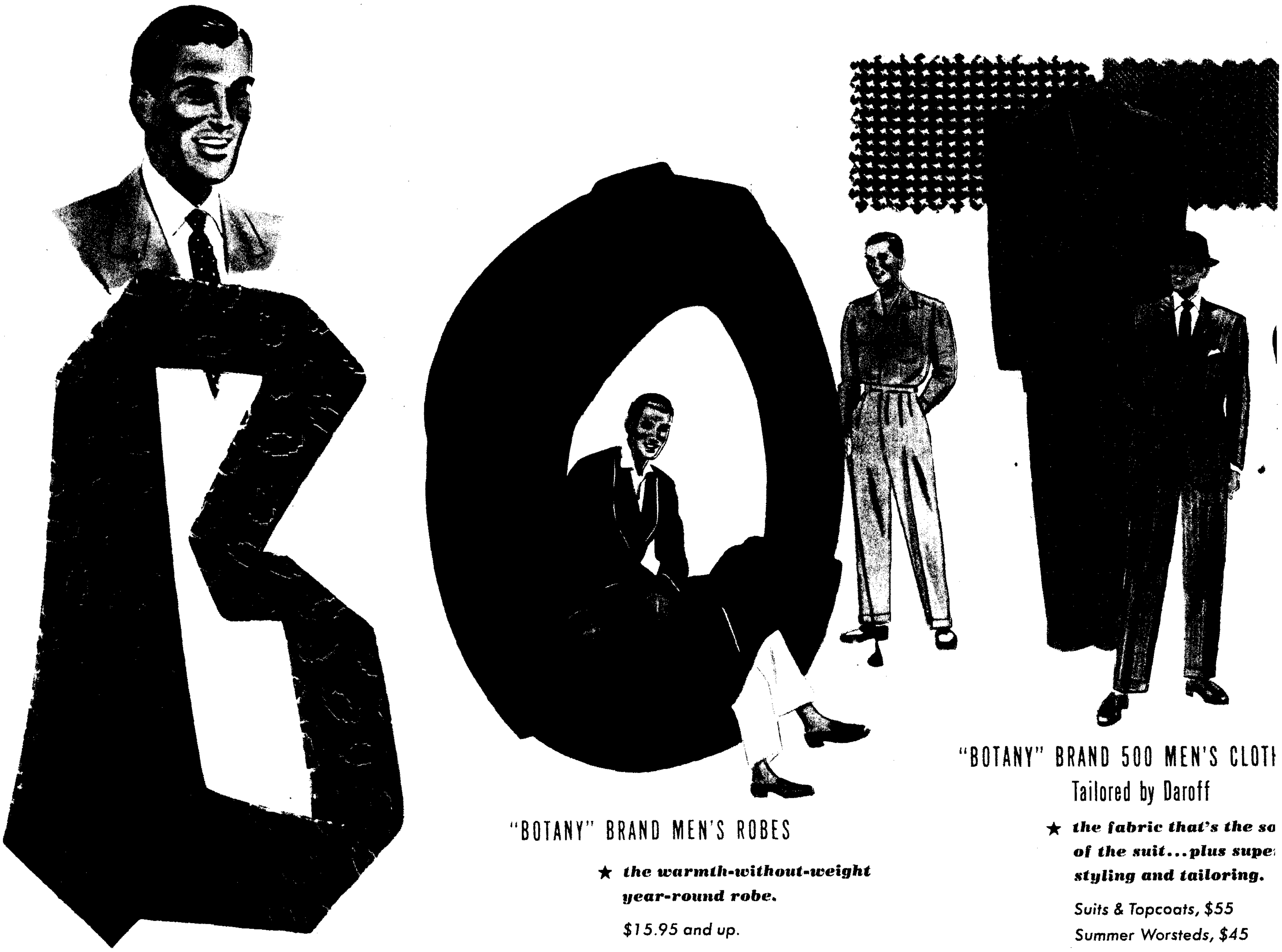
Yet, throughout 1946, Block was Number One on 55.4 per cent of the sets in use while he was on the air, he was one-two 86.3 per cent of the time and he rated no worse than third with 98.8 per cent of the listeners. The fellow doesn't even keep regular hours in a drab studio. Since October, he has been recording and air-mailing his patter from his home in Encino, California, which is equipped with built-in devices for receiving the words of the master whenever the spirit moves him. This is a great little country you got here.

Compared to the prices sponsors are soaked for elaborate productions with lesser pull, Block is a steal at $250 a quarter hour, about half of which he keeps himself. He has such a hold on the allegiance of his fans that some people firmly believe he could cause more havoc than an atomic bomb by asking

My sugar left me standing in the rain!
SAL SAYS I'M ALL WET — IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! BUT WHEN IT COMES TO TELLING ME WHY, SHE'S THE ORIGINAL MISS CLAM!
EVER HEAR OF BAD BREATH, PAL? NO FOOLING, TOM, WHAT YOU WANT TO DO IS MAKE A DASH FOR YOUR DENTIST'S!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
LATER Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH — HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES — STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS — REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
TOM HAS HIS SUGAR BACK AGAIN — AND HE'S HER RAIN-BEAU NOW!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

"BOTANY*" *proves*

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE U.S.A



"BOTANY" BRAND MEN'S ROBES

★ ***the warmth-without-weight year-round robe.***

$15.95 and up.

"BOTANY" BRAND 500 MEN'S CLOT

Tailored by Daroff

★ ***the fabric that's the so of the suit...plus supe styling and tailoring.***

Suits & Topcoats, $55
Summer Worsteds, $45
Overcoats, $60

"BOTANY" BRAND WRINKLE-PROOF TIES

★ ***spring back to fresh newness when hung up overnight.***

In Planned Patterns to go with whatever you wear. $1.00 and $1.50

"BOTANY" BRAND MEN'S SPORTSWEAR

★ ***the fabric that's the soul of the apparel...in style-right slacks and shirts.***

Shirts, $10.95 up
Slacks, $12.50 up

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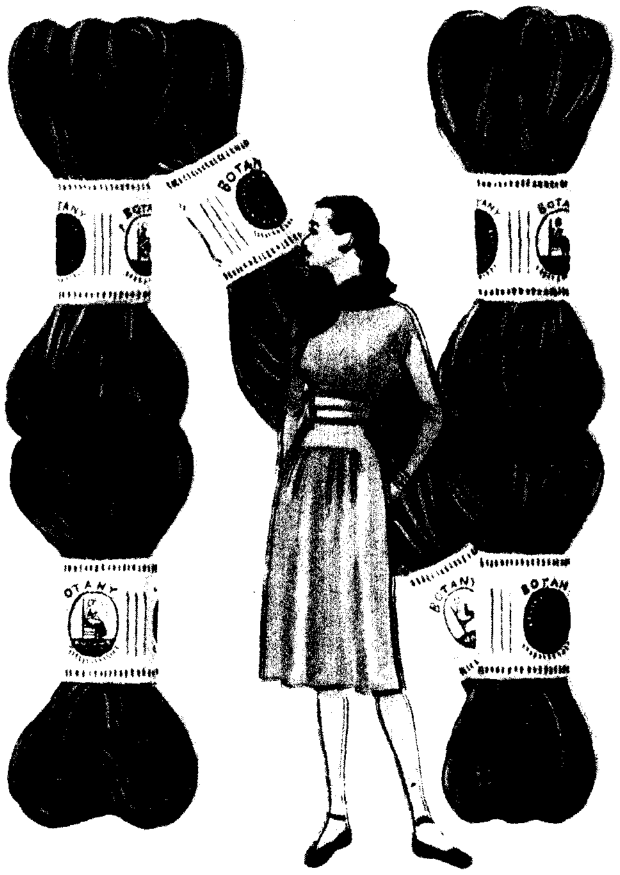
"BOTANY" BRAND †CERTIFIED FABRICS

For Home Sewing

★ ***sponged and shrunk...ready for home sewing***

in selected fashion colors. You can feel the difference. $3 per yard up.

† Certified by Botany Laboratories



"BOTANY" BRAND NO-DYE-LOT YARNS

For Hand Knitting

★ ***you can match every color... any time.***

Softer, fluffier, truer in shade. 35¢ an ounce and up.

"BOTANY" BRAND FASHIONS

For Women, Misses, Juniors, Children

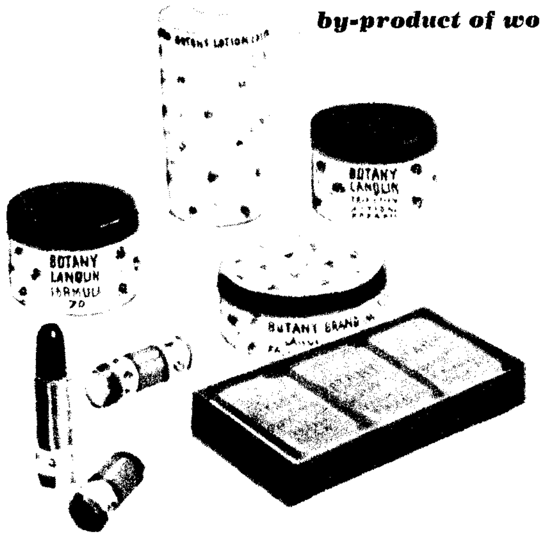
★ ***utmost fashion correctness with the fabric that's the soul of the apparel...***

Under the new Coordinated Selective Distribution system you will find styles in every age group, designed for every occasion, at medium to better prices.

"BOTANY" BRAND PRODUCTS...each one a tribute to American ingenuity...each one the result of more than half a century's experience and research...By a great American Mill...each one a contribution to the American way of living...added smartness...added convenience...added value...added service...at no added cost. Study the products shown here...and you will understand why millions of Americans enjoy every advantage in woolens and worsteds by specifying "Botany" Brand.

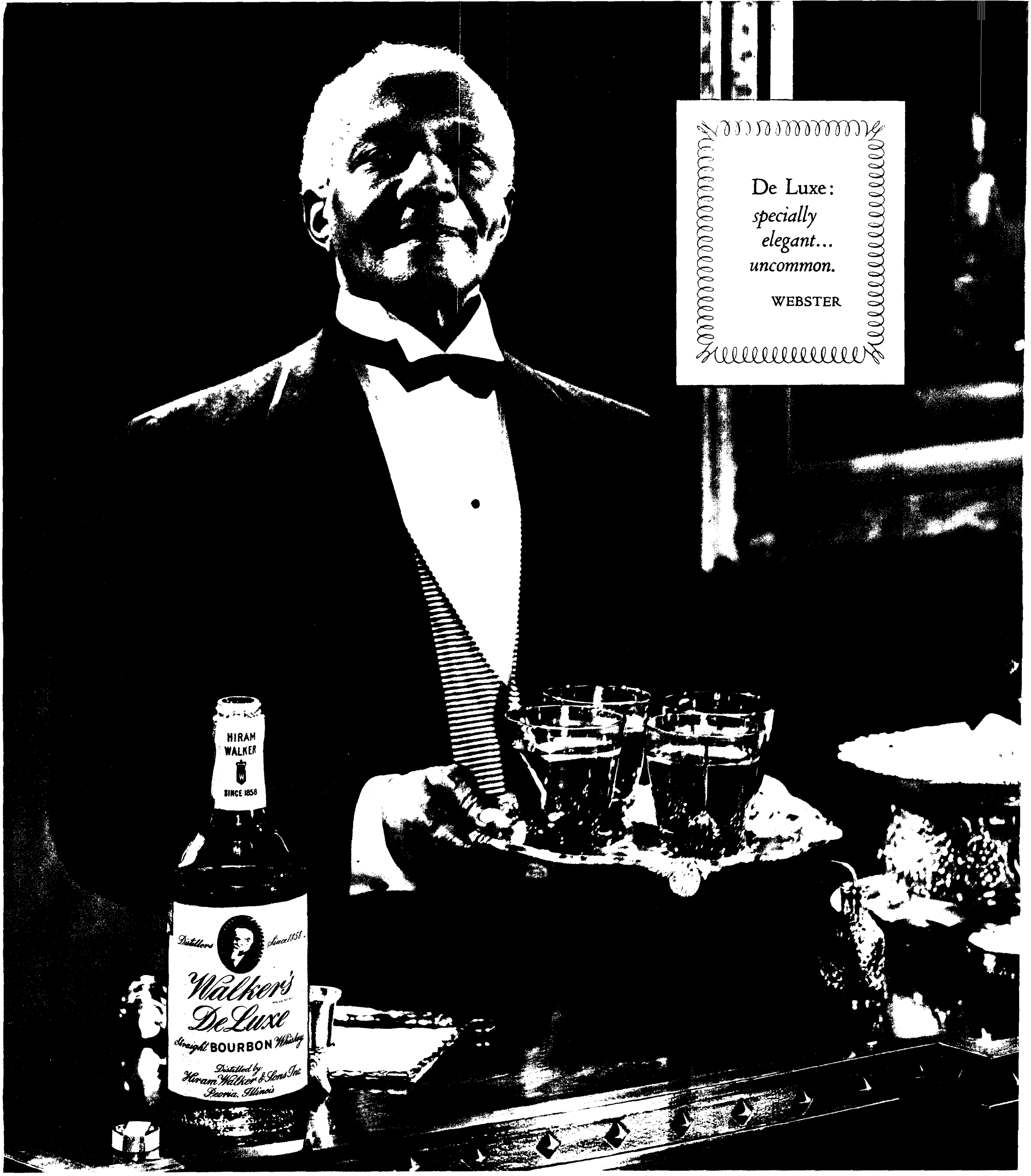
"BOTANY" BRAND *Lanolin* COSMETICS

★ ***richer in Lanolin precious by-product of wool.***



Lotion, $1 ★ Soap, 3 for $1, 6 for $1.75★ Triple Action Cream, $1 and $1.75★ Formula 70, $1.25 and $2 ★ Lipstick, $1 and $1.50 ★ Powder, $1

(Plus Federal Tax on all items except soap)


De Luxe:
specially
elegant…
uncommon.
WEBSTER
HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858
Distillers Since 1858
Walker's De Luxe
Straight BOURBON Whiskey
Distilled by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc.
Peoria, Illinois

WALKER'S DE LUXE *is a straight Bourbon whiskey, 6 years old; elegant in taste, uncommonly good—a Hiram Walker whiskey.*

© 1947, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

86 Proof

his listeners to take a dry dive out of the nearest open window.

Shortly after the end of the war Block made two brief appeals for pianos needed by the Army in hospitals and camps. Now a piano is something not even a superpatriot gives away as a casual gesture. Block's two perfunctory pitches produced 1,500 pianos.

"People follow him like sheep," Miss Judis says. "When he was selling War Bonds, he got so many pledges by phone that he tried to keep the thing under control by limiting it to a Battle of the Boroughs. He'd announced only pledges from Brooklyn would be accepted during the next fifteen minutes and, so help me, it was as though all phones in New York except those from Brooklyn were disconnected. 'All right, you lovely people in Brooklyn,' he'd say. 'Now let's hear from you fine folks in the Bronx,' and boom, you'd think anyone but a person in the Bronx would be electrocuted if he tried to make a call. It was frightening."

Merchandising experts have attempted to define the quality in Block's voice that mesmerizes people by remote control, and they haven't hit upon the answer yet. Some believe his secret is a capacity for ingratiating himself in the manner of a Fuller brush man. Miss Judis says he has a thing in his throat that, like Sinatra's singing, spells s-e-x to every *Hausfrau.*

"She certainly has Walter's eyes and nose; and his shirt and trousers, too, if I'm not mistaken"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

"A woman thinks he's talking to her alone when he gives them that 'Good night to you and you and *especially* to you.' I don't get it."

The phenomenal response to Block, a 44-year-old hustler who went to work for WNEW as a $25-a-week announcer twelve years ago, is a familiar story to radio people and the 18 sponsors he deigns to accept each week. The lofty estate disk jockeys have attained was first impressed upon the general public, however, when Husing became a brother in the lodge and his income was mentioned in stentorian whispers.

Like most other big names in the field, Husing is not confined exclusively to introducing caterwauling clarinets and off-key vocalists. He can take outside commitments—he broadcast all West Point football games for the U.S. Army recruiting service last fall—he can prerecord his chatter and in his contract a national sponsor takes precedence over a local product should he be offered a network program.

"This deal is paying off for all the years I was a bum," he says. "I never dreamed hanging around saloons with music was training for the softest touch in radio."

Simultaneously with Husing's debut on October 28th, two Hollywood studios announced they were making movies on the knights of the turntable. In mid-November, Variety, the trade paper of show business, carried a cryptic ad: "Wanted: The best disk jockey in the business. Income unlimited." Every performer in radio apparently answered it. André Baruch, one of the best-known announcers before the war, saw the ad and shrugged it off, but Bea Wain, his wife, who has sung with most of the name bands, was seized by an inspiration. She suggested they apply for the job as a husband-wife team.

"That, darling, is the stupid remark of 1946," Baruch replied firmly.

At that moment, Baruch confesses, he could not afford to be choosy. He couldn't get a job after four years in the service with a joint Army-Navy assault battalion.

"I came out of the Army feeling great," he says, "until I began to look for work. Everybody thought I was a psychoneurotic and I was ready to agree with them after getting brush-offs for four months. Things were so tough I quit radio and opened a public relations office."

To placate Bea, Baruch wrote a gag letter in response to the ad in Variety. ". . . If you want to ruin your station, we urge you to try us. We have absolutely no experience and guarantee to set radio back 20 years . . ." That was on a Tuesday. On Thursday they were asked to cut one record for an audition. On Monday they were signed to a contract for a reported $150,000 a year. Major Baruch now is a thoroughly rehabilitated veteran with only one vague cloud on the horizon: If he and Bea are divorced, who gets custody of the program? We hasten to add this is a private family joke with no significance. The Baruchs were happy when broke and money never has been a deterrent to the flowering of the tenderest passion.

The suspiciously hearty affection radio executives have for disk jockeys is shared by music publishers and recording companies, and with good reason. There are ten times as many records sold in the country today as there were a decade ago and the jockeys are largely responsible for the boom. Any song that strikes their fancy automatically is transformed into a hit through repetition, and a composition that incurs their disfavor will not have the circulation of Pravda at a bankers' convention. As a consequence, publishers, composers and record-pluggers fawn upon the disk jockey's smile and tremble at his frown.

Individual reputations also are made or broken by self-anointed connoisseurs of popular music. Frank Sinatra still would be an obscure singer wistfully hoping for a break if his recordings had not clicked with disk jockeys, and the same is true of Perry Como, Andy Russell, Jo Stafford, June Christy and any band that comes to mind. At no extra charge, we can reveal that the next dream boat of the bobby-soxers will be Mel Torme, a youth touted as the greatest sensation since Sinatra, with a voice described as a "velvet fog."

Stories inevitably are heard of disk jockeys using their enormous influence to extract "payolas," or bribes, from publishers, recording companies and artists for playing their efforts. You won't catch us naming names, libel laws being what they are, but most of the rumors are fed on mash from sour grapes. There are, however, other legitimate methods for accepting tokens of appreciation. As Miss Judis says, Block gets more thousand-dollar watches at Christmas from band leaders than Mr. Tiffany has in his store.

Jockeys Likened to Alley Cats

A common gripe heard from people engaged in producing and performing popular songs is that most disk jockeys have the musical discrimination of an alley cat on the prowl. That accusation seldom is applied, among the New York crowd, to Bea Wain, Freddie Robbins and Art Ford, who are generally conceded to be specialists in *le jazz hot.* Robbins, the self-styled "Professor of Thermodynamics," is a rising young man who recently replaced Block as the M.C. on the Columbia Record Shop, the only national disk show.

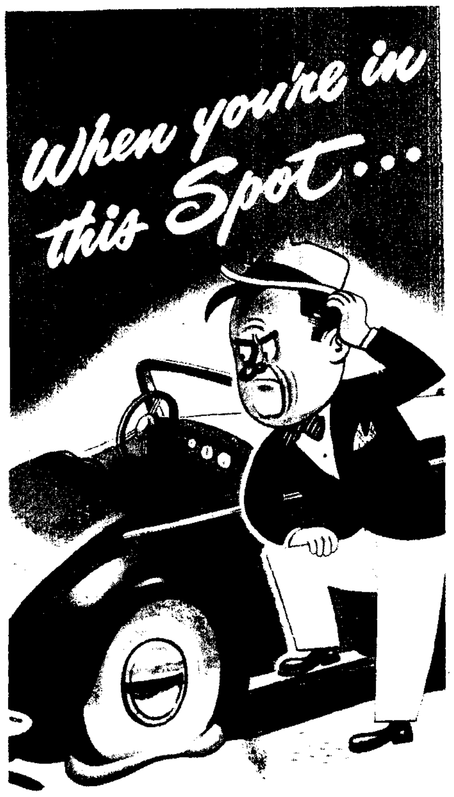
Ford, a personable, handsome youth of 25, has managed to maintain his sanity and good health after five years without a miss on the Milkman's Matinee, a six-and-a-half hour grind that seems to have an irresistible fascination for drunks, lovesick maidens and romantic thugs with requests for songs and a nickel for the telephone. Bookies and gangsters, Ford reports, talk more concisely and intelligently on the phone than any other professional group, possibly because they are accustomed to communicating a message before the police get on the earie.

In the course of his nightly routine, Ford once balked a suicide attempt. This happened in 1942 when a woman with a crying jag called and asked for Artie Shaw's Gloomy Sunday. The note of despair in the woman's voice warned Ford it was not a casual request. Signaling to Mike Comito, his assistant, to notify the police, Ford kept the woman on the phone until the call was traced. A squad car reached Brooklyn just before the lady turned on the gas.

Another time a man said he was lying on his deathbed in Roosevelt Hospital and wanted to hear Bing Crosby sing You Are My Sunshine before he passed on. Ford thought it was a gag, of course, but played the record for want of a better selection. An intern from the hospital phoned a few hours later to thank him. Said the man had died happy.

There are austere folks who rank disk jockeys high on the list of flat tires retarding the progress of civilization, but that judgment seems unduly harsh. Platter spinners sometimes do render important public services. Stirring evidence of it came in an Iowa City rooming house last December when a swinish fellow with a portable radio monopolized the community bathtub while he wallowed in Dean Landfear's record show over WMT in Cedar Rapids. Pounding on the door proving futile, the boarder next in line finally called Landfear, 30 miles distant, and begged him to ask the bum to kindly get the hell out of there and give somebody else a chance. Landfear relayed the request and in a trice that shining symbol of American culture, the bathtub, was brought to another underprivileged citizen.

THE END


When you're in this Spot...

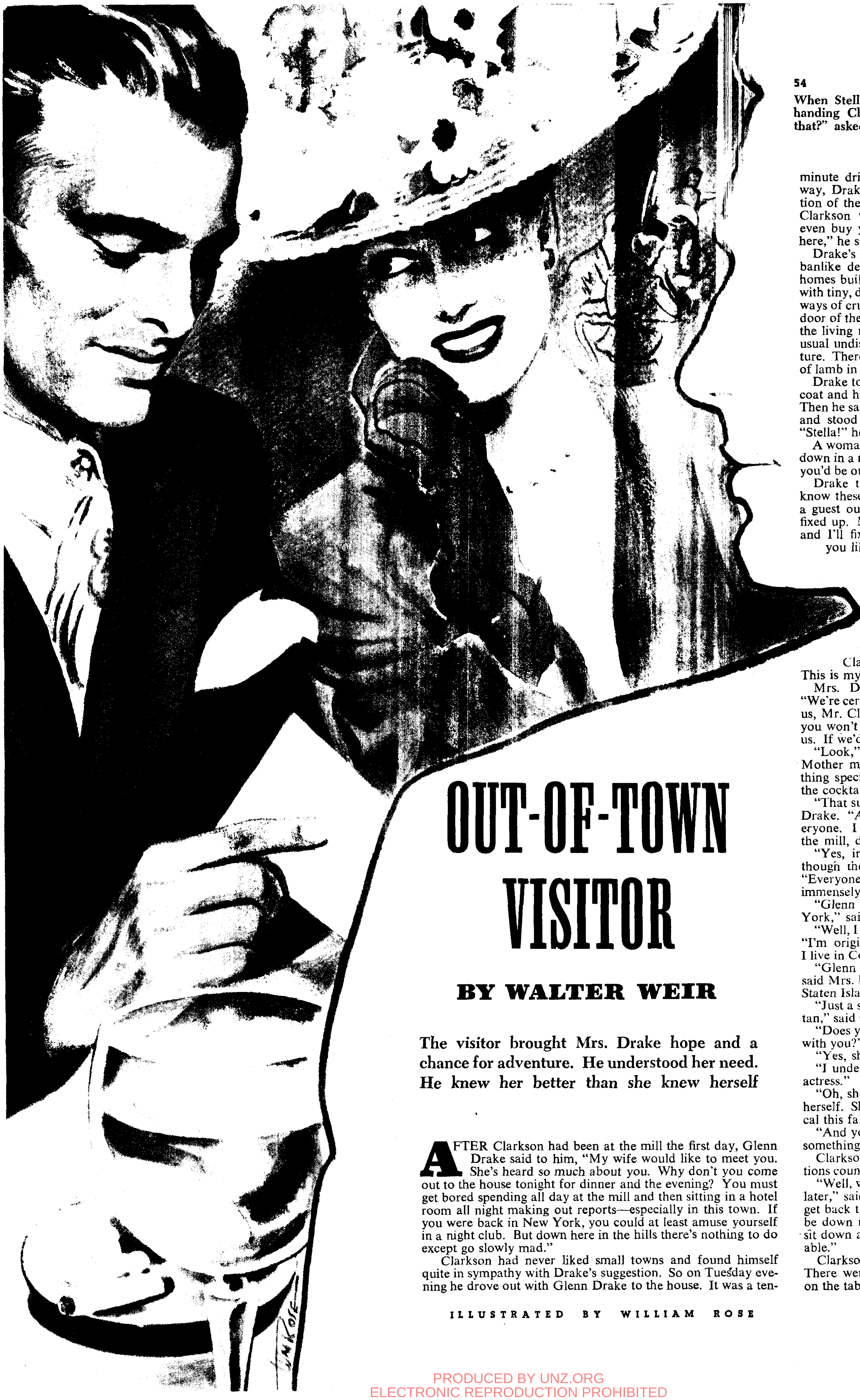
Safe tire repairs-
BOWES
SEAL FAST
PATENT PROCESS

LOOK FOR *THIS* SPOT!

You'll find a *Trained* Repairman with *Modern* Equipment

● When you see a Bowes "Seal Fast" tire repair sign you're sure of a repairman carefully trained by factory experts . . . with the right equipment to fix a tube or casing so it *stays* fixed. Why settle for less, when your life may be the price for a slipshod tire repair? Count on Bowes "Seal Fast" repairs for *lasting safety*—and greater tire mileage.

BOWES
"SEAL FAST" CORPORATION
INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA



When Stella came back, Glenn was handing Clarkson a letter. "What's that?" asked Stella. "A mash note?"

OUT-OF-TOWN VISITOR

BY WALTER WEIR

The visitor brought Mrs. Drake hope and a chance for adventure. He understood her need. He knew her better than she knew herself

AFTER Clarkson had been at the mill the first day, Glenn Drake said to him, "My wife would like to meet you. She's heard so much about you. Why don't you come out to the house tonight for dinner and the evening? You must get bored spending all day at the mill and then sitting in a hotel room all night making out reports—especially in this town. If you were back in New York, you could at least amuse yourself in a night club. But down here in the hills there's nothing to do except go slowly mad."

Clarkson had never liked small towns and found himself quite in sympathy with Drake's suggestion. So on Tuesday evening he drove out with Glenn Drake to the house. It was a ten-minute drive from the mill. On the way, Drake spoke again in deprecation of the town. He admired the tie Clarkson was wearing. "You can't even buy yourself a decent tie down here," he said.

Drake's house sat in a small, suburbanlike development of semimodern homes built on small plots of ground with tiny, detached garages, and driveways of crushed blue stone. The front door of the house opened directly into the living room, which contained the usual undistinguished pieces of furniture. There was a heavy, greasy smell of lamb in the air.

Drake took Clarkson's hat and topcoat and hung them in a small closet. Then he said, "Excuse me a moment," and stood at the foot of the stairs. "Stella!" he called.

A woman's voice answered. "I'll be down in a minute, dear. I didn't think you'd be out so soon."

Drake turned to Clarkson. "You know these women," he said. "Bring a guest out and they have to get all fixed up. Make yourself comfortable and I'll fix a cocktail. What would you like?"

"Anything you have," said Clarkson.

An older woman walked into the living room, wiping her hands on the apron she wore. "Oh, Mother," said Drake. "I want you to meet Richard Clarkson, from New York. This is my mother."

Mrs. Drake extended her hand. "We're certainly glad to have you with us, Mr. Clarkson," she said. "I hope you won't mind taking pot luck with us. If we'd known—"

"Look," said Drake. "Even when Mother makes lamb stew, it's something special. Excuse me while I fix the cocktails." He left the room.

"That sure is a nice boy," said Mrs. Drake. "Always a kind word for everyone. I guess you noticed that at the mill, didn't you, Mr. Clarkson?"

"Yes, indeed," said Clarkson—although the fact was that he hadn't. "Everyone there seems to like him immensely."

"Glenn says you're from New York," said Mrs. Drake.

"Well, I work there," said Clarkson. "I'm originally from Michigan, and I live in Connecticut."

"Glenn was born in New York," said Mrs. Drake. "We used to live on Staten Island."

"Just a stone's throw from Manhattan," said Clarkson.

"Does your wife live in Connecticut with you?"

"Yes, she does."

"I understand she's quite a famous actress."

"Oh, she hasn't done too badly for herself. She's opening in a new musical this fall."

"And you're a public prosecutor or something?"

Clarkson laughed. "A public relations counselor," he said.

"Well, we'll have to talk all about it later," said Mrs. Drake. "I've got to get back to my lamb stew. Stella will be down in a minute. Now you just sit down and make yourself comfortable."

Clarkson sat down on the divan. There were some fashion magazines on the table beside him. He had read

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

Your hat's off to no one
when you drive a Hudson

YOU CAN'T BE BLAMED if you strut a little, when you ask a friend to ride in your own new Hudson.

Sharp eyes won't miss a detail of its smart new exterior styling, the beauty of fresh new colors—or the roominess and luxury of its wholly new interior, upholstered in an unusual leather-fabric combination that immediately says "fine car."

But pride doesn't stop there. When you start rolling, it's behind a smooth, tireless Super-Six or Super-Eight engine—and you'll realize why these famous motors have brought to Hudson more *official* performance and endurance records than are held by any other stock car in the world.

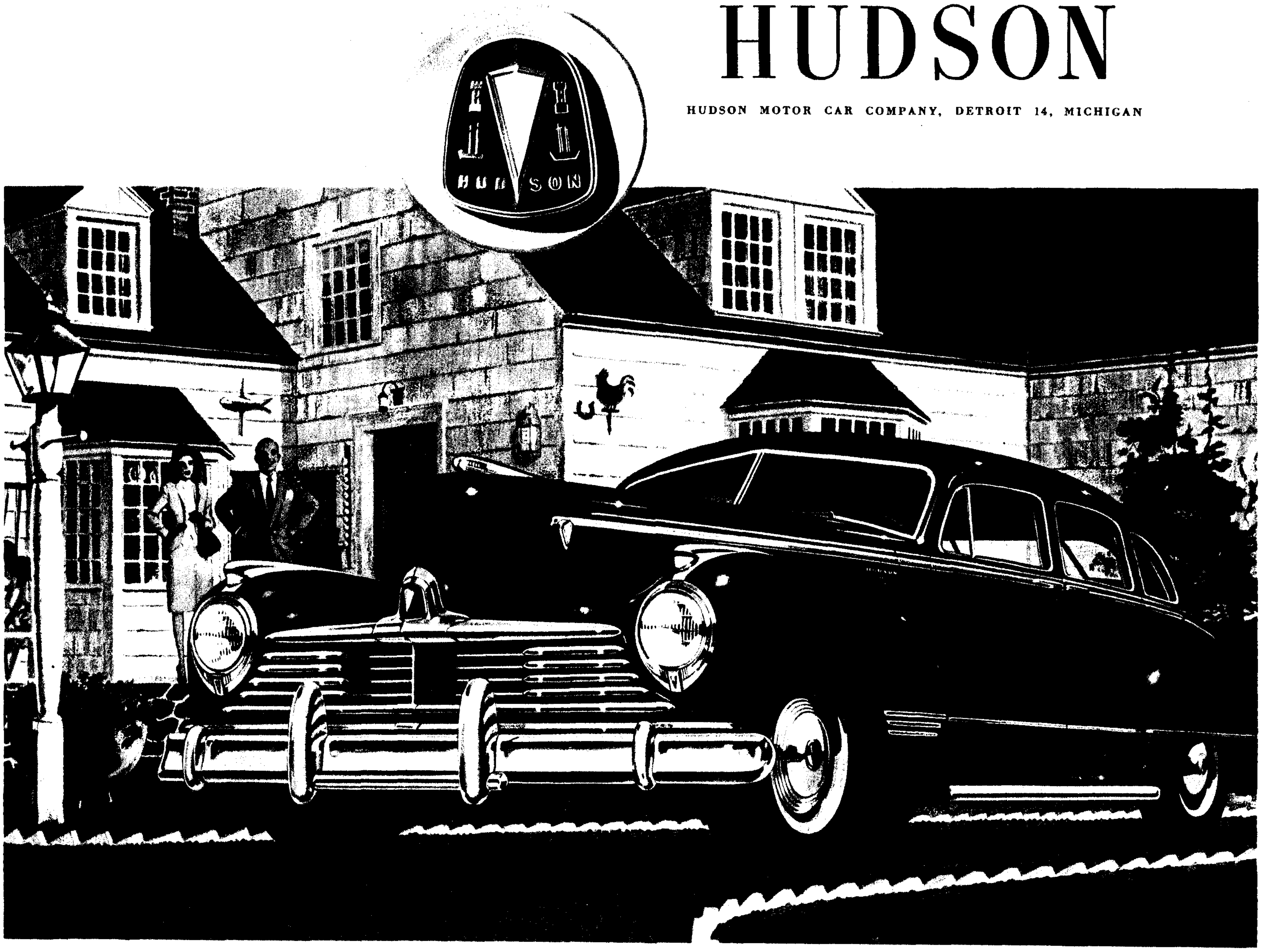
If friends mention safety, you'll have plenty to talk about—and demonstrate. Under foot, over head, all around you in a Hudson, are exclusive features that have given it the title of America's Safest Car.

Your hat's off to no one when you drive a Hudson—and you have the added satisfaction of knowing that wherever you travel, expert Protective Service is available from Hudson's nationwide organization of 3,000 quality dealers.

Visit *your* Hudson dealer soon, and learn more about these great cars, which are winning more "habit buyers" of other makes than ever in Hudson's 37-year history.

HUDSON

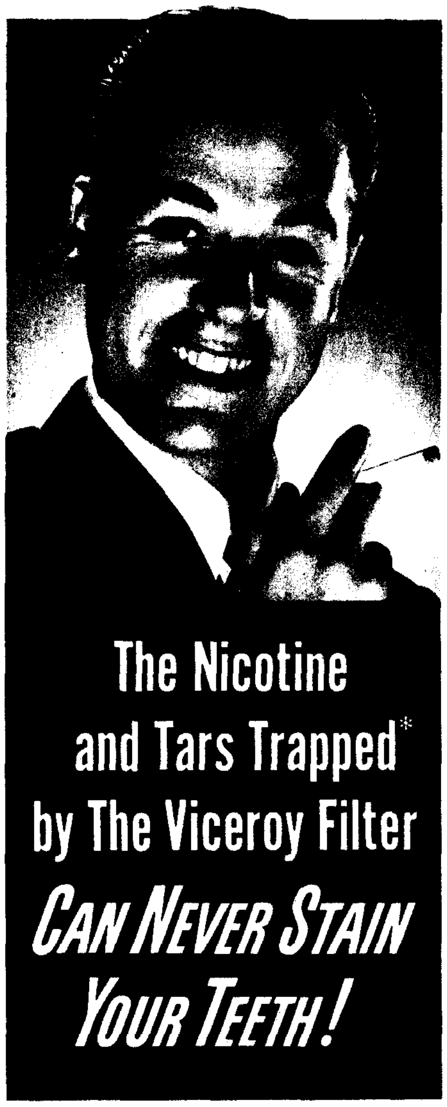
HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN



Choice of 102-horsepower Super-Six and 128-horsepower Super-Eight engines . . . Super Series and distinguished Commodore Series—Sedans, Brougham (Super Series only). 3- and 5-passenger Coupes, Convertible Broughams. Nine standard colors; four 2-tone combinations at extra cost.

Smoke VICEROYS!

ADVISE 6,520 DENTISTS


The Nicotine and Tars Trapped* by The Viceroy Filter
CAN NEVER STAIN YOUR TEETH!

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through one and was part way through another when Drake came in with a tray of cocktails. "I made some Martinis," he said. "I hope you like them. We don't always have them, but I felt this was sort of a special occasion."

Clarkson noticed that the Martinis were almost the color of a tawny sherry. Drake had probably made them half and half. Drake put the tray on a small upholstered bench before the fireplace and handed one of the cocktails to Clarkson.

"Isn't Stella down yet?" he asked. He crossed to the stairs. "Stella!" he called. "What are you doing?"

STELLA apparently came to the head of the stairs, for Clarkson heard her whispering hoarsely, "*Will* you be quiet? I'll be down in a minute!"

"Stella says to go ahead," said Drake. "She'll be with us in a minute." He picked up a cocktail. "Well," he said, "here's to your being able to do something for the company."

"Thanks," said Clarkson. "I hope I can."

Drake sat in one of the armchairs. "They need the advice of someone on the outside like yourself," he said. "It's a great company, but most of the top men are a little old-fashioned. I've always felt they could stand a little young blood up on Worth Street. Old Mr. Clayton's pushing eighty, you know, and young W. C. is easily fifty. Do you know Mr. Brown, the executive vice-president?"

"Very well," said Clarkson. "As a matter of fact, it was he who introduced me into the picture."

"I've only met him once," said Drake. "I'd like to get to know him better. I mean—well, he seems to be the most progressive one up there." Clarkson said nothing, and Drake studied the glass in his hand as he turned it slowly in his fingers. "Well," he said finally. "Skoal!"

There was the sound of footsteps, and Drake rose and turned toward the stairs. Clarkson rose, too. Then Stella appeared. She was wearing a dark blue satin dinner dress. She had darkish red hair, a plasterlike white complexion and hazel eyes. "I'm sorry I'm so late," she said, walking over to Clarkson. "But Glenn called me at the last minute. I did hope I'd have time to prepare things nicely for you, Mr. Clarkson. Mother tells me we have only lamb stew in the house." She turned to Drake. "Good evening, dear. How did the day go?" She lifted her cheek to be kissed.

Drake kissed her. "Fine," he said. "Here, have a cocktail."

She took the drink and sat on the divan with Clarkson. There was quite an aura of perfume about her. "Well, Mr. Clarkson," she said, "we're certainly glad to have you here. It's like a breath from the outside world. Tell me, how *is* New York?"

He was about to say, "As usual," but he remembered saying that when Drake had asked him the same question. "Well," he said, "it's in the same place and the same things are happening."

"You don't know how I miss it, being down here," she said.

"I didn't know you were from New York," said Clarkson.

"Oh, I'm not," she said. "Our family's from Trenton. We go way back. One of the British officers at Princeton, the story goes. But we always got over to New York regularly."

Drake took Clarkson's empty glass from him. His own was also empty. "Now, darling," he said. "With a name like Schreiber, that fellow couldn't have been British. He must have been a Hessian private."

Stella looked sharply at Drake. Then she turned to Clarkson. "That's one of Glenn's standard jokes," she said. "He has another one, too. You'll probably hear it before the evening is out. Glenn," she said, "are you sure you didn't leave something out of this Manhattan?"

"That's a Martini, dear," Drake said. "Would you rather have a Manhattan?"

"Maybe that's why I didn't like it," she said. "Glenn seldom makes Martinis. Why don't you let Mr. Clarkson mix some, Glenn?"

"I've got a whole pitcherful here," said Drake.

Stella turned. "Are you sure you like these, Mr. Clarkson?"

"Well, frankly," said Clarkson, "I generally make them a little drier myself."

"I knew it," she said. "Glenn, if Mr. Clarkson tells you how, do you think you could mix him a really dry Martini?"

Drake was standing with two Martinis in his hands. "Sure," he said.

"Please don't," said Clarkson. "These are quite all right."

"No," said Stella, "Glenn will mix some the way you like them."

"It's really no trouble, Mr. Clarkson," said Drake. "How do you like them?"

"Well, I generally mix mine four to one, with plenty of ice."

"Coming right up," said Drake. He picked up his own glass and took it to the kitchen with him.

"Glenn tries so hard," Stella said, after he had gone. "But I'm afraid he's been down here in the hinterland too long. I know I have. I miss the Junior League something frightful. Maybe sometime the company will recognize Glenn's worth and transfer him to New York. I always tell him if he weren't so modest he might be there now. Do you live right *in* the city, Mr. Clarkson?"

COLLIER'S W. A. McINTYRE

"No," he said. "We live near Pound Ridge, in Connecticut."

"I've read so much about you and Mrs. Clarkson." She sighed. "So much happens everywhere but here in Smithboro. To think we've been here nine years. Sometimes I get so angry with Glenn."

"Well," said Clarkson, "I suppose it's a matter of what you become accustomed to."

Drake returned with a small cocktail shaker. "I hope this is the way you like it, Mr. Clarkson," he said. He poured him a drink.

"That looks wonderful," said Stella. "Here, Glenn, you drink this, will you, and let me have one just like Mr. Clarkson's?"

"Sure," said Drake. "You people don't mind if I finish this pitcher all by myself, do you?"

"If you can stand it, we can," said Stella.

Mrs. Drake appeared in the doorway. Excuse me," she said. "Stella, everything's ready if you are."

"Just keep it warm for a while, will you, Mother?" said Stella. "We haven't finished our cocktails yet."

The old lady went back to the kitchen. Stella kept talking—long after her cocktail was gone. She wanted to hear about New York, Clarkson's business, people he knew, his wife's activities, the night clubs he went to, and the people he saw there. Glenn filled Clarkson's glass twice during the conversation, but otherwise sat in the easy chair and said nothing. Stella had asked Clarkson's permission to call him Dick and she had asked that he call her Stella. Finally, Clarkson noticed that Drake had left the room. He stole a glance at his watch. It was eight-thirty.

"What time is it?" Stella asked. Clarkson told her. "My goodness!" she exclaimed. "I imagine you're starved. I'm so sorry. Where's Glenn? Glenn! Glenn!"

Mrs. Drake's voice came from the kitchen. "Isn't Glenn in there with you?"

"No, he isn't," Stella called. "Now where could he have gone?" She rose and went to the stairs. "Glenn!" There was no answer. "Excuse me a moment, will you?" she said. She went upstairs. Clarkson looked at the pitcher on the bench before the fireplace—the first pitcher that Glenn had made. It was empty.

When Stella came down, they went into the dining room and had dinner. Mrs. Drake said little, except to remark occasionally that she hoped Glenn was all right. Stella said he was; he was sleeping soundly. By the time they left the table it was 10:30. Glenn was still upstairs.

CLARKSON said he really had to get back to the hotel and was very grateful for the evening, the cocktails and the dinner, and not to think anything at all about Glenn's passing out—*it* happened in the best of families. Stella, however, apologized profusely and said, at the door, privately, that it was just another example of Glenn's boorishness.

Clarkson had no sooner said good night than he realized he had failed to call a taxi and did not know his way back to town. He knocked on the door. Stella answered, and he told her his predicament. Stella said she would drive him back to the hotel herself. He told her not to bother, he would call a taxi, but she insisted; and presently he was in the car, beside her, being driven back to town.

"I don't know why Glenn doesn't know his own capacity," she said. "He's that way in everything."

"Maybe it's the town," said Clarkson. "Maybe that's his way of escaping it."

"I wish he'd find some other way," said

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Stella. "I wish you'd talk to him. I've tried, but it doesn't do any good. But then my opinion doesn't seem to matter anyway. Glenn's so stupid at times. If he doesn't care about himself, at least he ought to care a little about me. It gets on my nerves, too. I want excitement, things to see and places to go. I want to enjoy life while I can. Glenn doesn't understand that. He doesn't understand *me*."

"Are you sure?" said Clarkson.

"Well, what do you think?"

WHEN they got to the hotel, Stella had quieted somewhat. "I hope you'll forgive not only Glenn but me, too," she said. "I'm afraid I've been a little boorish, too. But I *had* looked forward so much to seeing you that I suppose I forgot myself when I found Glenn passed out upstairs on the bed. I hope we'll see you again before you leave."

"I'll tell you what," said Clarkson. "Suppose you and Glenn be my guests for dinner at the hotel Friday night. I'm catching a train for Washington Saturday morning and it'll be my last night here."

Stella smiled—almost gratefully. "It'll be wonderful!" she said. "It's so much fun getting out. I'll have Glenn make arrangements with you. Maybe I can drive him in Friday morning, keep the car at home, and drive in to join you both Friday evening."

Clarkson lay in bed a long while after he had turned out the light, and thought about her. He thought about Glenn, too, who probably would feel miserable tomorrow—not only from embarrassment but from a hang-over in addition.

Glenn didn't arrive at the office until ten o'clock the next morning. Clarkson was already there, reading a magazine. Glenn had a pained look on his face and dark circles under his eyes. "I guess Stella was right about those Martinis," he said. "They certainly didn't do me any good."

"Did you get any food into you?" Clarkson asked.

"No," said Glenn. "Stella let me sleep right through. You certainly did her a great favor by coming out last night. I'm almost glad things worked out the way they did, because having you all by herself did her a lot of good. I guess you can't understand that—you meet so many well-known people."

"Stop it," said Clarkson. "You make me feel like a celebrity myself."

"I've always felt," said Glenn, "that if I stick it out here I can finally get somewhere in the company and give Stella the kind of life she really deserves. It's not that she's unhappy with me, but—well, it's hard on a woman, especially a woman as attractive as Stella, to waste herself in a small town like this." Clarkson smiled. Glenn lighted a cigarette. "Well," he said, "suppose we get you started on today's tour." . . .

The week passed more quickly than Clarkson had imagined it might. Friday evening came and he wound up the week by thanking the various officials who had shown him about the mill and told them goodby. When he got to Glenn's office, Stella was already there. She was wearing a green suit, and looked unusually attractive. She asked him how he had been, hoped the evening he had spent with them hadn't been too boring, and said that Glenn's mother sent her best wishes. "Mother said you're a very fascinating man," she said, "and I agree with her."

"It must be the gray around the temples," Clarkson said deprecatingly.

It was still light, and Glenn drove around the outskirts of town before going to the hotel—"in order to leave Dick," as he said, "with memories of more than just the mill."

Clarkson suggested they have wine with the dinner, and Stella said that would be fine—it always made dinner so much more festive. It also made dinner last longer, and by the time they got around to coffee, the little orchestra that played on Friday and Saturday nights had arrived and Glenn said why didn't Stella dance with Dick?

"I'm afraid I'm a little rusty," Stella said as they started out. She was, but soon her awkwardness vanished and she followed him without the least effort. She seemed to notice this herself, for she looked at him and said, "This is really wonderful. I haven't felt so relaxed and so perfectly content in years. I'm so sorry you're leaving tomorrow. I wish you could spend the week end with us."

"Impossible," he said.

"Well," she said. "Then I'll just hope you get down this way again. Soon. It's been like an oasis in an endless desert. You're so much of a tonic. Does Mrs. Clarkson find you a tonic, too?"

"Tonic sounds so healthful," Clarkson said. "Like sulphur and molasses."

"I find you a stimulant then," said Stella. "Like champagne. Do you like champagne?"

"So-so," he said.

"You see," said Stella, "all those things are commonplace to you. They're not to me. I'm hungry for them."

"Maybe Glenn can bring you to New York one of these days."

"That's too heavenly to contemplate," she said. "I'd swoon if he asked me. But I'd really love it. Would we have a chance to see you?"

"There are so many things so much more interesting to see in New York."

"Could you give me my fill of celebrities? I'd love to meet some," she said.

"Well, if you wanted, I could try."

She sighed. "I wish Glenn had done something other than join a cotton mill."

When they returned to the table, Clarkson suggested more coffee and a brandy. Glenn said he'd just have the coffee—did they know they looked like a couple of movie stars on the dance floor? Everyone was staring at them. "Stella," said Glenn, "you really look beautiful dancing."

"And I've only just begun," Stella laughed. "I'm going to dance with him all night."

"Now have a little pity on the man," said Glenn. "And how about dancing with your husband just once?"

SHE danced with Glenn, but only once. Then she returned to the table and stood, holding her arms loosely, inviting Clarkson to dance with her again.

"I envy your wife," Stella said to him when they were on the dance floor once more. "Does she appreciate you as you ought to be appreciated?"

"You mean, does my wife understand me?"

"If you want to put it that way."

"My dear," he said, "no man's wife ever fully understands him."

She looked at him soberly. "Why do you say that?" she asked.

"I was just philosophizing."

"You were telling me I don't understand Glenn."

"Could be," he smiled.

"You were being mean. You were chiding me."

"I was doing nothing of the kind. You see, no woman fully understands a man."

"A woman understands a man better than the other way around," she said. "You men are too conceited to spend any time understanding a woman." He frowned mockingly at her. "It's true," she said. "Glenn can take a loom apart and put it together again, but he doesn't understand the first thing about what makes me run. There's one kind of indifference, you know, that's challenging to a woman. But there's another kind that—well, that just gets her down."

"Incidentally," said Clarkson, looking over toward the table, "where is Glenn?"

"He's gone home to pack his bag," said Stella. "Didn't he tell you? He's leaving on the eleven-thirty for Charleston."

Clarkson stole a glance at his watch;

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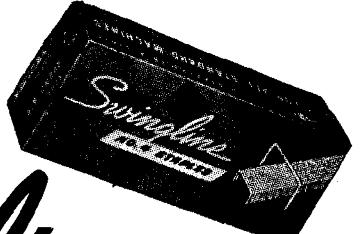

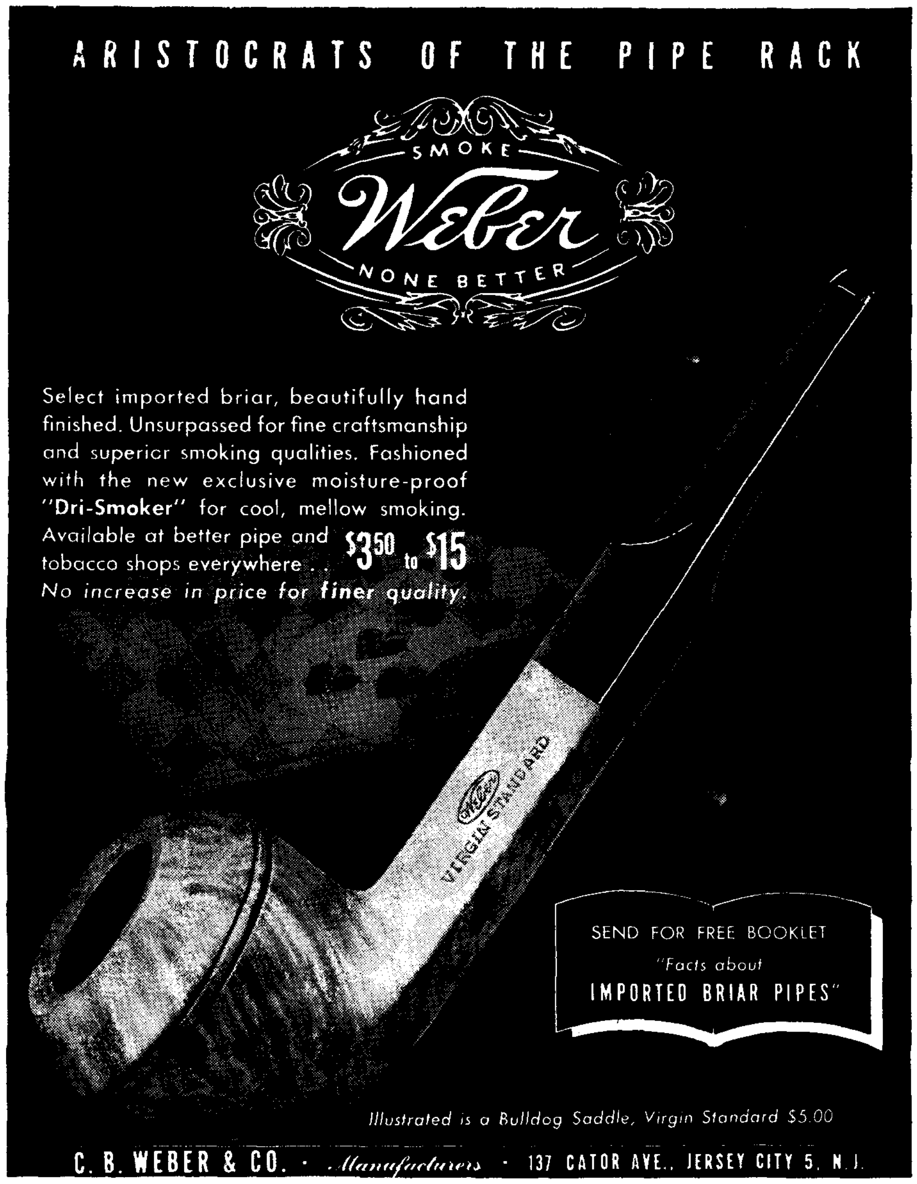
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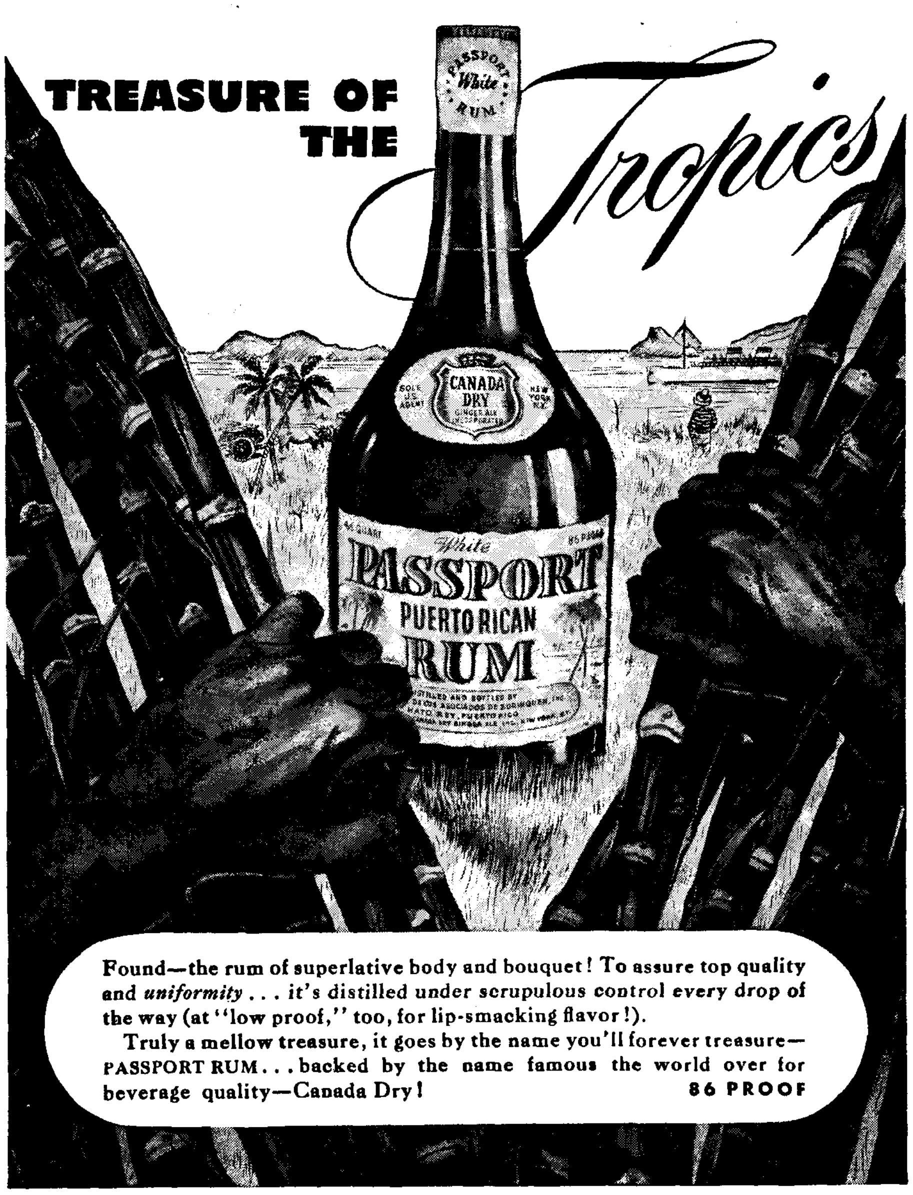
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it was eleven o'clock. "He doesn't have much time," he said.

"He'll make it," said Stella. "He always finds time—when it's for the mill."

"Here he comes now," said Clarkson. "Do you mind?" He led her from the floor. "I'd like to thank him before he gets away."

The two of them walked to the table. "I didn't know you were leaving tonight, Glenn," said Clarkson. "Stella just told me. I wondered what had become of you."

Glenn smiled. "You think I'd passed out again?"

"Not on coffee."

"Yes, they asked me this afternoon if I'd run up to Charleston. So—I'm leaving on the eleven-thirty. I didn't say anything because I didn't want to spoil another evening for you."

"Well," said Clarkson, "I didn't want you to get away without knowing how much I appreciate all that you and Stella have done for me. I told Stella I hoped we might see you both in New York one of these days."

"You probably will," said Glenn. "Especially if Stella has her way. By the way, dear, would you mind driving me to the station? The bag's a little heavy to carry." He looked at Clarkson. "Will you come down with us?" he asked.

"I know I should," said Clarkson, "but if you don't mind, I think I'll get to bed. I have several hours on the train tomorrow, which I don't look forward to."

"Can't you come to the station with us?" asked Stella.

"I'd like to," said Clarkson, "but I really must pack."

"Come, dear," said Glenn. "Better get your coat. Trains don't wait."

Stella left to get her coat. When she came back, Glenn was handing Clarkson a letter. "What's that?" asked Stella. "A mash note?"

"Just something I wanted to leave with Dick," said Glenn. "Come on—I haven't much time."

Clarkson walked to the car with Glenn and Stella and wished them both good night. "See you soon, I hope," said Glenn. Stella said nothing. She put the car in gear and drove away.

CLARKSON went to his room and undressed. When he took the billfold from his inside coat pocket, he came upon the letter Glenn had given him when Stella went for her coat. He opened it. There was some money in it and a short, hastily penned message. He put it aside, sat in a chair and went over the reports he had written during the week.

Shortly after midnight, there was a knock on the door. Clarkson got up from the chair. When he opened the door, Stella was standing there with a small bag in her hand.

"Hello, Stella," he said. "What took you so long?"

"You were expecting me!" she said.

"Of course," said Clarkson. "I told you a man understands a woman better than the other way around."

"Why didn't you tell me you expected me?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "How could I have told you? And then, I thought I might be surprised. I thought you might not come." He walked toward her and took her coat in his hands. She let it slip off. Then she walked behind one of the chairs and held on to it, as if she were putting the chair between herself and him.

Clarkson went to his bag and took a bottle from it. He poured some whisky in two glasses and filled them with water from a pitcher on the bureau. He handed one to Stella. "Well," he said, watching her closely, "here's to Washington, and then New York. I wonder what I'll do with you when I get you to New York."

"You're laughing at me," said Stella.

"For goodness' sake, Stella," said Clarkson. "Isn't this what you wanted?"

She burst into tears. "I don't know why I came here," she said. "I'm all confused inside."

"You're going to look all confused outside in a minute," said Clarkson. "Here." He held a handkerchief before her. She took it and dabbed at her eyes and cheeks. Then she took a sip of the drink and coughed.

Clarkson looked at her with a slow smile on his face.

"You might as well know," said Stella. "I'm in love with you."

"So," said Clarkson. "You know, you said it much more eloquently when you rapped on the door."

"You needn't try to laugh me out of it," said Stella. "I mean it. And I mean to be happy."

She rose from the chair and walked over to him. "Take me in your arms," she said.

He crunched out the cigarette he was smoking and put his arms around her. "There," he said.

STELLA looked up at him. Her eyes welled with tears. Suddenly he grasped her firmly and kissed her. When he let her go, she sank into an easy chair, buried her face in her hands, and wept.

"This is certainly a cheerful little party," said Clarkson.

Stella turned and faced him. "You *are* very understanding, aren't you?"

"I am?"

"You know me so well. I didn't think you did at first. But now you make me feel like a schoolgirl." She got to her feet. "I'm sorry," she said. "I should have known better. But I was desperate. You've been very kind—more kind than I deserve. I only wish Glenn understood me as well."

"He understands you much better than you think," said Clarkson. He walked to the bureau and picked up the envelope. "Here," he said, drawing out the bills. "Here's some money for you. Glenn left it with me so you could buy yourself a ticket for Charleston. There's another train leaving in an hour. I imagine you'll know where to find him."

"The letter!" she gasped.

"That's right. Glenn knew you'd be here. He also knew you wouldn't stay."

Stella winced. "I'm ashamed of myself," she said. "What will I tell Glenn?"

Clarkson smiled. "Don't tell him anything," he said.

"But the letter, the money," said Stella.

"Tell him you bought your own ticket," said Clarkson. "I think it would be better that way. Tell him you suddenly had a desire to be with him."

"But he'll suspect."

"Do you think if he suspected the worst of you, he'd have given me the money for your ticket? Maybe he understands you better than you think."

Stella took Clarkson's hand. "Tell me one thing," she said. "Did he anticipate *everything* that happened?"

"No," said Clarkson. "No, he didn't anticipate *everything* that happened."

Stella smiled again, but more broadly. "I'm glad of that," she said. "I'm very glad of that." She picked up her bag, kissed him lightly on the cheek and left. Clarkson closed the door and sighed.

Then he went to the bathroom and looked at himself in the mirror. There was lipstick on his mouth. He pulled a tissue from a container on the wall and wiped his lips with it. Then he crumpled the tissue and dropped it into the towel hamper. The note Glenn had given him was lying on the bureau. He read it again and smiled. *"This is to remind you,"* it said, *"that when you get to New York, you're to talk me up to Brown, our executive vice-president. Also, here's some money for a tie I want you to get me, exactly like the one I admired on you."* Clarkson dropped the note into the wastebasket. He didn't think he would need it to remind him.

THE END

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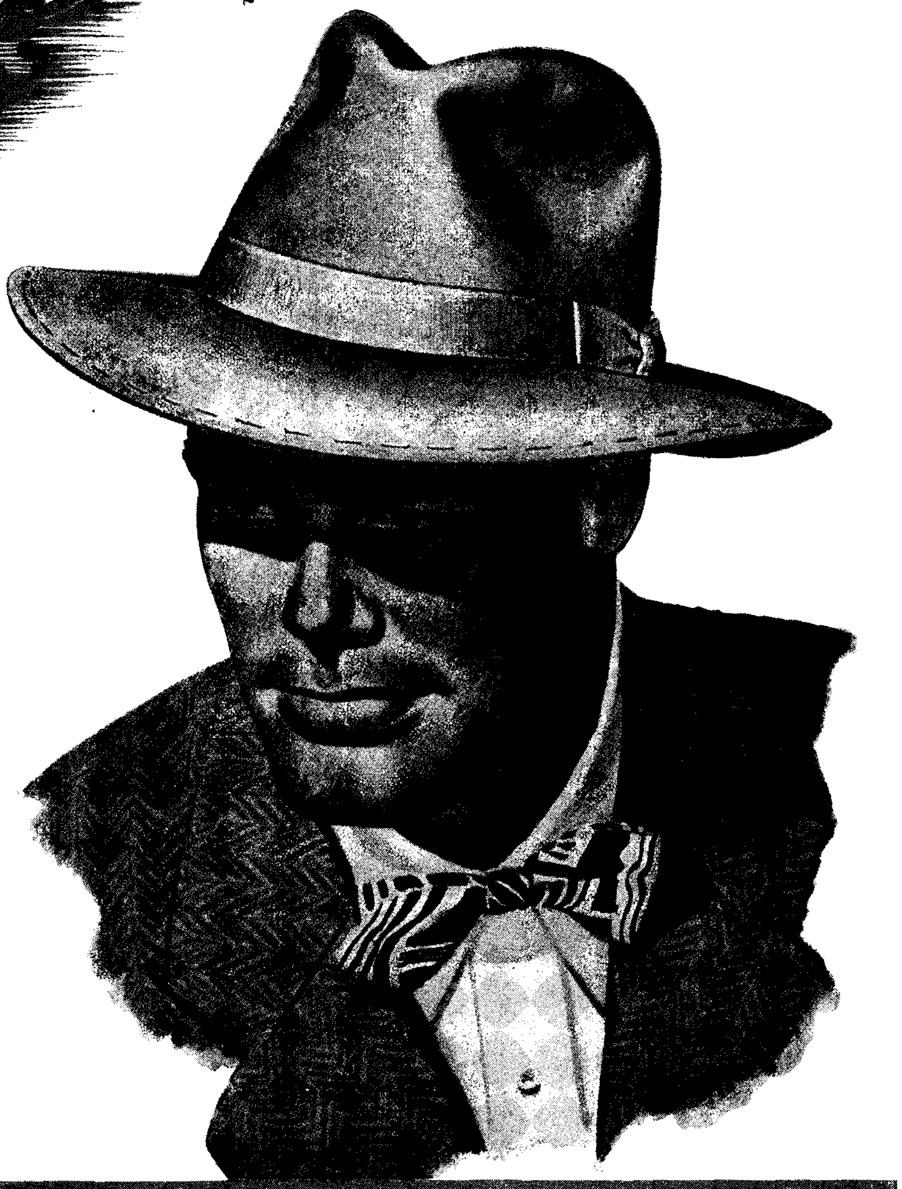

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PRINCESS ELIZABETH

Continued from page 20

side, and we are both going to say good night to you—come on, Margaret!" Margaret appeared, murmured good night, and then Elizabeth returned to the microphone and added, "Good night, and good luck to you all!" Since royalty never extemporizes on official occasions, this interjection shook her parents, but created a happy sensation throughout the Empire.

On another occasion, in Belfast, Elizabeth was required to deliver a dry speech written for her by the palace ghosts. In it she was to discuss the king's R.A.F. background, and when she reached the passage in which she was to refer to him as "His Majesty the King" she boldly skipped it, referred to him instead as "my father," and the audience, until then bored stiff, sat up and tore the house apart.

All this, of course, was probably a revolt against the rigidity of an otherwise happy childhood. Ever since her birth in a private house off Bond Street in Mayfair, the better section of London, Elizabeth has been groomed for the throne. It was known, even then, that her bearded grandfather, the shy, colorless philatelist, King George V, was ill and wouldn't last, and that his successor, the now Duke of Windsor, a bachelor, was unlikely to produce an heir, and that one day if her father did not have a son, Elizabeth would be queen.

Childhood Nicknames Linger

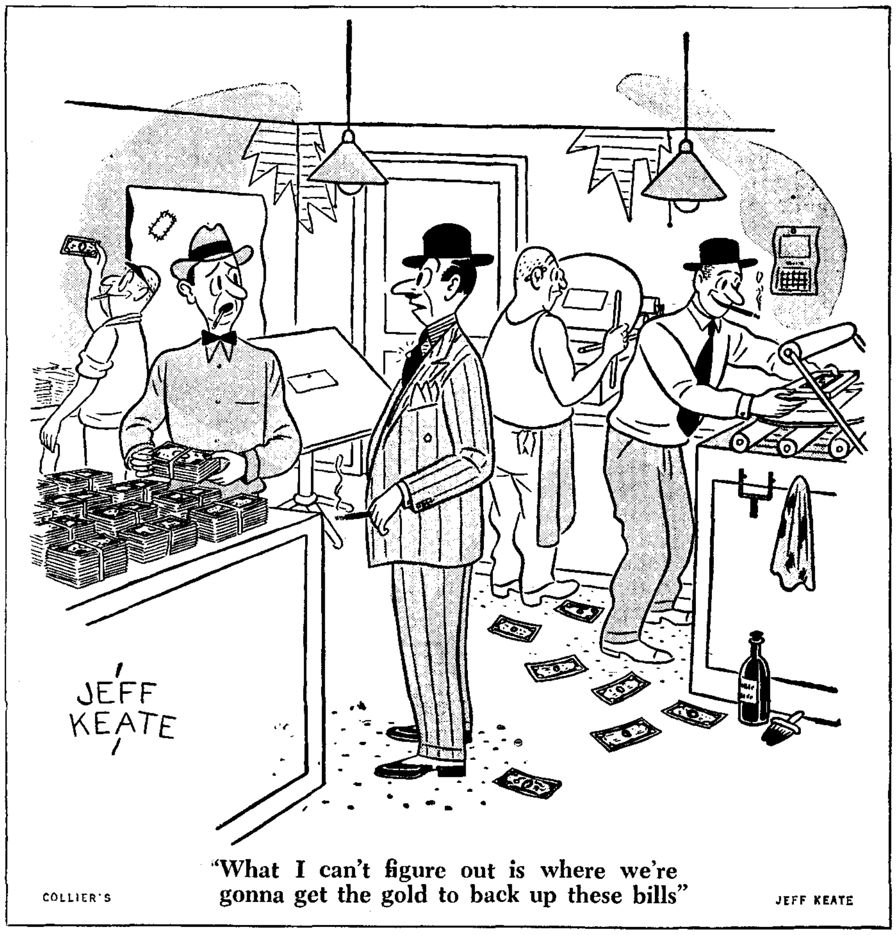
Only three holdovers exist from her early childhood. One is her youthful name for herself, Lilybet, a corruption of Elizabeth, and the name the family still persists in calling her. The second is her brown-haired governess, Miss Marion Crawford (nicknamed Crawfie by Elizabeth), an Edinburgh University honor student who left the household of the queen's sister at the age of 25 to take over Elizabeth, and who is still very much in evidence. The third and most pronounced inheritance of Elizabeth's formative years is her simplicity.

Her parents were, in every sense, plain people. The king, when he was training for the R.A.F. in World War I, lived in a cottage, pumped his own bath water, and confessed to a friend, "You know, I'm loving this freedom." On another occasion, long before his coronation, when someone wondered about his simple tastes, he replied, "Well, you see, I am not palace-minded." The queen, who had been raised amid quiet Scottish surroundings, was equally adverse to the spotlight. It is said that, in 1923, when the present king proposed to her, she hesitated twice because she did not even wish to become Duchess of York.

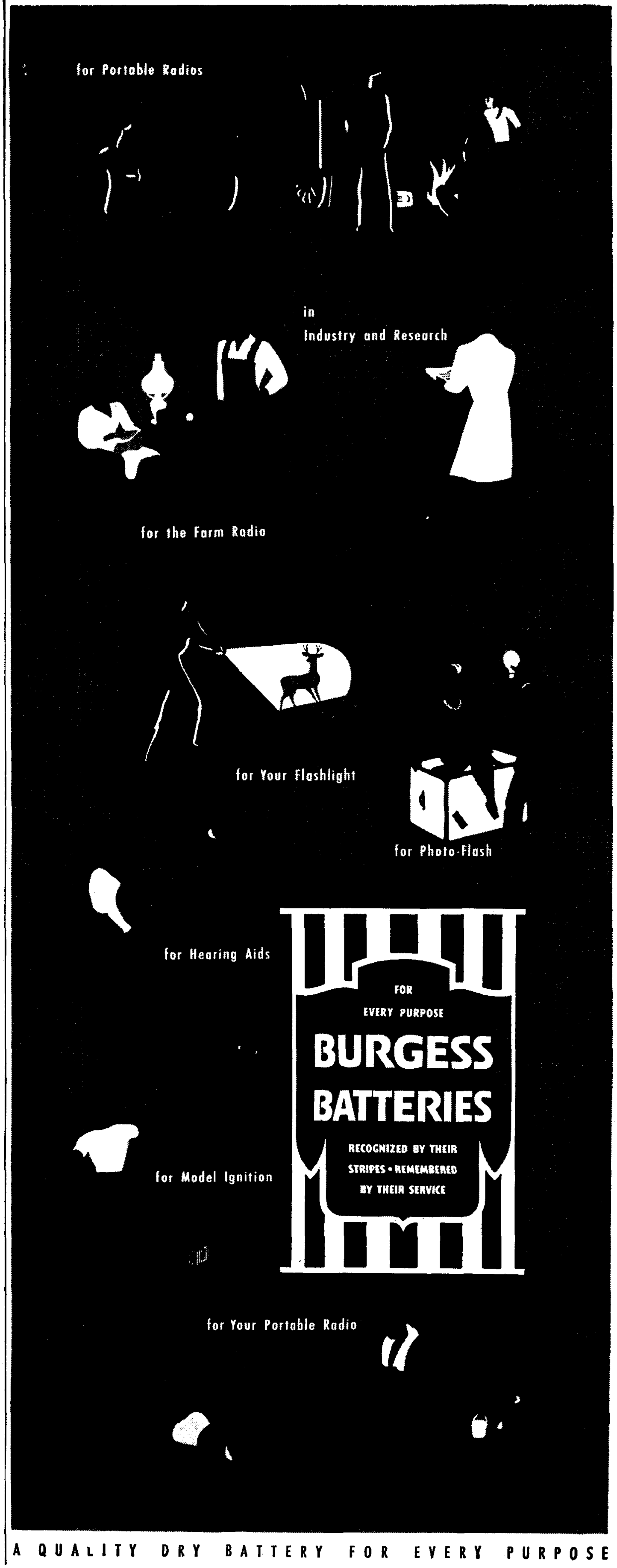
Elizabeth's relations with her parents, from the start, were happy and informal—only her education and duties were necessarily rigid. Queen Victoria had fought with her mother, disagreed with her eldest son, and written to the queen of Prussia that she found "no especial pleasure" in the company of her children. Elizabeth's own grandfather, King George V, was correct and strict with his sons, the present king and the Duke of Windsor, and though they dwelt in the palace with him, he required that they ask special permission to visit him in his rooms.

When someone, at the time, remarked to the present king that it must have been wonderful for him to have been brought up in such a family, he answered dryly, "We are not a family. We are a firm." Yet, so lacking in awe was Elizabeth, and so precocious that, as a tot, when her grandfather was in his last years and still sovereign, she one day called him back after he'd left the room. "You forgot to close the door," she said. Whenever she could escape routine, her own life with her parents, dancing behind her father in a conga line or warbling a music-hall ballad with her mother, was always relaxed and natural.

The queen, of course, with her good sense and good humor, has always set the example for the growing Elizabeth. In the brief period when the Duke of Windsor was king, a certain American hostess in London, a sophisticated and dazzling society figure, was in great favor. After the duke abdicated, and the character of the court changed, this



COLLIER'S "What I can't figure out is where we're gonna get the gold to back up these bills" JEFF KEATE



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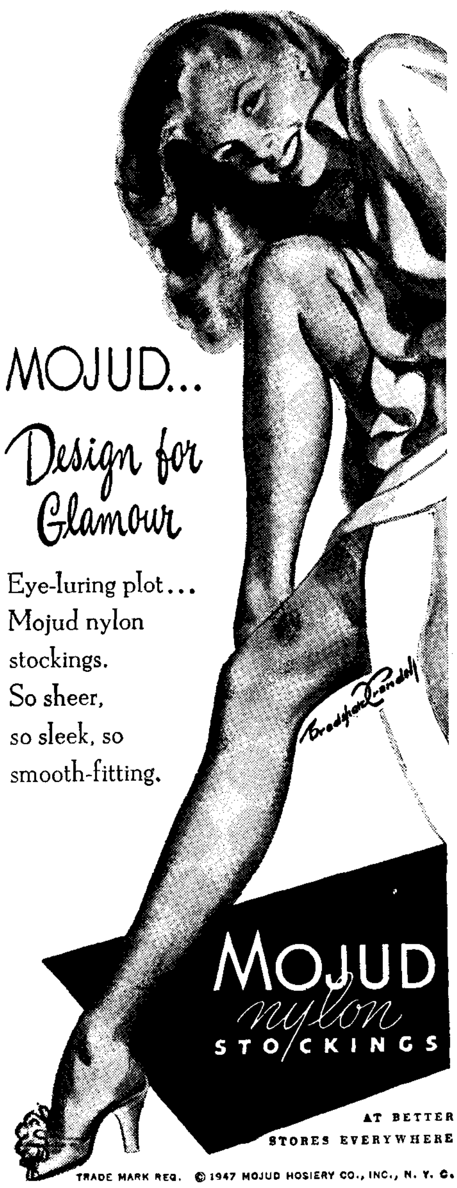


peacock was out in the cold. Someone asked Elizabeth's mother if she would not invite the retired favorite to Buckingham Palace. The queen replied, "Oh, I am sure she would not be amused by middle-class people like us."

When the question of Elizabeth's formal education came up, her mother decided not to send her to any of the fashionable girls' schools. The choice of a single school would cause jealousies, and its curriculum might not be right for a future queen.

It was agreed that Elizabeth, like Victoria before her, would be educated at home by a team of tutors. Her governess, Miss Crawford, did most of the general teaching, two hours in the morning, two in the afternoon, and learned soon enough that Elizabeth had an aptitude for history and literature and was miserable at mathematics. During many of these lessons, Elizabeth was forced to study standing up. This was a preparation for sovereignty, when she would have to be on her feet constantly, at reviews and inspections, without collapsing.

After Miss Crawford's lessons came several hours of specialized training. Once, during that period, when Elizabeth was visiting Balmoral, the manager of the estate asked her, "How are you these days, ma'am?"

Whereupon, Elizabeth screwed up her face. "Not very well, I'm afraid. How would you like to learn five languages in four years?" For, daily, after her bout with the king's English, Elizabeth sat with a French noblewoman studying French. When the war broke out, she was in the midst of grappling with German. That presented a pretty problem, but only briefly. "The king decided," wrote a court historian, "that the language of Schiller and Goethe was much greater and more lasting than the ephemeral Third Reich of Herr Hitler."

During her formative years, everything possible was done to dramatize Elizabeth's education for her. Because she was disinterested in geography, a special sheepskin rug covered in blue cloth, bearing a yellow stitched detailed map of Australia, was made. With every winter's drive, the rug and its lesson were omnipresent. Again, when the king and queen were at Hyde Park consuming hot dogs with the Roosevelts, Elizabeth and Margaret were taken on a special historical tour of London by Queen Mary, whom they called "Grannie Queen." To avoid crowds, no notice of this tour was given in advance, and the trio informally visited Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the Bank of England and the mint.

Enthusiasm for the Piano

At the same time, Elizabeth was permitted to indulge herself in those arts that interested her. Music proved her first and most lasting love. In 1930 she had her first piano lesson from Miss Mabel Lander, who once studied with Leschetizky and now has her own London studio. At that time, Elizabeth took three piano lessons a week. Today, Miss Lander still comes to Buckingham Palace (where Elizabeth has two grand pianos), but only once a week. Elizabeth likes to play Schumann's The Merry Peasant, Beethoven's Fifth and Chopin's Funeral March.

But she's not completely a long-hair. She owns a tremendous collection of Bing Crosby and Andrews Sisters records, and the three other records she plays most often are Night and Day, Sentimental Journey, and Jean Sablon's swing arrangement of Sur le Pont d'Avignon. She enjoys singing, especially Negro spirituals, though she has nothing better than a bathroom soprano, and every Thursday night she still sponsors her madrigal singing parties in the palace. "All of her friends are expected to turn up, weekly, no matter what the weather," one of the princess' crowd explained, "and anyone who doesn't show up, and has no good excuse, incurs the royal displeasure—and Elizabeth is not slow in showing it!"

Another outside art that Elizabeth took up early, and still maintains an interest in, is acting. She's thoroughly stage-struck. Early in the war, the royal family had a stage built in Windsor Castle and had the leading plays presented for themselves and their considerable staff. By 1941, Elizabeth was sufficiently inspired to help write, stage and produce an elaborate pantomime each Christmas She and Margaret played the leads and had a 15-year-old castle accountant, Cyril Wood, play the comedy roles.

Elizabeth took these three-act plays very seriously. She would call in leading English actors like George Formby to give advice, and Vincent Korda to prepare the sets, and she would raise hell if someone in the cast fluffed a line. The last of these plays, Old Mother Riding Boots, was given three performances in 1944. The king, along with 500 spectators who paid 20 cents to $1.40 apiece, attended all three showings and laughed himself silly every time Elizabeth interjected a private family joke into the script or Margaret sang a Tennyson love poem in broad Cockney.

Vagaries of Royal Humor

The royal family, it might be added, has an elemental funny bone. Both Elizabeth and the king laugh until tears roll, at anything from a man wearing odd gloves and droopy drawers to an old-fashioned prat fall. Princess Margaret, on the other hand, saves her tittering and giggling for solemn occasions.

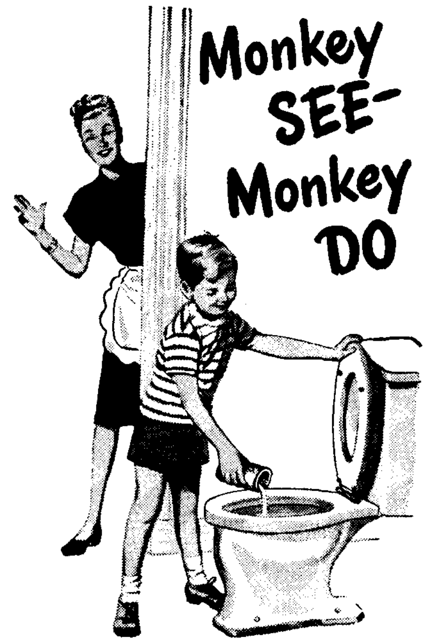
The most important phase of Elizabeth's education for the throne occurred shortly after her eighteenth birthday. She had her formal coming out at Newport—in a sweltering tin mill, walking among sweating Welsh metalworkers, blinking at the hot, yellow foundry furnaces, trying to talk above the deafening uproar. In that year, the beginning of her honeymoon with the people, she made eight public appearances. Last year she made 70. In the months between, she learned to give and take.

One raw Glasgow day, with the icy wind whistling about her nylons, she christened the mightiest of all English battleships, the H.M.S. Vanguard, which took her recently to South Africa. On that day, as navy officers about her complained of the bitter cold, she chattered, "I'm much too nervous to feel the cold!"

Another time, when she crossed to northern Ireland for a four-day visit, the Ulster police surprised her by showing her the replica of an illicit moonshiner's still and presenting her with an illegal bottle of liquor innocently labeled "Mountain Dew." Elizabeth's entourage was embarrassed by this breach of law, but Elizabeth handled it with perfect poise, made a wisecrack and rode the gag.

On all her official tours, Elizabeth has been highly conscientious. Sometimes too much so. This deserves an explanation. A few months ago, a famous army OCTU school, an officers' training school, was nearing graduation day, and the commandant told the young cadets that, in accordance with custom, they could nominate any woman in England to review their passing-out parade and that their choice would be invited. The student officers went into a huddle, wrangled and debated for twelve hours, and emerged at last with their decision. "Our one unanimous decision," they announced, "is that, whoever may come, we do *not* want Princess Elizabeth!"

The reason Elizabeth was not wanted is known to every officer candidate in England. Last year, another army OCTU had held a similar vote and invited the princess to inspect their passing-out



Sonny seems to know already what Mother's known for years. He's getting the toilet bowl clean the quick, easy, sanitary way—with Sani-Flush. A clean toilet bowl simply can't have an odor. Sani-Flush removes stains and film that harbor germs and cause odors. It disinfects—works chemically. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush.

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parade. This inspection was merely honorary, but, as previously stated, the princess is nothing if not conscientious. She went down the line, solemnly, grimly, eagle-eyed, and suddenly halted before one nervous cadet. With pride in her thoroughness, she pointed at his brass buckle. "It is not too well polished," she announced. The commandant flushed, barked out the miserable cadet's name and number, and, shaken, passed on with the princess.

For hours after Elizabeth left, the whole school was in revolt. Not once since Wellington had a guest rebuked a cadet or cast a stigma on the institution. The word spread like wildfire. Lay off Elizabeth, she's an eager beaver. To this day, Elizabeth does not know the havoc she wrought.

This is not an isolated example of Elizabeth's seriousness in any duty she must perform. Another time, when she was commanding the palace post of the Girl Guides (Girl Scouts with an English accent), of which her sister was a lesser member, she noticed Margaret becoming restless and sloppy in parade. Elizabeth stopped the company, confronted Margaret and said, "Here you are not my sister, but a unit in the company, and I will permit no slackness!"

Today, while Princess Elizabeth still obeys her parents' wishes about her public assignments, she sometimes shows signs of rebellion. Just before Christmas her mother insisted that she come along to visit the Stage Door Canteen in mid-London. Elizabeth had already arranged to attend a concert being sponsored by Miss Lander, her music instructor, earlier that day, and she did not want to follow the concert with the Canteen, especially since she had a heavy dance date the next night. So, when the time came to attend the Canteen, Elizabeth caught a sudden cold, and Margaret had to go along in her place. But the next night, just before date time, the cold happily disappeared.

One duty, given her by her father, Elizabeth has always enjoyed. This was her appointment, on her sixteenth birthday, to be a colonel of the Grenadier Guards, a blue-blooded regiment that had fought from Waterloo to Dunkerque. The inside story on how this appointment came about has caused much merriment in palace circles.

In previous years, every time she was forced to attend an inspection or perform a public duty with her parents, Elizabeth fell into the habit of asking, childishly, over and over again, "Papa, shall I have to do this when you're dead?" This finally depressed her father to such an extent that, to give her something she would not have to inherit (and something that would, incidentally, keep her busy), he made her an active colonel of the Guards, a rank which carried with it numerous duties.

Three Rooms in the Palace

Today, approaching her majority, Princess Elizabeth no longer finds time to inquire about new duties. She is sufficiently occupied. While at different times, she resides with her parents at Windsor Castle, Sandringham House, Balmoral Castle, Glamis Castle, she spends more and more of her days in spacious, red-carpeted Buckingham Palace, where, on the second floor, she has her own private apartments. When she marries she will undoubtedly move to one of the ancient royal houses in the neighborhood. But for the moment, when in London, she dwells happily in her own bedroom, dressing room and living room.

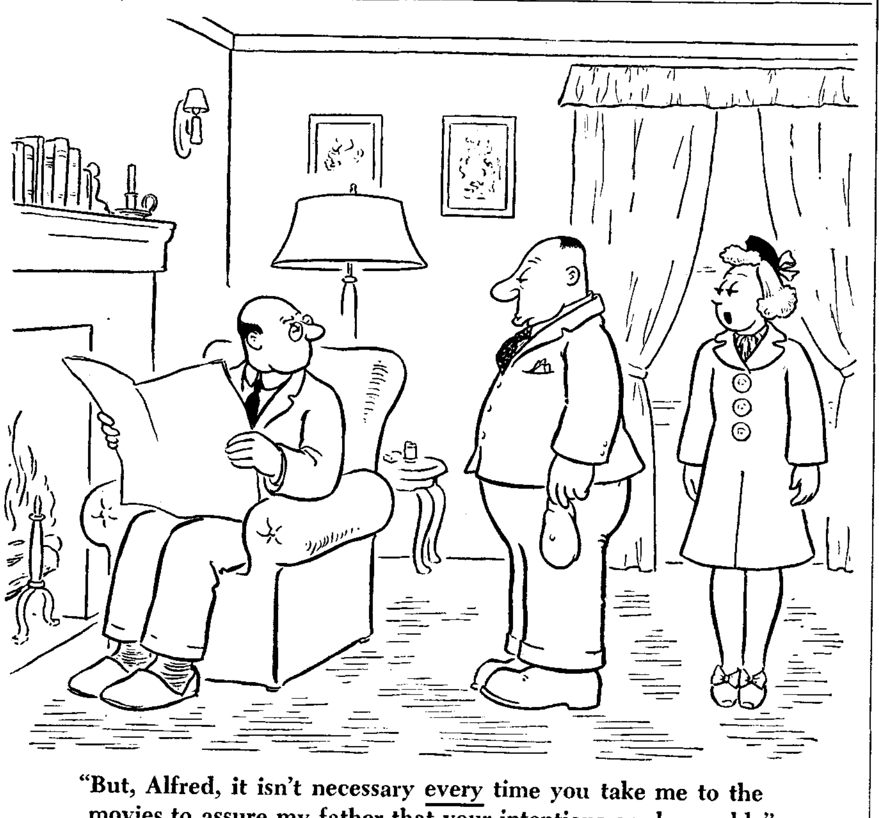
The living room is furnished Victorian. There are two easy chairs and, in the center of the room, a plain mahogany desk. On the desk are silver-framed portraits of her parents and her sister, two telephones (though the palace number is in the phone book, Elizabeth has a personal code number known only to her intimates and the palace switchboard girls), a fresh vase of flowers every morning and a triple bell that summons her Scotch maid, her footman or her lady in waiting. She has three ladies in waiting, all in their twenties, from titled families, and each works as secretary-companion for one month and then has two months off.

Elizabeth is awakened by her maid at 7:45 every morning. She bathes in a small white tub, then usually breakfasts with her sister. Teen-aged Margaret loves to mimic palace visitors like Attlee, Churchill and Eleanor Roosevelt, and these performances put Elizabeth in the best of humor.

Elizabeth breakfasts on the usual English short rations, powdered eggs,

(Continued on page 66)

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



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PRODIGIES OF GOODWILL

George Vlachos-Wei and his sisters, imports from China who are real pianists

BY CARL FRENCH

GEORGE VLACHOS-WEI is a native of Shanghai, the son of a Greek father and a Chinese mother. During the war he made friends with American soldiers stationed in China, and they gave him thorough instruction in the intricacies of Western social intercourse. They particularly told him how to greet American ladies.

So George recently came to the United States possessed of manners which were an engaging combination of Oriental courtliness and the brash camaraderie of the West. When he was presented to a dignified and important matron in San Francisco, he executed a formal bow and spoke a few flowery phrases in Chinese. Then he parked his chewing gum in his left cheek, whistled softly, winked at her and said: "Hiya, Toots!"

The matron, who had two sons in the American Army, was staggered for a brief moment, but she quickly recovered her poise. She winked right back at George.

"Hiya, bud," she said. "Hiya! Be seein' ya."

Of course, the felicitousness of this encounter was probably due to the fact that George is only eight years old. He and his two sisters, Madeleine and Sophie, who are respectively ten and twelve years old, comprise a Chinese Musical Good-will Mission which is now touring the United States under the auspices of the Chinese National Child Welfare Association, giving concerts.

They were discovered by Captain M. W. Riddle, who was then manager of the Armed Forces Radio in China, and who arranged their first broadcast in Shanghai.

The three children play Western music on the piano—Haydn, Brahms, Bach, Chopin and such—and play it extraordinarily well. The two little girls are far above the average in musical ability, but George, who is the star of the troupe, appears to be something of a genius.

Sigmund Spaeth, famous as a critic and "tune detective," said that listening to George was "the unique experience of my life."

George has been composing music since he was six years old, when he picked out a melody on the piano and transcribed it with the help of his teacher, an Austrian-Jewish refugee whom the Japanese permitted to leave the ghetto for a few hours every morning.

The boy's second work coincided with V-J Day, and he dedicated it to the memory of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. The original score was sent to Mrs. Roosevelt, who placed it in the Roosevelt Memorial Library at Hyde Park.

Arrangements of both compositions were played by the Shanghai Symphony Orchestra, with George Vlachos-Wei at the piano. ★★★

PRINCESS ELIZABETH

Continued from page 65

coffee, toast, but sometimes has bacon and real eggs from the family farms. Most often, Elizabeth will eat lunch and dinner—soup, fish or chicken and a sweet—with the king and queen in the palace dining hall. She rarely has wine with meals, but, like her mother, will have champagne when there are official guests in and will often have a glass of sherry with friends up in her living room before going out to the theater.

During her mornings, Elizabeth tries to follow a fixed schedule. She first opens her mail. She receives about 30 letters a day, and inevitably two are from Communists or Republicans and are insulting. Next she glances through five newspapers—the Labor government's Herald, the London Times, the Express, the Mail and the Manchester Guardian—and she reads every word about herself or the family. She is more often amused than angry at what she finds and, invariably, when she puts down a piece about herself, she will sigh, "Just like the press, they've got it wrong again." The remainder of a morning is taken up by seeing a mayor or a hospital president who wishes to tender an invitation, or driving out in one of her father's Daimlers to an exhibit or an exclusive store for a shopping spree.

Can't Race the King's Horses

In the afternoon, Elizabeth sometimes goes swimming or visits the races. She's a fanatic on horses, will stay for seven races at Ascot while her father leaves after two. She would like to have her own stable, but tradition does not permit her to race thoroughbreds against the king. More often, in the afternoon, she will spend an hour or two, dressed in red and gray tweeds and with a green scarf around her head, about the palace lake, with her three dogs yelping at her heels.

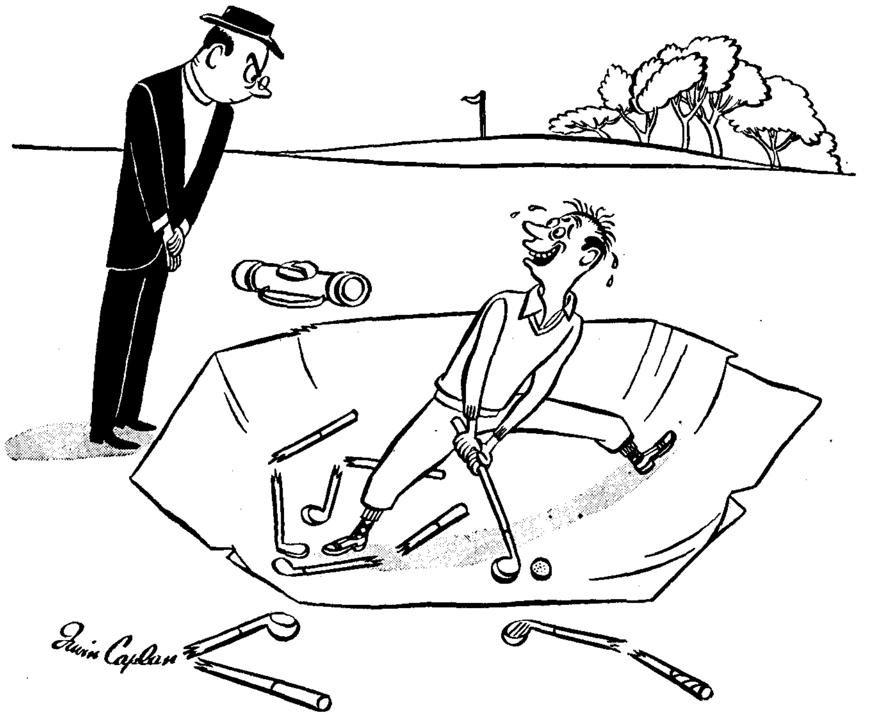
Back in her rooms, she will study for the rest of the afternoon. Her education, now erratic, is under the direction of white-haired Sir Henry Marten, the scholarly provost of Eton, who rates her a better-than-average pupil and admits he's never marked an "N" (Etonese for "Nonsense") on any of her compositions. Under Sir Henry's guidance, Elizabeth does a considerable bulk of serious reading. She has plowed through many histories of English agriculture, Trevelyan's English Social History, Queen Victoria's Leaves from The Journal of Our Life in the Highlands, Winston Churchill's Marlborough, volumes on the Boer War (learning Oom Paul Kruger's side of it as well as Britain's), the works of Shakespeare, Chaucer, Keats, Dickens, Dumas.

In addition she keeps up on all new books that in some way touch the Empire. For example, she read Wendell Willkie's One World and Clarence Streit's Union Now With Britain the moment they came out. Once a week she writes a letter to Sir Henry reviewing the weightier tomes, discussing them and asking questions. Her bookcases contain, also, some of her pleasure reading. She reads W. Somerset Maugham, E. M. Forster, John Steinbeck, J. B. Priestley, Ernest Hemingway, A. Conan Doyle, Alexander Woollcott, P. G. Wodehouse and (despite his suggestion, before his death, that the royal family go into exile in America) H. G. Wells. Her favorite mystery writer, for bedtime reading, is Agatha Christie.

Incidentally, Elizabeth has long been taught that she must know America and understand Americans. Toward this end, she has read, cover to cover, Muzzey's venerable History of the American People. Like most English who've been raised in a hothouse, Elizabeth is a little startled by Americans. One of the first she ever met was General Jimmy Doolittle, who took her on a tour of American air bases, where she was first shocked and then amused at the G.I.s cheering her and photographing her.

One American bomber crew even obtained the king's permission to name their plane after her. With a bottle of cider, she christened it "Rose of York," sent it off—but it was lost in action in 1945, over Berlin. There is every reason to believe that Elizabeth is well disposed toward Americans and bears no rancor for the Boston Tea Party. She enjoyed meeting Eleanor Roosevelt, Irving Berlin, considered ex-Ambassador John Winant a good friend, and had great fun teaching Eisenhower the Highland fling.

Most of Elizabeth's education and knowledge today come from the people she meets. They are big and they are varied. In a single recent month she met, chatted or dined with Laurence Olivier, Nehru, Sir Osbert Sitwell, Lady Astor and John Masefield. One of her



"Why, good morning, Reverend! How long have you been standing there?"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

BORN BRANDED

THE room is cold. Outside, the wind howls and beats upon the wooden walls of the barrack. And here, in this room without heat, in this camp without hope, a child is born.

The jubilation is overshadowed by fear.

For as surely as if a hot iron were stamped into its flesh, this child is born branded.

The brand is D P. That stands for Displaced Person.

In this case, it stands for a new-born child whose parents have survived the hideous scourge of Hitlerism. The years in Belsen, Buchenwald, Dachau, Oswiecim. The gas chambers and the mass graves. The cold. The hunger. The sickness.

They have come out of the long night of terror, in which six million of their people were murdered. With your help they have survived. They still live.

What happens to them now?

In the cold room of the D P camp, the father looks upon the face of his new-born child. And the father prays . . .

"Dear God, let me work that I may build a future for my son.

"Dear God, lead me to a land that is home, to a piece of earth under the skies of freedom, where my son may grow without hatred and live without fear.

"Dear God, hold us together."

* * *

Out of the camps of Europe, comes a prayer for deliverance . . . an appeal to the conscience of the American people.

In this American land with its tradition of liberty and justice for all—shall that prayer for help go unheard, unanswered?

Look deep into your heart. You'll find the answer there.

* * *

This is a yeat of greater need, because . . .

1. **UNRRA's impending liquidation has placed greater burdens on the agencies of the United Jewish Appeal.**
2. **The Jewish population of the D P camps has trebled in one year.**
3. **Rehabilitation efforts must be expanded to help hundreds of thousands in Hungary, Rumania, Poland and other countries.**
4. **Medical care and rehabilitation programs must be provided for the 170,000 surviving Jewish children, 26,000 of whom are in D P camps.**
5. **Palestine must be built up and developed with U.J.A. funds.**
6. **Many services, including special aid for child refugees, must be provided for displaced Jews who find a haven in the United States.**

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and Make it Worth Living

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great favorites is Winston Churchill. She is taken by what she calls his "grim humor and courtly manners." Elizabeth likes to tell of the incident when, during the latter stage of the war, she saw Churchill leaving her father, after a secret conference. Churchill waddled down the long carpeted corridor, swinging his cold cigar and whistling merrily.

The following week, when she saw Churchill, she said to him, "I knew we'd had a victory last week directly I saw you at the palace. You were *whistling*." She had studied him for years and recognized when he puffed his cigar it was bad news or no news, but when he left his cigar alone and whistled, it was good news. And sure enough, on that date the Allies had scrambled across the Rhine.

Today, Princess Elizabeth likes to feel that her evenings are entirely her own. This has been a source of some annoyance to the king and queen, who feel she goes out alone (that is, without them, but always in a group) too often, too publicly, and stays too late. Her parents have no idea *how* late, but the palace servants often see her returning from a party at four in the morning. Elizabeth went to her first play, without her parents, in 1945. It was a Terence Rattigan piece. She favors cream-puffy items written by Rattigan, Ivor Novello and Noel Coward. She pays full admission, and prefers to sit in the fourth row, which she says affords her better vision than the royal box.

A Perfectionist at Dancing

Above all else, more than the theater, the movies, the juvenile games like hunt the slipper and blindman's buff she still plays, she likes to dance. She's had lessons since the age of five and can lead a conga line, kick out a Highland reel or shake a wicked rumba with the best of them. She is an excellent, graceful dancer. When she dances, she is a purist, often correcting her partner if he doesn't step off right. She is also indefatigable.

Usually, when she goes to the Savoy or Bagatelle, her bodyguard, a tall, quiet Scotland Yard man in plain clothes, Mr. Usher, arrives a few minutes earlier. He selects a table near an entrance and backed against a wall (Legs Diamond always used to sit this way in the old gangster days), arranges in advance a route to the ladies' room, then plants himself at a table twenty yards away and drinks orange squash (he's a teetotaler) and tries to look like a customer.

Elizabeth is usually highly animated on these nights out. As one of her party, a 23-year-old girl friend, told me, "She lights up the whole party. She's got lots of conversation, intelligent stuff, and she's charming. When you talk about her, you call her 'Princess.' When you talk to her, you call her 'ma'am.' But she's so free and easy you can get by without calling her anything. I like to call her ma'am and I call her it often as I can. After all, there aren't many people in one's life one can call ma'am, so I use it while I can!"

Essentially, however, Elizabeth is a moody girl, up and bright one moment, down and blue the next. Sometimes she will become depressed and sulky in the middle of a social gathering. Frequently, during a party in the palace's Bow Saloon, she will play the wallflower and refuse to mingle or converse.

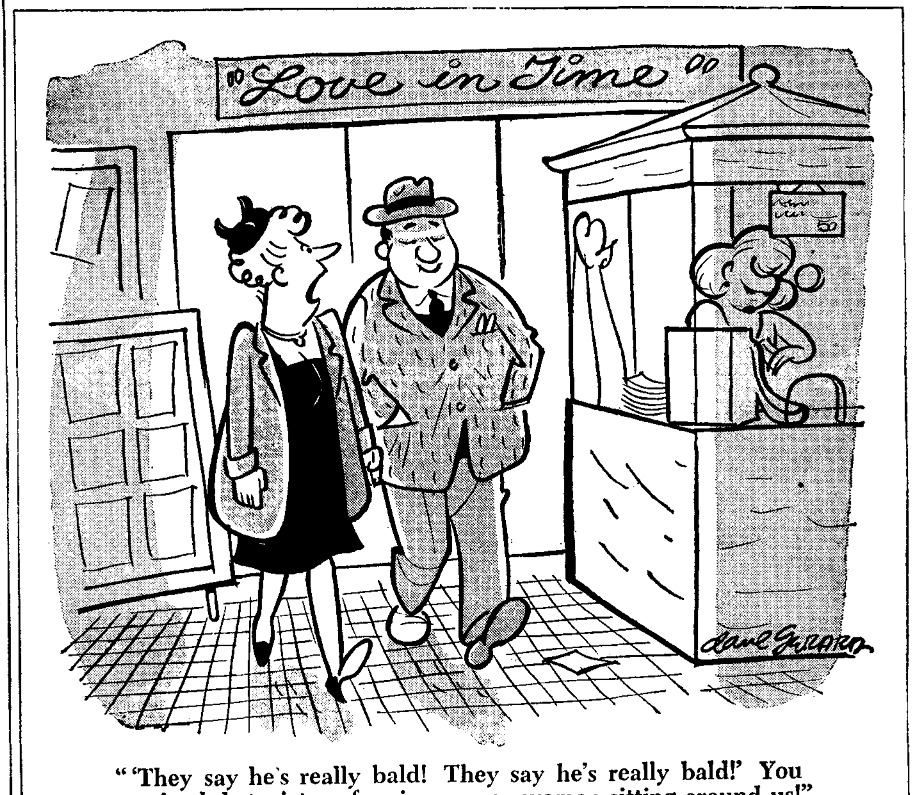
But while Elizabeth continues to date, more often enjoying herself than not, and her parents continue to object, her father is making every effort to be tolerant. Recently, he was heard to remark, "Well, let her have her fling. Look what she has ahead of her."

Ahead of her, of course, is prestige, fame—and imprisonment. One day, sooner or later, she will be Elizabeth II, England's seventh full queen. She will not be so colorful as that other Elizabeth, the 16th century Elizabeth who gave England its Protestant Church and who had a 21-year-old lover when she was 60. She will not be as stormy as Victoria, who gave England the gateway to the East and reigned an incredible 63 years, frequently in fear of being deposed.

She will not, perhaps, be even a great queen or an important queen, but there is every sign that she will be, more than her father or his father, a people's sovereign in a people's age. And there is every likelihood that she will also be a popular queen How popular? There are no exact statistics, nor will there ever be. But some time ago, an anonymous correspondent for the Yorkshire Post made his guess and it echoes, perhaps, the blanket sentiment of all England.

"Probably few persons mix more widely with all sorts and conditions of men and women than I do," he wrote "And for the last ten years I have never once heard anyone say what a pity it is the king has not a son."

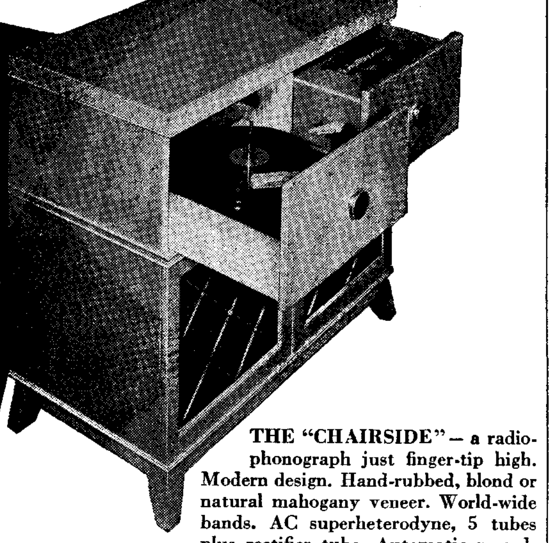
THE END



"'They say he's really bald! They say he's really bald!' You ruined that picture for six or seven women sitting around us!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

RICH IN WORTH-WHILE GOODNESS



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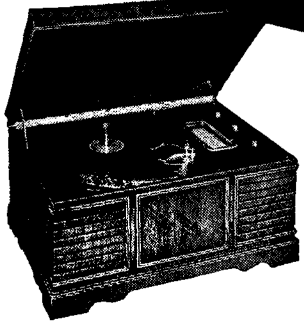

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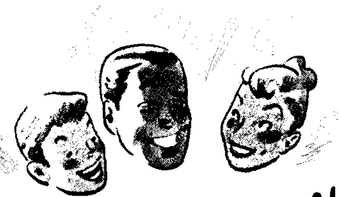

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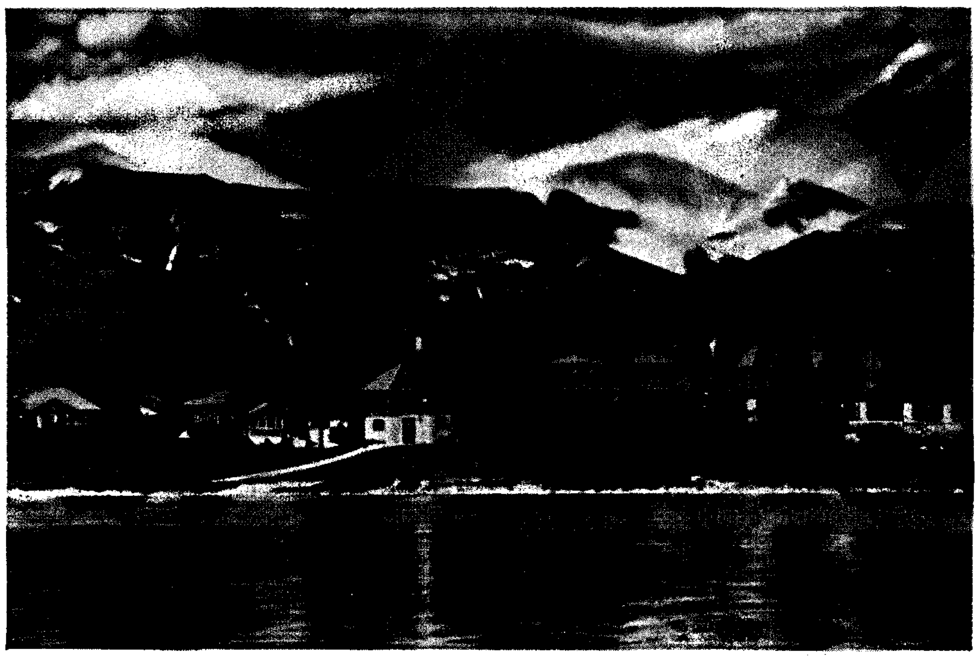

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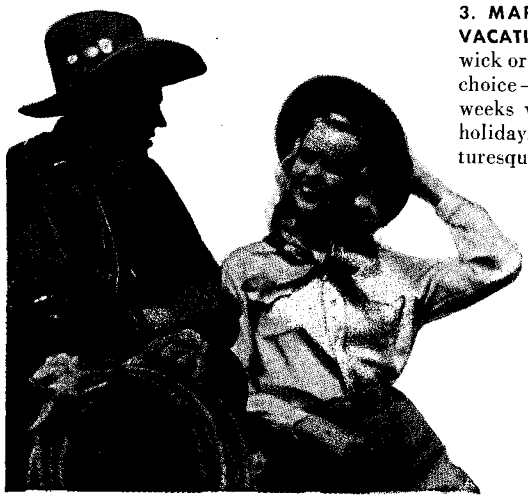

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THE SHRIMP

Continued from page 16

stared with a kind of devotion, always. Nothing I had ever done changed that. Long before he was two, back when he still liked to chew on coal, he had been like that with me, and it seemed to be getting worse. The good part of it was that I could get him to do things for me. He liked that. Only lately now, he had been copying every single move I made. It was like living with a midget shadow that wouldn't go away. It was enough to drive a guy crazy.

"Aaah, ya Shrimp, ya!" I poked him in the chest. But it didn't change the look in his eyes and it didn't hurt him. He was wearing so many things. Mom believed in dressing him warm. "He's a delicate-type child," she always told people. "He was a blond baby." I kept hoping somebody would ask her, "So what?"

Right now he was wearing a heavy wool cap with the earflaps buttoned under his chin, a thick muffler, a snow suit, an overcoat, galoshes and mittens with strings tied to his belt. The only parts of him showing were his nose, which was already running, and his cocoa-smeared mouth. Mom had yanked the cap so far down he had to tilt his head back to see anything. Another kid would have pulled it up a little. But not Marv. He always accepted whatever bigger people did to him, and then he got even with them in his own ways.

Take the day Pop caught him dunking the alarm clock in the toilet bowl. Do you think he cried when he got hit? No. But that night he chewed up two moth balls, the doctor had to come, and Mom told off Pop for daring to touch him.

As for Mom cracking him a couple, she was afraid to. Every time she got sore at him, he'd throw up. "Nervous stomach condition," Mrs. Feldman next door said. But I had a feeling he could do it whenever he wanted. Maybe it was talent. I wasn't sure.

"Hey!" It was Sammy Renzio, coming out of his house with his sled under his arm. "Aincha comin' t' the hill? All the guys're there."

I was so disgusted, I just pointed at the Shrimp. Sammy shrugged understandingly, and then started running down the street. When he got up enough speed, he belly-flopped on the sled and coasted all the way to the end of the block. He stopped and waved back to me then disappeared around the corner.

I knew so well where he was going. It was as though I was alongside of him, pulling my own slick flier behind me. Up another block we'd go and turn left, and there would be the hill—crawling, streaking, alive and noisy. Loaded sleds would be thundering down, sparks shooting from shiny runners. And the hill was probably glinting with ice, now that the powdered crust had been ground down after almost two days of feet and runners. Ice meant faster races, longer rides, dizzy skids and . . .

"Oh, come on!" I held my hand out for the Shrimp, who took it eagerly. I didn't want to think about the hill any more. The butcher and his chopped meat came first, according to my mother.

ALL right, you wait, I warned her silently. Wait until I run away and come back from Alaska or Siberia or someplace with a dog team pulling my sled right down this street and with everybody cheering me. I'll come back to Passaic all right, and you'll be sorry. You'll want me to stay home and your eyes'll get big at the gold and precious furs I'll have stacked up on my sled. But will I give you any before I go back? I laughed a hard, bitter refusal in answer to her tearful requests.

Marv, who was busy aping my walk and trying to stretch his small stride to match mine, looked up questioningly. I yanked him ahead faster. He gave up trying to find out why I had laughed, and contented himself with a hard bitter laugh of his own. That was the last straw. I stopped, ready to sock him good.

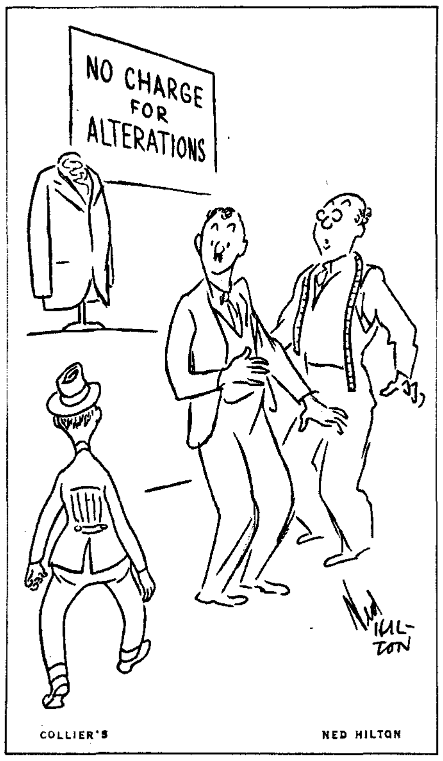
"Look out belo-ow!"

I had to jump to yank the Shrimp back from a steep driveway just in time, as Frankie McGraw thundered down and out into the street on his new sled. Frankie was ten, one of the bigger guys, but all right. Even if he was bigger, we were pals. Just a week before, he had traded me a harmonica and a songbook for two scooter wheels and a hockey stick. A swell trade. In one week I was already playing Swanee River.

"Hi ya, Frankie," I said, as he walked back to our side of the street. "How's she ridin'?"

"Pretty good," he said. He flipped the sled over on its back. "I shined the runners with emery cloth. How they look to you?"

I squatted for a closer look and took off one glove. "Feel slick," I said, running a professional finger over the gleaming metal. "Gettin' much speed outa her?"



COLLIER'S NED HILTON

"Yeah. Some."

We both looked at the Shrimp, who was squatting alongside of me, rubbing his whole mitten over the runners and trying to look like he knew what was happening.

"Your old lady doin' this to you?" Frankie asked out of the side of his mouth. I nodded. "And she won't even let me take my sled out, not even t' go t' the butcher's. You'd think she was sore I didn't get runned over yesterday."

"I know. They're all alike. No feelin's." He motioned with his head and we walked a few feet away from Marv, who was busy playing with the runners, making a motorboat noise with his mouth.

"You got a nickel on you?" Frankie asked.

"Why?" It was a natural question for any smart kid in Passaic in 1926, even with a pal. Money had been scarce since the woolen-mill strike had ended. Some families still weren't eating much.

"Sonny Weiner wants t'bet on a race with me. A dime," he whispered. "But I only got a nickel," he added, watching closely for my reaction.

"Single race?" I asked. A single meant having only one rider on each sled.

"No. Double. Him and Stosh Graleski against me and—" he paused for a second "—and you, if you wanta."

A wave of excitement flooded me, but I kept my face straight and my eyes down. My mother and her orders, the butcher and the meat, plus the Shrimp—all had to be considered. Most important was the financial end. The nickel. In my pocket was forty cents, Mom's money for chopped meat. Nothing else. To take even a part of it was dangerous and bad. It was tempting the worst. Still, Sonny Weiner had an old sled, and Graleski wasn't as fast at shoving off as I was. And a nickel was good money.

"When you gonna race?" I stalled, wondering if it would be considered stealing.

"Around four o'clock. In maybe five minutes."

EVEN while I was thinking, I felt my breath coming faster. What a race that would be! They'd clear the whole hill for us. And we couldn't lose; not in a million years. So I really wouldn't be risking any of Mom's money. That couldn't be stealing!

Then I heard a new noise from Marv. He was being a train now, but I knew he had been trying to hear what was said. The Shrimp! He'd be under my feet, and he'd expect to ride in the race with me. If I didn't let him, he might feel bad and go home. Then what?

I confided my fears to Frankie in whispers. "If he came home alone, my mother'd be right up on the hill after me," I admitted. "And the time ain't ripe for me to get in any more Dutch."

Frankie chewed on his lip for a moment before he spoke. "Would he stay here if you asked him nice?"

"Why?"

"Well, we could run up to the hill and get the race over with. Then you could buy the meat and come back before he knows you're gone. It'd be a cinch."

I considered this. It sounded good.

Frankie squeezed my arm. "I tell you, he'll never even miss you," he said hoarsely, "and we'll beat 'em by a mile!"

I saw Marv lowering his head. He was getting suspicious, and that was enough to give me a chill. But the thought of racing, the thrill of it and the stakes to be won, fed a quickly rising glow that overwhelmed doubt. I stuck out my hand to Frankie. "Shake!"

We walked back to the Shrimp and I pulled him up from the sled, gently. "Marv," I said, "we just figured out a new game for the three of us to play. Wanta?"

He looked from me to Frankie and back. Then he wiped at his nose with a mitten. I could see he was still suspicious.

"This is like the Indian game I learned you," I said, leading him back toward our apartment house, while Frankie followed, pulling the sled. "It's the Last of the Mohicans, only with Hiawatha, too, and you can be Hiawatha. See?"

His eyes searched my face hopefully, but there was a worried glint in their depths. I spotted that right away. His fingers tightened around my hand.

"Honest, Marv, you're gonna like this!" I said with a big laugh. "You wait. You're gonna wanta play it all the time."

"Sure you will, Marv," Frankie said. "It's a great game. I been playin' it for years and years."

By this time we had reached the corner of our house. I figured that if he stayed right here, Mom wouldn't be able to see him from the window.

"Now look, this is the way it goes," I explained as we stopped. "Me and Frankie'll be *your* scouts. You're Hiawatha and you gotta find out if the bad

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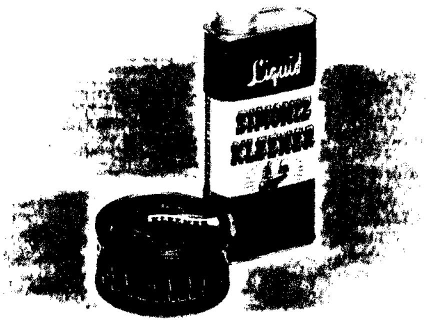

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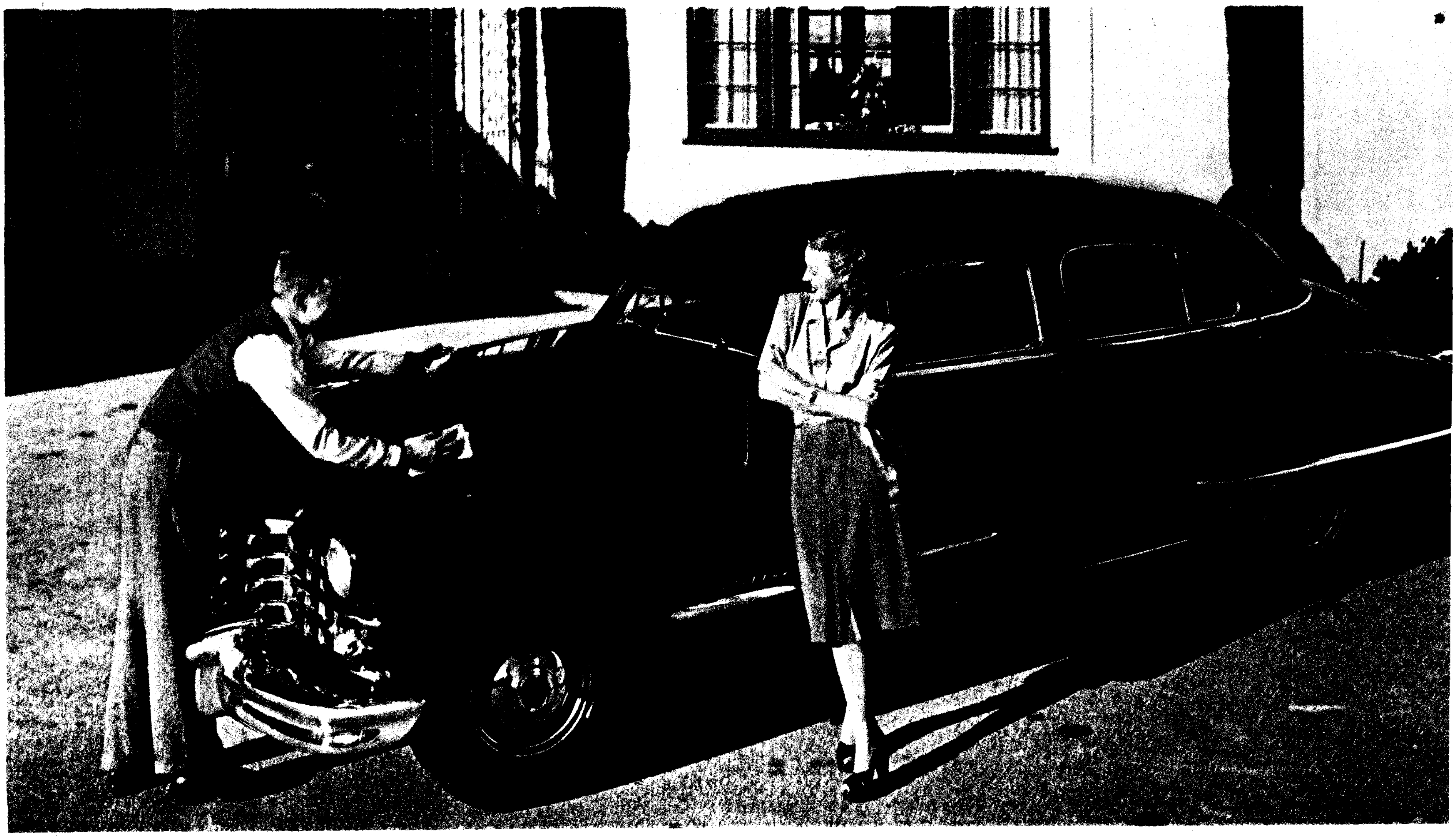

Motorists Wise Simoniz

Indians're gonna attack your tribe. See?" He nodded, guardedly. "Okay," I went on, "so now you send us out to scout the enemy while you stay right here and guard over your happy stamping grounds. We'll spy out the territory and come back to report to you. When we do, we'll signal with a secret wolf call and you'll know it's us scouts. All right?"

His lips had parted while I was talking. He was a little excited, and his breath was coming in quick frozen puffs. I asked him again, "Okay?" He hesitated for a second. Then he nodded.

"Good, Hiawatha!" I kept the triumph out of my voice, and started backing away to where Frankie was waiting. "You have spoken," I said, grunting like an Indian. "Your loyal redskin scouts go to findum enemy Injuns. Will come back heap soon and havum war dance. Will you guardum happy stamping grounds and wigwams and papooses?"

He nodded again, his eyes on my face. He was actually eager now.

FRANKIE and I made very elaborate salutes, then started running toward the corner. We kept close to the buildings, crouching low for his benefit. I turned once to get a last glimpse of the Shrimp, and my heart went cold in me. The eagerness had gone already. He looked forlorn and small and helpless, against the dark, towering apartment house. I tried to forget the look of trust that had been shining in his eyes when I finished lying to him. I almost stopped, almost went back. But Frankie's excited chatter about the race and our chances for winning gradually wore off the sharp edges of my feelings. I pushed the lonely little figure of the Shrimp out of my mind . . .

We ran the couple of blocks to the hill, but we had to wait anyway. Sonny Weiner was there, but Stosh Graleski hadn't shown up yet. He was the guy with their dime. Mushy Adams said he had just seen him shoveling snow in front of Cocchiolla's Bakery. Stosh had told Mushy he'd be finished soon.

I was getting nervous, just waiting, and getting numb from standing still in the cold. I started to think about what might happen if we lost the race. Frankie noticed my jitters and asked me why I didn't go to the butcher first.

"I can't," I said in a low voice. "I got just enough money for meat. Nothin' else. If I pay the butcher, I won't have none left to bet with."

"You better wait till after the race," Frankie said real fast. He gave me a piece of emery cloth and we both began repolishing the runners of his sled. That kept me from thinking a little.

A half hour passed and still no Graleski. But I was too thrilled to worry now. Word had spread about the race, and the hill was crowded. A dime bet was a lot of money. All the kids milled around, watching us work on the runners. Frankie and I pretended not to notice them, and became involved in low-voiced, important conversations. Then I saw Helen Schultz smile at me from the sidewalk. Helen had blond curls and deep blue eyes. She had never smiled at me before, and it made my heart thump faster. I felt my face getting red, so I suggested to Frankie that we try a practice ride. He agreed.

Some of the kids cheered, as I gave the sled a long, fast shove. Frankie was flat on his stomach, his face level with the steering bar. I jumped on his back and we rocketed downward, the wind whipping powdered snow back into our squinting eyes. By the time we reached the bottom of the hill, it felt as though we were doing sixty. We both had to drag our feet to bring the sled to a stop. Frankie was so excited he said we should be betting a quarter. I felt great.

On the climb back, I noticed the clock in the tailor's window. The hands were pointing to five. Almost an hour had passed since I left the Shrimp, and it was getting colder and darker out. Fear hit my stomach. If he ever got tired of waiting and went upstairs without me, I was cooked.

"Frankie." I grabbed his arm. "I better go t' the butcher. It's getting late. Honest, I'll get in Dutch."

"But the race!" he pleaded, putting his arm around my shoulder. "Stosh'll be here any minute. You can't walk out now! There ain't another guy in Passaic I'd want on my sled outside o' you!"

Ordinarily this kind of praise from one of the bigger guys, like Frankie, would have convinced me to jump off a roof. But the thought of the Shrimp chilled the warmth of pride.

"I tell you what, Frankie," I said. "I'll go t' the butcher and if Graleski's here by the time I get back, we race. Okay?"

"But if you buy the meat, how you gonna have money t' bet with?"

"I don't know how," I answered, clenching my jaw. "Only I'll have a nickel. Don't worry."

I didn't give him a chance to voice any of the doubts visible on his face. I darted up the hill and turned right on Madison Avenue, running as fast as I could on the slippery sidewalk. In my mind I was working over a plan to get that nickel.

I skidded to a stop in front of the butcher shop and opened the door. I smiled at Mr. Benoff, but he was too busy to notice. There were four women waiting at the counter, all of them talking at the same time, while he was cutting meat on the block. Ordinarily I would have lied to him and gotten waited on ahead of them. My plan held me back now, so I just stood there, worrying about my chances and praying that he would please hurry up.

RINGS ON THEIR FINGERS

One sadly admits
What a certainty this is:
The girls who are hits
Are the ones who are Mrs.
—Richard Armour

It took almost twenty minutes before the last woman bustled out with her packages. Wiping his heavy hands on his apron, Mr. Benoff looked at me over the counter.

"Now," he asked, "what you want?"

"Forty cents wortha chop meat, Mr. Benoff, please," I said, forcing a shaky smile.

He waited expectantly for a moment. Then his permanent weariness changed to a look of surprise. "You mean your mama just said to get chop meat and not that it should be fresh and you should make sure and watch me grind it?"

"She trusts you, Mr. Benoff. She always says so."

"Times is surely changing," he said. He seemed pleased as he went into the big icebox.

He came out with a piece of meat, which he cut, weighed and ground. I went over each detail of my plan again and again. A trickle of sweat suddenly started running down my forehead. I brushed it away.

"Here you are, boychick. That's forty cents." Mr. Benoff handed me the package. It also contained a piece of suet and a soup bone which I hadn't asked for. A very good sign.

I fingered the money in my pocket, slipping a nickel clear of the rest of the change. Then I put three dimes and another nickel on the counter. "There you are, Mr. Benoff. Ten, twenty, thirty—" I looked puzzled. "That's funny," I said. "Only thirty-five cents. H'mmm."

I dug into my pockets, pretending to be searching for the missing coin. Mr. Benoff watched me silently, scratching his jaw. I had to control myself not to show guilt each time I touched the nickel in my pocket. It felt hot against my moist fingers.

"I can't understand it," I said finally. "I musta dropped it on my way down the stairs." I tried to sound matter-of-fact. "If I can't find it, I'll get another one from my mother. All right?"

Mr. Benoff hated to give credit. He had signs all over the store advertising this. I waited for his answer tensely. I only hoped my right eyelid wouldn't start twitching. It always did, when I was tense too long. But he spoke up quick enough.

"Maybe I should take off a nickel's worth chop meat," he said.

My plan collapsed. Mom would spot the light weight in a second. I had only one other chance, a gamble. "Okay, if you want to be that way." I shrugged and reached toward the money. "Take the whole thing back."

Mr. Benoff's pudgy hand got there first. "Don't take everything so touchy," he growled. "Go home and look on the stairs. But look good!"

I was out of the store in a flash, the bag tucked under my arm. I wasn't worried any more. And when I neared the hill and saw Frankie and Stosh Graleski wave at me from a knot of kids, I knew everything would be all right. The race was still on! How could we lose?

It took us a little while to find a stakeholder both sides could trust, and to get honest officials. Nobody objected to Helen Schultz, so she held the twenty cents. Christian Jaciewiez was okayed as the starter and Milty Farbstein was named the finish judge. I asked Mushy Adams to hold my chopped meat, and we lined up for the race.

Frankie shook my hand before he stretched out on the sled. As I crouched for the push, I looked at Helen. Her eyes made my face get hot, and I knew she wanted us to win.

Christian hollered out, "Go!" We grabbed the lead right at the start. My shove did that. Going down, we took the middle of the street, the iciest section. When we came to the spot where a steaming manhole cover had melted a hole in the ice, we both jumped the sled right over it. We began rocking to get more speed and by the time we crossed the finish line, we were at least ten yards ahead. I was so happy, I almost fell off the sled thumbing my nose at Stosh.

HELEN blushed when she handed me my dime. And, even though I knew I should hurry back to Mr. Benoff's, I asked her to ride the hill with me once. Frankie loaned me his sled and shoved us off. It was a great ride! I skidded, and Helen squealed. But she loved it. I could tell by the way she held on to me.

When we got back to the top, Frankie was trying to work up another race. But nobody else had any money, so I took the meat from Mushy, said goodby to Helen and ran to the butcher shop, feeling like a very smart hero. Mr. Benoff thanked me for the nickel, and started turning off the store lights. It didn't hit me until I was a block away; the butcher store never closed until after five-thirty. My gosh! Five-thirty! For the first time I realized that it had somehow become evening, that the street lights were already on.

The Shrimp! He had been waiting since four o'clock. If he was still waiting. But he couldn't be! I started running.

The thought of what was probably happening at home that very minute began cutting off all the breath in me. This—on top of what I did yesterday—would be the end. Mom'd kill me . . . I forced my legs to even greater speed.

When I got to the hill, I found the sidewalk jammed with tired men trudging home from the mill. They were climbing the hill in a silent, slow-moving mass and

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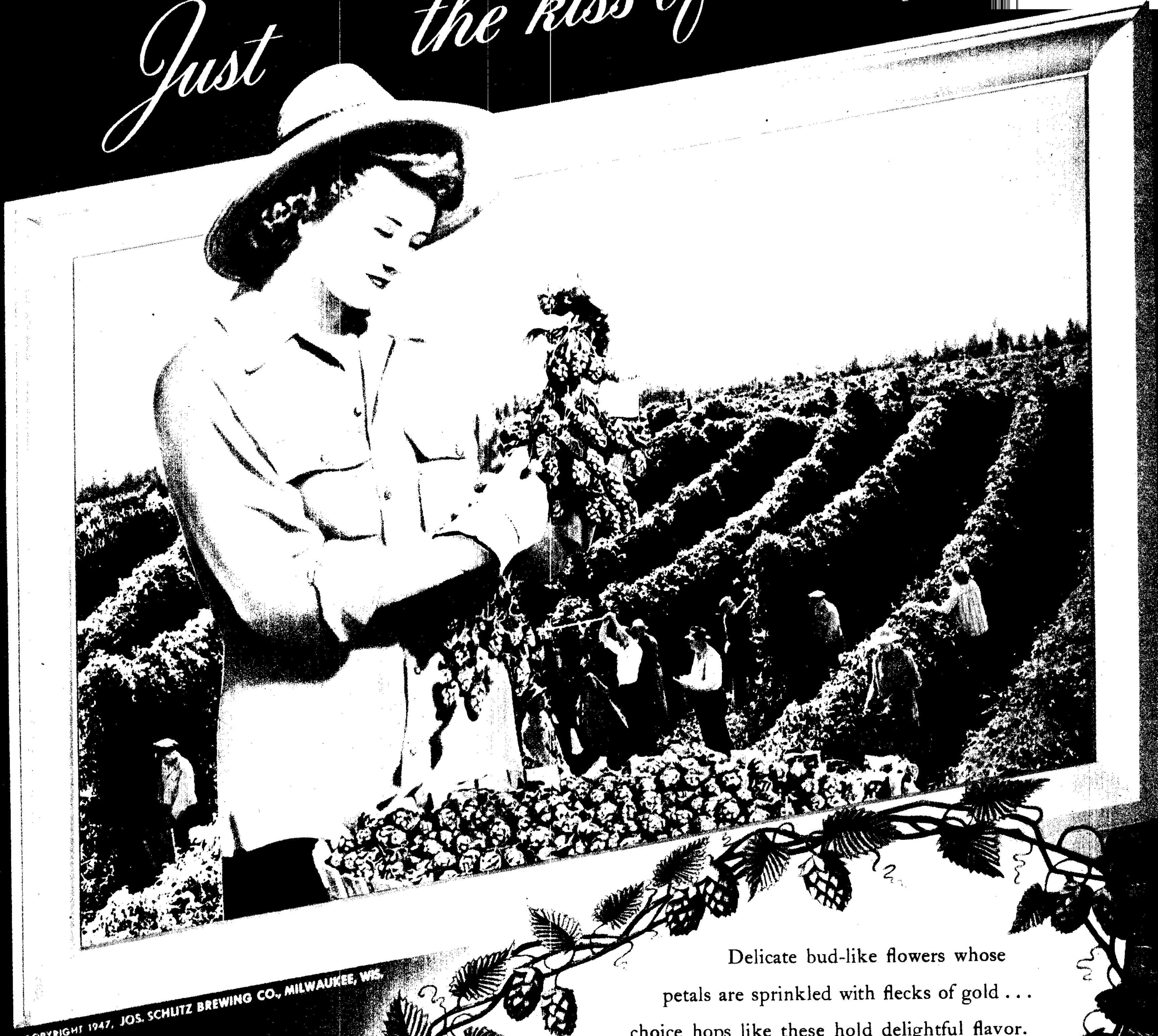

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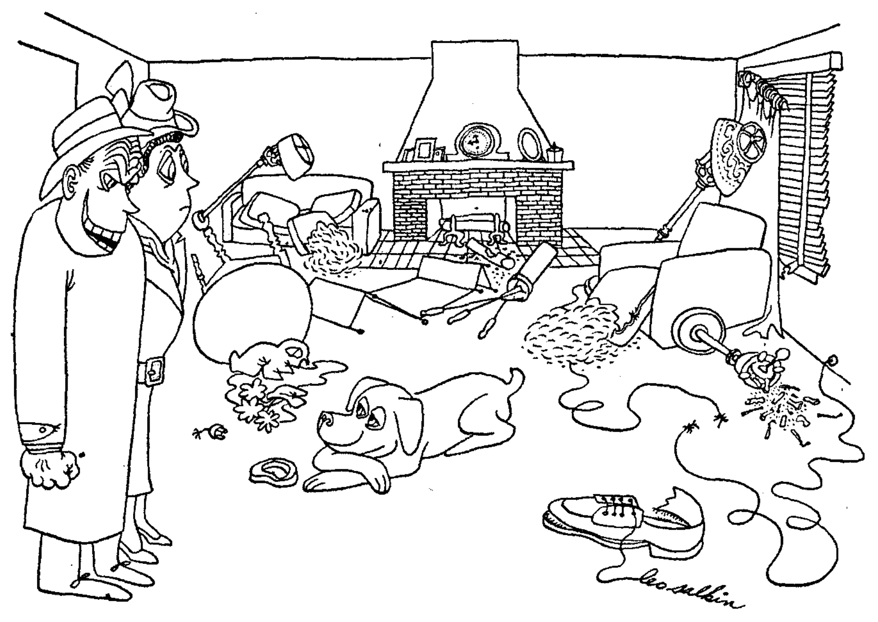
under the yellow street lamps, they looked like a dark, twisting train with heavy legs. I jumped off the curb and hurried down the slippery street. It was empty now. Not a single kid or sled. It was frozen and bleak.

At the bottom of the hill, I tried to check my speed to turn the corner. But the ice was too slippery, and my legs went out from under me. The next thing I knew, two men were lifting me to my feet. Another handed me the bag of meat, which had fallen from my hands. Thanking them, I hobbled on, my knees and right shoulder on fire with pain.

I hadn't gotten very far, when I noticed the red glistening of meat shining through a hole in the bag. For a moment I thought the fall had split the bag, but closer inspection under a street light revealed something worse. The impact had only widened a hole made before by a finger. The same finger hole was also poked through the wax paper around the meat. Mushy Adams! I tore open the bag. A good quarter of the chopped meat was gouged out.

Tears clouded my eyes as I squeezed the bag shut and hurried on.

I grew sick at the thought of what Mom would say about the missing meat. I shivered, thinking of what Pop would do when he came home. Sobs of fear and remorse broke from my lips. For the first time I could feel the penetrating cold of the early evening.



COLLIER'S "Hello, man's best friend!" LEO SALKIN

Stumbling ahead in a stiff trot, I hurried on. There were lights in every house I passed, lights that made little rooms look cozy and warm and cheery. Most of the kids gathered around supper tables were familiar to me. I could see their laughing faces and I smelled the heavy odor of cooked food that managed to force a place for itself in the freezing air of the street. All this sharpened my misery. I felt like sitting down and crying or even just dying.

I turned the corner of our block, but it was too dark to see anything. It wasn't until I neared the apartment house that I saw the shadow near the spot where I had left Marv. A few more feet and I stopped. It couldn't be! Yet it was! He was standing there, exactly where I had left him. He had not gone upstairs.

Joy exploded inside me. Why had I worried so? Mom didn't know anything. I'd tell her I ate the meat myself. She wouldn't get too angry about that. And about being so late, I'd say that we were watching the kids on the hill, that Marv wanted to. She'd never ask him if I was lying.

I suppressed my joy and crouched low. He would expect this. Lifting my head, I howled softly, like a wolf. He didn't answer. I tried again. But the dark little figure remained silent and motionless. Puzzled, I crept forward slowly. Could he be sore?

"Hiawatha," I called, "it'sum Number One scout!"

Nothing.

"Scout come back to report to Big Chief Hiawatha," I said, moving closer. The Shrimp did not even turn his head.

"Your scout is sorry to beum late, Big Chief. He had to fightum bad Injuns," I said, stopping before him. "Happy stamping grounds will be safe. We—"

Something about his face stopped me. It had a purplish blue color. His eyes were glazed and staring. The tip of his nose was shining with frost. . . .

"Marv!" I dropped the meat and grabbed him by the shoulders. "Speak to me!"

His body swayed stiffly into my arms. There was a crackling sound from his clothes, the sound of ice grinding. Holy Moses! The truth hit me like a brick. I had ordered him to stand right there, and he had—for two hours in the terrible cold, without moving. He was frozen!

"Marv! Marv!" I screamed his name. "Move around. You'll feel better. Honest. Please. Just bend something. Try walking!

He heard me, and his eyes blinked, once. But his body remained stiff. Frantic, I threw my arms around him and dragged him back and forth across the sidewalk, trying to make him walk. That was useless. He was like a piece of wood.

"Oh, God!" Nausea twisted my stomach, and I propped him up against the building. Supposing he got very sick from this? What if he . . . ?

"Marv!" I lost all control and howled. "Please don't stay frozen! Please! I'll give you the nickel I won on a race just now." I fumbled wildly for it in my pocket. "Or if you want, you can have my harmonica and I'll learn you how to play Swanee River. Honest. Just say something. Say you're all right!"

He didn't answer, and I kept begging him and promising him things at the top of my lungs, until Mr. Dugan ran out of the house. He lived in Apartment A. Mrs. Feldman from E was right behind him. And pretty soon half the people in the house were on the sidewalk in a circle around the Shrimp and me.

"He's frozen!" I screamed. "He's stiff like an icicle. The only thing he can do is breathe. Look."

Mr. Dugan touched Marv's face.

"Solid ice," he announced to everybody. "Stiff as a mackerel."

"It's my fault. My fault!" I sobbed. "I froze him!"

Mr. Dugan carried Marv upstairs, with everybody following and with me running after them, crying and explaining to anyone who would listen. Mom's face, when she first opened the door, scared me. She went white and swayed a little. I ran to her blindly, but she shoved me aside and grabbed the Shrimp. She rushed him into the bedroom and began tearing off his clothes. Mrs. Feldman ran to call the doctor.

I couldn't stand it any longer and went into the bedroom. Mom was standing over Marv, who was shivering under a pile of blankets. She turned to me, her eyes heavy with tears. Her hands were clenched, tight, over her heart. I just stood there, wanting her to yell at me and smack me hard. But she just stared, making me feel I was too awful even to touch. Finally, she shook her head and went out into the kitchen. That's all.

I looked at Marv. His shivering was shaking the whole bed. Quickly, I got my harmonica out of the dresser and held it before his eyes.

"Here it is, Marv," I said, trying to smile. "Like I promised. Only you gotta get better right now. Okay?"

He tried to say something, but his teeth were chattering too much. I shoved it under his pillow. Just then Dr. Brotman came in and I had to go into the kitchen. In a little while all the neighbors left.

For two hours I waited, alone, watching Mom run in and out of the bedroom with pans of hot water. Once I asked if I could help, but she didn't even answer. She was still crying. I swore to myself, then, that if the Shrimp got better, I'd never do anything bad again. Ever. If he didn't—I wasn't sure what I'd do.

IT WAS after eight when the doctor and Mom finally came into the kitchen. She still had tears in her eyes, only she was smiling now.

I felt a lump rising up to choke me, when Doc Brotman said, "That was a close call, all right. How he didn't get frostbite is a miracle. But he'll be fine now. I'll be in tomorrow."

I didn't hear anything more, because I was crying so hard. I could barely see the doctor leaving and Mom didn't have to tell me what she wanted either. I bent over the kitchen chair myself, and even though she swung the hairbrush harder than ever before, I didn't really mind.

She had just stopped when Pop walked in. Two minutes later I was over the chair again. It was a razor strop this time. When he finally dumped me into bed, my back was quivering. It throbbed and burned from my neck to my heels. But I couldn't get another tear out, I was that dry. All I could do was hiccup a little.

In the next bed, Marv lay with his eyes closed, breathing lightly. He was pink again, and his blond hair looked soft and delicate around his baby face. When I thought of what I had done to him, I was sorry Pop hadn't killed me.

I turned my back and stared at the frost on the window. My mind would not stop grinding. It flashed the whole day before me, the worst parts repeating themselves again and again until I thought my head was going to explode. I wanted so much to cry, only I couldn't.

Suddenly something touched my back and made me wince. I turned around, painfully. The Shrimp was up on his left elbow. In his right hand he held the harmonica. He had poked me with it, but I didn't understand what he was doing, until I saw his eyes. I couldn't believe it. They were adoring, shining with worship, like always.

He dropped the harmonica on my bed. "Here, Number One scout," he said. "Big Chief Hiawatha rather havum nickel."

Then he lay back and murmured, "I didn't move, just like you told me." His eyes closed, and he was asleep.

THE END

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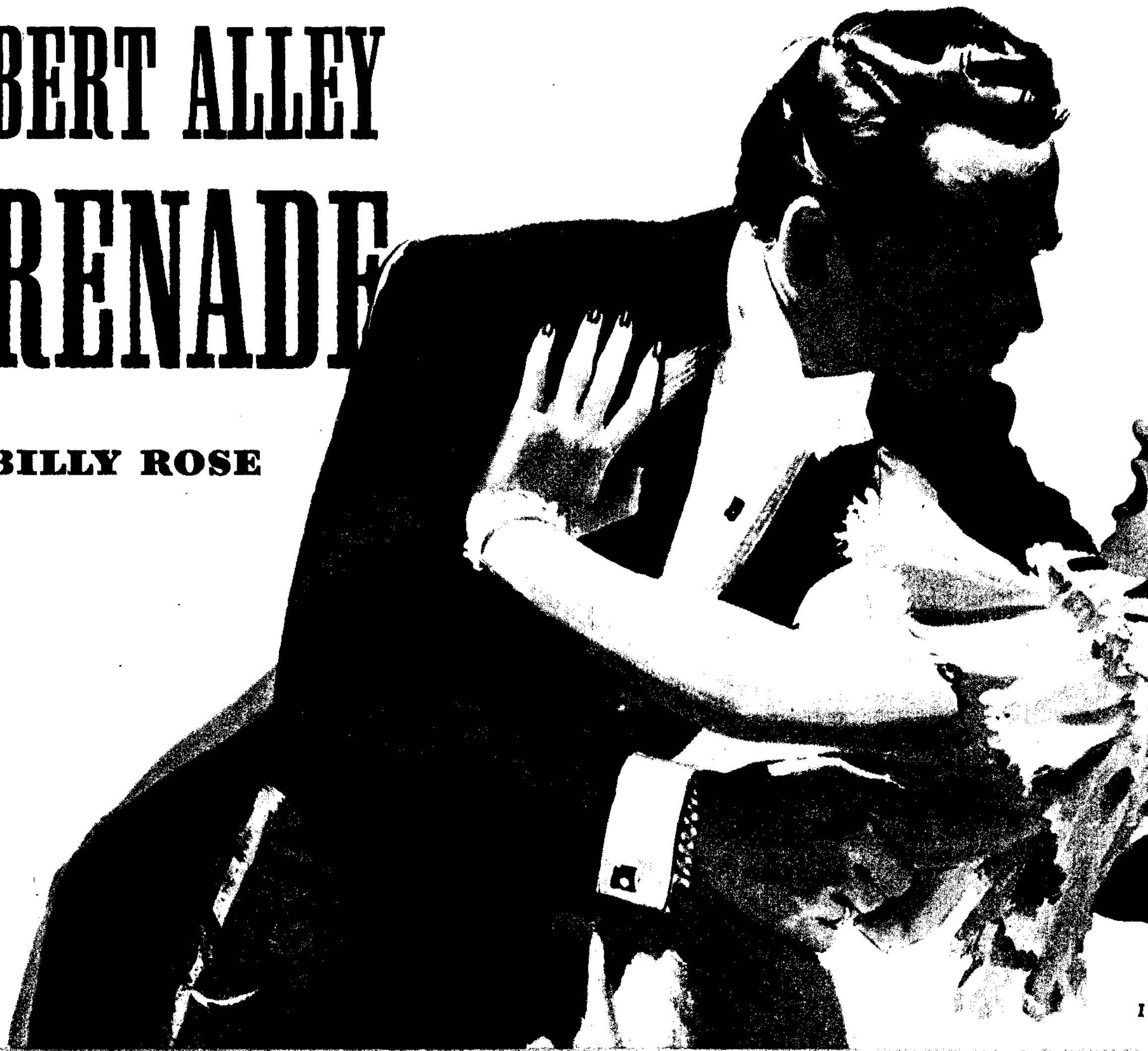


ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Nancy kicked and struggled as the impetuous Ortega enveloped her in a large-sized bear hug

ARE actors people? Search me, I don't know. After twenty years of hanging out with them, I only know they tick with a different kind of clockwork. Shakespeare said, "All the world's a stage." Most of these wonderful loonies believe it, and live accordingly. An old show-business gag sums it up. When the average person hears thunder, he ducks under a tree; an actor stands there and bows.

All this is by way of a four-bar introduction to a Broadway love story I know. Like most love stories worth telling, it concerns itself with three people—the girl, the poor boy and the rich boy.

The girl is an up-and-coming actress. She'll probably never be a Helen Hayes, but then—who is? I'll call her Nancy Booth. That's a good theatrical name.

The poor boy is not so poor. He's one of the expert stage managers around Shubert Alley, and his weekly take-home is in the low three-figure bracket. Let's call him Bob Martin—a good, honest name.

The rich boy is really something. He's a Latin and his family owns something like half the cows in Argentina. We'll call him Manuel Ortega, because he's the heavy of the piece.

Ortega came up to New York and fell in love with our tall buildings and beautiful women. Three days later he had narrowed down the beautiful women to Nancy Booth. He met her at a party, heard her laugh twice, and ten minutes later told her how many acres there were on his father's ranch.

Nancy at the time was rehearsing in a new show. After five years of walk-ons and bit parts, she had finally gotten the second lead in a play by one of America's top dramatists. She had a chance to get angry in the first act, and a big death scene just before the final curtain.

Bob Martin gets into the story because he was stage manager of Nancy's show. He took a shine to her the first day of rehearsal and well he might. Nancy was twice as nice as sugar and spice—part Irish, part firecracker. The second day he handed her a ham sandwich and a container of coffee during a rehearsal break.

The third day Ortega went into action. At lunchtime a hamper of goodies arrived from the Colony. As rehearsal broke, a chauffeur brought in the forty-buck orchid in the Cellophane box and an invitation to join Manuel for a bite of supper at the Pavillon. Ortega was what the bobby-soxers call a BTO—big-time operator.

Within a week he had bought a piece of the show so he could hang around rehearsals, and he was on the train when the company left for the out-of-town tryout. Opening night at the Colonial Theater in Boston, Nancy opened a good-luck telegram from Bob. A minute later she opened a box from Ortega which contained a pigeon-blood ruby as big as a gumdrop.

MANUEL saw every performance during the two weeks in Boston. He also saw to it that Nancy's dressing room looked like a float in the Pasadena parade. I don't think Bob liked Ortega very much. They didn't trade a dozen words until the opening day in New York.

Bob was tacking up a notice on the call board near the stage door an hour before curtain time when Ortega came in. He was in evening clothes, and he looked the way the headwaiter at El Morocco wants all the customers to look.

"Robert," he said, smiling, "I am giving a little party after the show. Nancy tells me you two are big friends. Will you come? I am hoping to announce our engagement."

Bob hammered in an unnecessary tack before he answered. "Have you proposed to her?"

"Not yet," said Ortega. "I will ask her at the party."

Bob's stage sense took over. "It's bad timing," he said. "Nancy is an actress and likes to dramatize everything. She's going to be a big hit tonight, and when she comes off after the final curtain she'll be all emotion. It will be the high point of her life. Ask her when she's all keyed up, and I think you're a cinch."

"Wonderful idea," said Ortega.

Bob gave it the final Lubitsch touch. "Tell you what to do," he said. "As Nancy goes into her death scene, slip out and come backstage. I'll plant you in the wings. Kiss her and propose the second she comes off. Don't let her out of your arms until she says yes."

"An inspiration," said Ortega. "You must have Latin blood. Thank you!"

"Don't mention it," said Bob.

Opening night went off the way opening nights do about four times a season. Between-acts chatter in the lobby had the electric excitement you feel when a hit is unfolding inside. Talent scouts were making check marks on their programs next to the name of the blonde who was playing second lead.

In the last act Nancy hit them right between the eyes. As she went into her big death scene, Ortega got up, squeezed his way out of the fourth row, and tiptoed up the aisle. Nancy played the death scene in the tradition of Bernhardt. The curtain came down slowly. No one applauded until the tassels touched the floor. Then the house went crazy.

Behind the curtain Nancy jumped off her deathbed and skipped to the wings, all set for the bows she had been dreaming of for five years.

As she came off stage, Ortega enveloped her in a large-sized bear hug. He gave her the Gaucho kiss and in a couple of thousand elaborate words asked her to marry him. Nancy kicked and struggled, but the Latin lover held on.

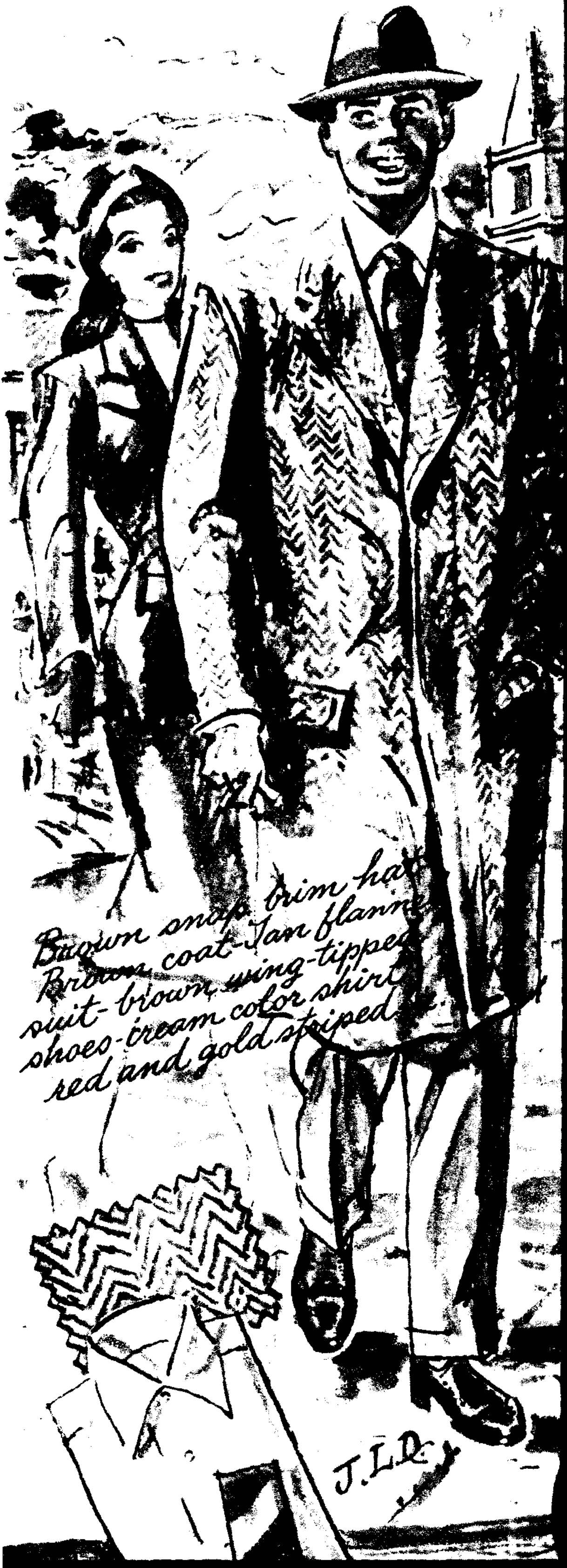
The curtain went up and down half a dozen times. Bob Martin trotted the other players out to smile and bow. The audience bravoed them and went home.

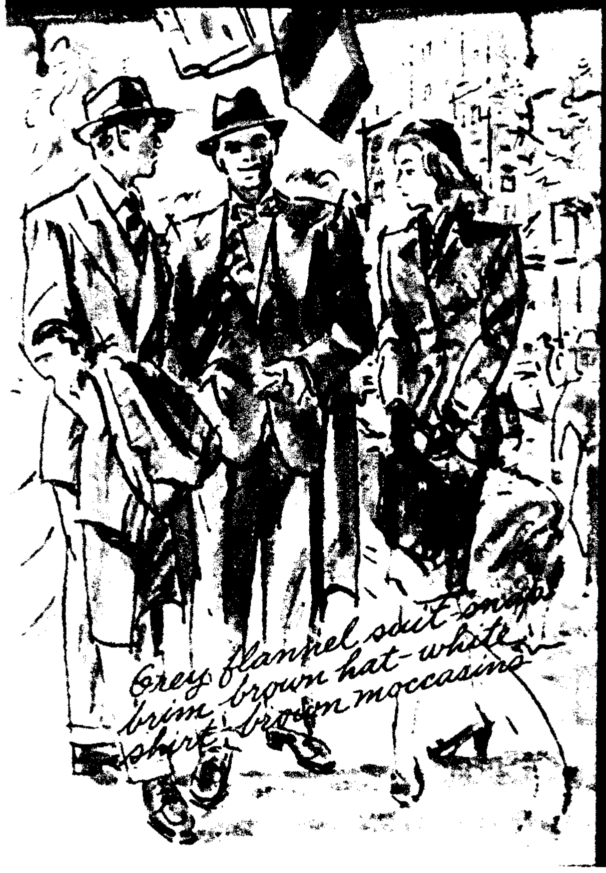
I HEAR Manuel is back in Argentina. The scratches on his face must have healed by this time. I understand he's engaged to a senorita whose family is so strict they wouldn't let her walk past a theater. I doubt whether the playboy of the pampas will ever understand why Nancy burst into tears and snarled, "Go way, you baboon. You walk out in the middle of my big scene and charge up the aisle like one of your father's cows. Then you smear up my lipstick and keep me from taking the most important curtain call of my life. Take your paws off me. I never want to see you again!"

A nice way to finish this story would be for me to tell you Bob took [illegible] out for a drink after the show, proposed, drove to Maryland, and married her.

But I can't write it that way. Bob was too smart to hook up with a gal who preferred billing to cooing. Besides, his wife and two kids out in Flatbush wouldn't have liked it.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE


Brown snap brim hat
Brown coat-Tan flanne
suit-brown wing-tippe
shoes-cream color shirt
red and gold striped
J.L.D.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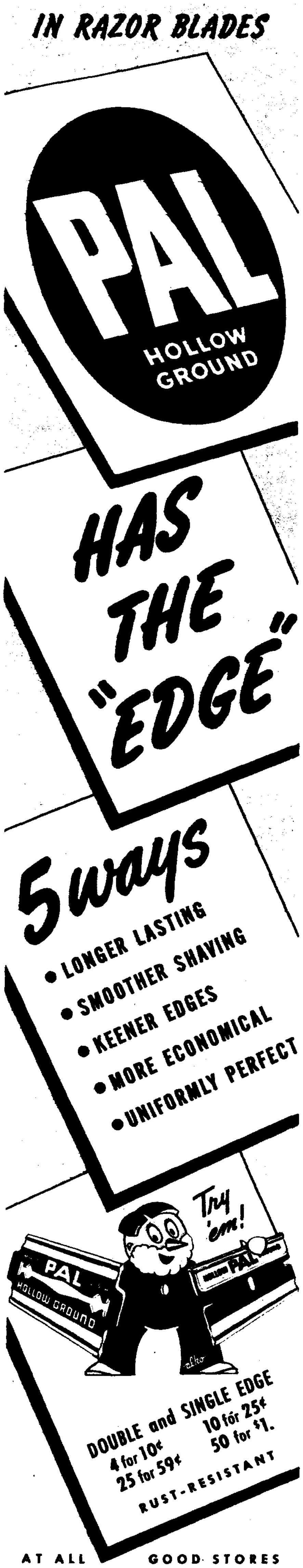

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THE BALLET HITS HIGH COTTON

Continued from page 13

Tobacco and Candy, and his specialty is a black and sticky chewing gum called "Canels" and sold mainly in the South. In his elegant moods, Hoot passes it out to the girls as "Canels Number 5."

He was kneading a sizable wad of the stuff as he steered Markova through a tricky *allemande.* Mostly, he said, he sold skeeting gerrew.

"Skeeting gerrew?" she asked. "What is that?"

"Why, I guess you call it chewing tobacco where you come from, Miss."

"Indubitably," said Markova.

Around Oxford, most children get fireworks in their Christmas stockings—but the stores keep them in stock the year around. While the dancing went on inside, some boys at the front door began lighting salutes with the tips of their cigarettes and tossing them in the air.

"My God!" said a *danseur noble.* "Gunplay already!"

One of the local men just couldn't keep his eyes off a lithesome ballerina. Standing on the side lines, his wife admonished him :"Verne, I declare, stop cuttin' your eyes around at that girl. You want to make her feel self-conscious?"

". . . Then r'ar back and stretch your vest . . . Swing the gal that you love best . . . "

Dancer Rosella Hightower dropped out to the side lines to chat with a little boy. She asked his name.

"I'm John Sibley, and I and my mother take care of this place. I'll be 12 come next January the 12th," he added.

Hightower asked how he was going to celebrate. "Going to have a tacky party," said young John, "and I shore wish you-all could come just the way you are."

Hightower glanced down at her slacks. "What's a tacky party?" she asked.

"That's when you come dressed any ole way," John explained gravely.

When the men and girls lined up opposite one another for the Virginia reel, Duff Raglin and his wife Mary Belle gave a little demonstration.

"Sensational," muttered Alexis Tcherkassky, watching their feet with admiration. "A perfect *posé en dedans!*"

After the first reel, Duff and Mary Belle compared notes with Myrl Frazier, the caller. "I been watching you teach folks the reel for 30 years," said Myrl, "and I never yet saw anybody catch on so fast as these folks."

"A little more practice," said Mary Belle, "and they'd dance pretty good—for young folks leastwise."

She Learned What a Bird Is

Big Ben Jack Hilbun, who runs a local garage, had to bend over dancing with Taliana Bechenova. Ben Jack got on one of his favorite subjects, which is hunting.

"Darned if we didn't eat up the last of the birds before you came," he said. "But hell, girl, you just wait. If you want some bird I'll just go out in my back yard in the morning and shoot you some."

Bechenova wanted to know what kind of birds he meant.

"Why, birds, of course," he told her. "What other kinds are there?"

During the quail season in Mississippi, quails are "birds" and other winged varieties are referred to as duck or partridge, or whatever they happen to be.

Even the foreign sounds of the names began to wear off as the evening wore on. Moussia Larkina turned out to be none other than plain Marcia Larkins from Oklahoma. Natalia Conlon, exotically Irish, was soon answering questions about Hollywood, where her father is a publicity agent. Her husband, Oleg Tupine, spent the best part of the evening discussing hog breeding with Will Smith, who raises Poland Chinas near Oxford. Oleg has always wanted to be a farmer—"and durned if he wouldn't make a good one," Will Smith told his wife.

"Funny thing," mused Captain Verdel of Atlanta, just arrived in Oxford to head the University R.O.T.C., "till you hear 'em talk, you can't tell the terpsichoreans from the townsfolks."

By that time, it didn't matter. Everybody was cutting in on everybody else as neighborly as you please.

Oxonians make it a point of pride to take in everything without seeming to notice anything in particular. "Eye-cutting" it's called in Mississippi. "You could put on the whole show on the Court House lawn," said Moon, "and people'd go about their business same as usual."

There was a good deal of "eye-cutting" going on next morning around Court House Square. After breakfast, the ballet set forth to see the sights.

Strangers no longer, they got a cordial howdy everywhere they went.

In the Court House Square, the benches were filling up around the Confederate Monument, and near by a couple of men in overalls got out of a truck and carried a dozen catfish over to the weathered oak slabs which serve as outdoor markets.

"Too bad you folks can't stay a while," one of the men told his ballet onlookers, "the fishin's fine over at the dam."

Male Star Didn't Like Cables

Ten minutes before the matinee Mr. Anton Dolin still did not have a dressing room. Pat Hogan's quarters were firmly locked and the small dressing room next door was a morass of electric cables, strung in from the main power line.

"I shall not," Mr. Dolin announced, "permit myself to be electrocuted for art—or 'Ole Miss'!"

Swan Lake was in progress when Pat Hogan finally appeared backstage, and a very harried Dr. Nichols explained about Mr. Dolin and the cables.

"What ails the man?" asked Pat. "Does he think they're snakes?"

But he unlocked the door and held it open for the star. So far as Mr. Dolin was concerned, Pat might have been a photoelectric cell. While Mr. Dolin dressed, Hogan opened his typewriter. His first line, batted out with real feeling, was: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party." The ice was finally broken when two pretty coeds knocked at the door and asked Pat to introduce them to his "roommate."

Generally speaking, the local boys found the ballerinas pretty but too small for their taste. Most of them blinked just looking at the long, artificial eyelashes required by ballet make-up. In the college grill, where several of the dancers repaired in costume for Cokes and ice-cream cones, one of the coeds teased her boy friend: "I bet you wish I had eyelashes like that."

"No, sir!" the boy told her. "Kissin' her would just be like drinkin' coffee with the spoon in the cup."

After each dance number, the wardrobe mistress hung the fluffy costumes out on the lawn to dry.

"They're sweatin' like mules in thar!" one of the boys reported after a hasty glance.

The ballet did work extra hard that day in Oxford. And after the performance, Oxford couldn't have clapped more warmly if it had been the senior class play.

"Our hearts were in it," Markova said, "and after last night, we had to show them we can dance too."

THE END

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FORTUNE HUNTER

Continued from page 11

"Jess Balfour. I'm from San Francisco."

"Jess, how are you? How are things in the *Bay City*?"

"Fine," Jess Balfour said, "or at least they were yesterday. Do you have a name, or are you just here on a number?"

"You may address me as Eric J. Long, of Palmdale, California," Eric said. "Will you join me in the bar for a drink, Jessie?"

"Gee, I'm sorry. I can't. I have to get over to my cottage with these parcels, and anyway I'm not dressed."

"You look lovely without any clothes, angel, but suit yourself. How about dinner?"

"I'm awfully sorry," Jess said, "but I think I have a date for dinner."

"Then we'll go for a moonlight ride in your car tonight," Eric said. "I have a hired one which busted down yesterday, or I'd offer mine."

"It isn't my car, E. J. Long. I'm sorry—"

"No, no, honey," Eric said agreeably, "don't be so sorry. I'm not that much fun in an automobile. Anyhow, tomorrow's another day. What cottage did you say you were staying in?"

"I didn't say," Jess said. She got out of the convertible and started off, stopped, and abruptly returned. "Listen, I'm not being coy, but I'm here with another girl. She's my boss' daughter. I'm sort of the chaperon, and part of my job is to stick around and see she's comfortable and so forth. I've been shopping for her down in Brockway, and this is her car. You understand?"

"Absolutely," Eric said. "The fact is, I am practically engaged to a rich dame, so this was only for fun. I have a weakness for carrottops, that's all. Goodby, Jessie."

"Goodby, E. J.," Jess said reluctantly. "And stop calling me Jessie."

Eric strolled into the lobby of the lodge. The cute girls who handled the desk and the switchboard greeted him with pleasure. He had taken them both dancing their night off at Tahoe City, on the theory that he was a bachelor Mormon and never went out with less than two women. His expression with them was now severe. "I know you're both devoted to me," he said, "and yet yesterday you failed me."

There was a long silence. Finally the switchboard operator said weakly, "How?"

"You did not immediately inform me that Jess Balfour, of San Francisco, California, had checked in."

"He spares nobody," the desk clerk said with honest admiration. "Age, weight, size or party affiliation has got nothing to do with it."

"Balfour . . ." the switchboard operator said. "That's the little one with the red hair. Eric, have you seen the girl with her—the tall, queenly babe with the New York wardrobe?"

"No," Eric said, "and don't try to get my mind off that strawberry blonde. She hasn't got any clothes at all."

THE lodge help giggled satisfactorily. Eric passed on to the bar. He was a tall man with a bent nose from landing a P-38 with the wheels up, and a way of grinning innocently and walking on the balls of his feet.

He ordered a beer which he nursed carefully. The barkeep, who had learned to like and respect him, carefully wiped off the mahogany so Eric could properly rest his elbows.

"Mr. Long," the barkeep said, "did you win last night?"

Eric nodded. "Close to a grand."

"They're all talking about you," the barkeep said. "You're the first real gambler we've had at the lodge this season."

"I'm still out six hundred bucks," Eric said. "Maybe I'll have to stay all winter if I don't gain any ground or don't go broke. Do you think they'd keep the hotel and one roulette wheel open for me?"

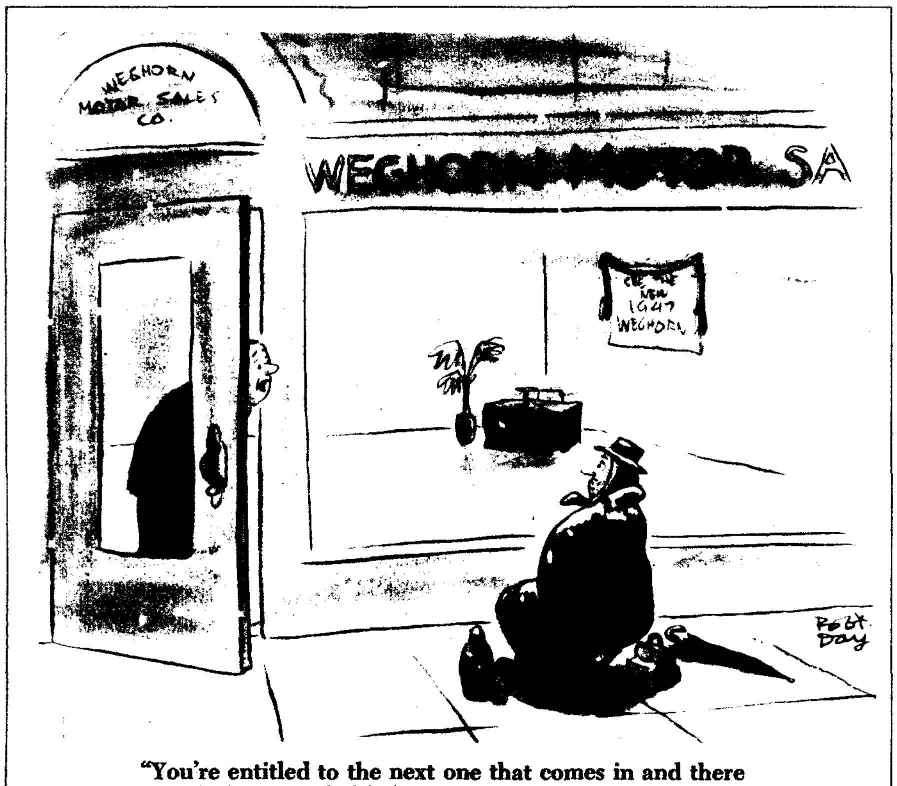
"Well, I would," the barkeep said.

Eric gave him a silver dollar for a tip and went to his cottage. He took a shower, singing loudly about the wild blue yonder, and put on a light gabardine suit, shoes with two different colors of leather, and knotted a violent scarf around his neck. A cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth, he sat down and telephoned Jess Balfour.

"Hello," Eric said. "Jessie?"

The clipped, crisp voice answering him said, "No, this isn't Miss Balfour. She's in the shower. May I take a message?"

Eric swallowed dryly. "What's your name, puss?"



COLLIER'S "You're entitled to the next one that comes in and there won't be any skulduggery. Now go home and rest!" ROBERT DAY

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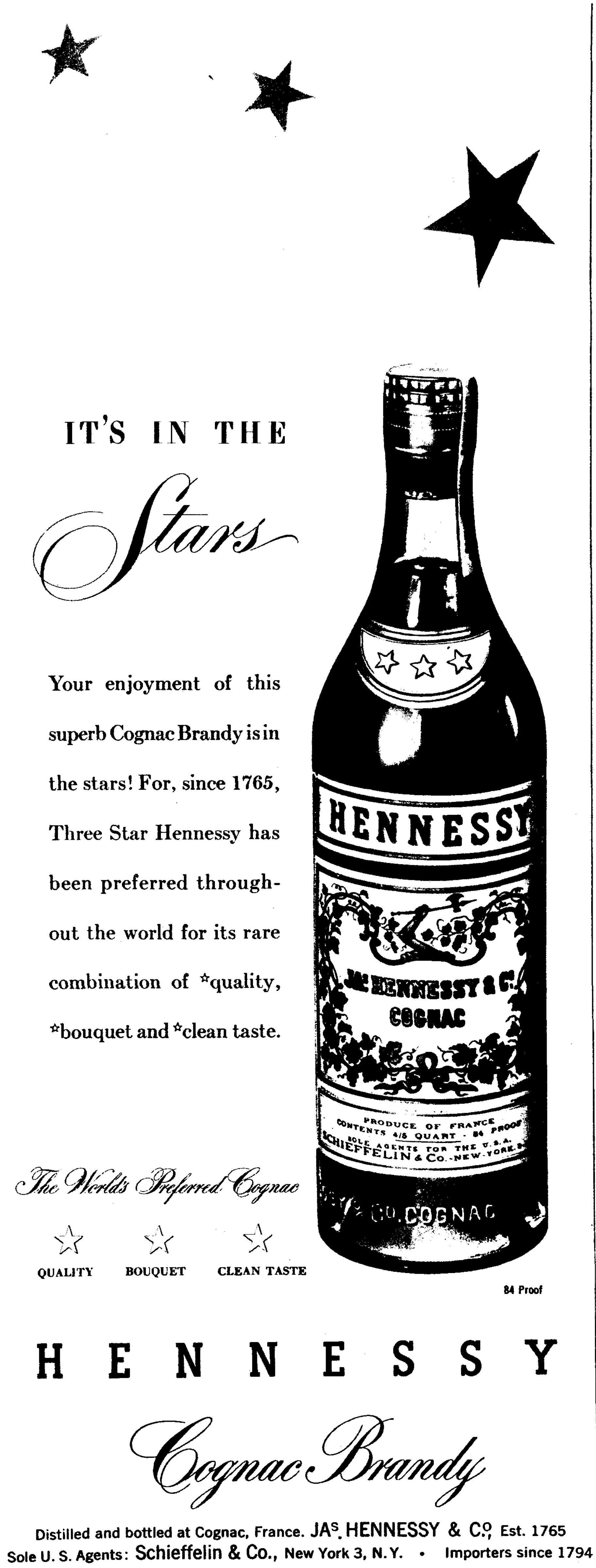

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"C [illegible] try to pretend surprise

"I don't have to pretend," Eric said. "You would undoubtedly be a wonderful number named Frances Hopkins, from Burlingame, California."

"You've guessed it, Eric," Frances Hopkins said. "And now may I inquire why you are calling my father's secretary and referring to her by her first name?"

"Simple boyish high spirits."

"Did those same high spirits make you follow me up here?"

"I didn't follow you," Eric said. "I've been here several days."

"Then somebody told you. Who? Jess?"

"Nobody told me, and I never met Jess until this afternoon. I came up here on my own hook to make a little dough. It's mere coincidence that you happened to come to the same place."

"Coincidence my eye!" Frances said. "We had an agreement that we'd stay parted for a month until we were sure we were serious. You've violated that agreement inside of a week."

"I tell you it's an accident, baby. You wouldn't consider me when I was operating on short dough, so I thought I'd get a new roll quick."

"How?"

"They have things here called roulette wheels."

"Are you kidding?"

"You can't see it, Frances," Eric said, "but I am now crossing my heart and hoping to die if—"

"Then you're crazy! How can you possibly have such absurd ideas? Do you actually think taking a chance is the solution to everything?"

ERIC started to grin into the phone and then realized it was useless. "Well, I thought if I could win two or three grand and spend it freely on you the glamor might get you. You're so rich and beautiful I guess I lost my head."

"You're not out a thing," Frances said, "believe me. Eric, you're impossible socially, mentally, morally, financially and sartorially. What am I going to do with you?"

"Hustle into something tight and meet me at the bar."

"I'm sticking to our agreement."

"Frances, dear Frances—" Eric began.

"And you'd better, too, bright eyes," Frances said, "if you know what's good for you. Goodby."

Eric walked over to the bar, pondering on his wealthy beloved. He ordered a beer and sat looking gloomily at the great turquoise lake through the wide windows at the end of the room. It actually was a coincidence that he was vacationing at the same spot she had picked for the romantic hiatus, but she would never believe him. His expression worried the barkeep.

"You ought to have something stronger than suds all the time, Mr. Long," he said. "Beer can get you down."

"Well," Eric said, "I kind of have to keep in shape. You see, I do a little flying and—"

"Yeah, I know," the barkeep said. "I seen your picture in a news magazine. You're the guy who signed the contract to fly that rocket plane at a thousand miles an hour, ain't you?"

"Yes," Eric said. "But let's not talk about it. I get too scared."

"I was wondering where I'd seen your face before, Mr. Long," the barkeep said, reverently. "But skip it."

Jess Balfour, of San Francisco, entered the bar and took the next stool. She was also unhappy and requested a glass of sherry.

"Hello, E. J.," she said. "Pull your face up off your belt buckle."

"Look who's talking," Eric said. "What's with you, Red?"

Jess frowned. "Something has suddenly gone wrong with the boss' daughter. She practically threw me out of the cottage."

"Did she say what was biting her?"

"Uh-uh," Jess said. "She's in a delicate condition."

"Huh?"

"Oh, I mean she's in love—or half in love—or teetering on the edge. When you're rich you have to be careful; there are so many fortune hunters."

"You jest," Eric said.

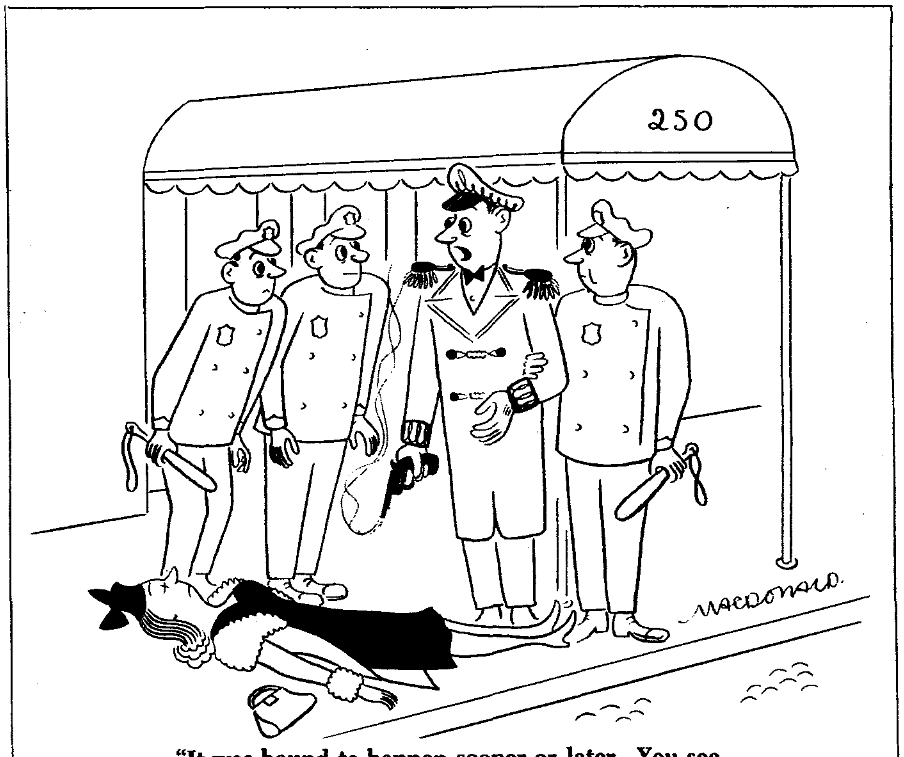
"Only this is different," Jess said. "The way I hear it, she was down South and met an airplane driver—a test pilot. Apparently test pilots are quite romantic."

"I hear they never have any trouble."

"Well, this one has. He was courting her in hamburger stands and taking her to dances at her phonograph. She's used to the best of everything and wants a man with money. The guy won't agree to going to work for her father and earning an honest living. He claims they can have more fun on what she's got. They've split up for a month until one or the other of them gives in."

"How would you handle a case like that?" Eric asked.

"I'd wait for a man who is rich," Jess



"It was bound to happen sooner or later. You see, I'm the doorman here, and my name is Richard"

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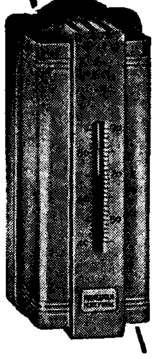

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said. "In fact, I'm waiting right now."

"You have brains as well as beauty, Carrottop," Eric said. "Listen, let's go in the dining room and stuff ourselves."

"I ought to go back and hang around the boss' daughter."

"Honey, I'm hungry. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

"All right, E. J.," Jess said. "So I lose my job."

Eric tipped the barkeep two silver dollars, and the headwaiter in the dining room five more.

"Tell the chef to throw away the blue plates," he said. "We want to eat the best."

The headwaiter conveyed them to a table on the edge of the dance floor, and seated Jess with a flourish. Eric looked at her, grinning wryly.

"Is this the right way to entertain dames," he said, "or am I another big butter-and-egg man?"

"Them that has it spends it," Jess said. "Generally on women."

THE headwaiter took their orders personally. As they began on the soup, the boss' daughter appeared. She was tall, with raven-black hair and a creamy skin and gray eyes; she was exquisitely tailored and discreetly hung with rare jewels. Eric got up, his face blank.

"I hope I'm not intruding, Miss Balfour," Frances said.

"Oh, no," Jess said, and flushed. "Miss Hopkins, may I present Mr. Long. I gave him a ride this afternoon, and—"

"How do you do, Mr. Long," Frances said.

"Call me Eric, puss," Eric said.

"Miss Hopkins is my boss' daughter, Mr. Long," Jess said, "I think I told you. She's from Burlingame, California."

"How are things in Burlingame?" Eric said.

"I haven't the slightest idea," Frances said. She glanced at Jess. "But I must be running along. I don't want to infringe upon Miss Balfour's off hours."

"Aw, eat with us, puss," Eric said. "You'll make our table seem glamorous."

A waiter brought another chair, and Frances sat with them grudgingly, her gray eyes cold. She was not much impressed by either the pheasant or Burgundy that Eric had ordered, having had better from her father's ranch in Nevada and cellar in Burlingame, in the order named. Jess became completely silent. It was an awkward occasion, but the host didn't seem to notice.

"I love that black suit you got on, Hopkins," he said. "You must have a swell shape to fill it out the way you do."

"Just a good tailor," Frances said.

"And that ice and gold you're wearing," Eric said. "What I could do in a hock shop with that."

"I'm afraid you'll never have the opportunity," Frances said.

She would have said more, but the orchestra began playing and drowned her out. Eric rose from his chair, grinning innocently.

"Will you pardon Carrottop and me while we dance?" he said.

Jess paused, looking troubled, smiled apologetically to Frances and moved into his arms. She was a wonderful dancer.

"You used to be a hoofer, didn't you?" Eric said.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Oh, the way you move around and talk. I've been in so many night clubs I can spot somebody from show business. How did you happen to become a secretary?"

"I wanted to improve myself. I went to secretarial school during the day in New York, and one of my teachers recommended me to Mr. Hopkins when he was back there on a trip."

"Do you have to sit on his lap?"

"No," Jess said.

"It's a good thing I'm not your boss," Eric said.

When they returned to the table, he asked Frances to dance. She declined, minus thanks. He tipped the waiter far too much and the three of them went out into the lobby.

"I have to risk a buck or two in the next room, Miss Hopkins," Eric said, "and I got a hunch Jessie is lucky for me. Do you mind?"

"Oh, I'm sure Miss Hopkins has something for me to do," Jess said quickly.

"Nothing whatever, Miss Balfour," Frances said. "You must try to enjoy yourself here, my dear." She turned to Eric. "Thank you so much for the charming dinner, Mr. Long."

"Don't give it a thought, puss," Eric said. "*I'll* have the kid take off her shoes before she comes tramping into your cottage in the middle of the night."

Jess followed him worriedly into the long room with its array of dice, blackjack and roulette tables. Picking a wheel that wasn't too busy, he bought a couple of stacks of chips.

"Do you believe in taking a chance, Red?" he said.

"I don't know," Jess said. "It's your dough, E. J."

His luck was lousy, then good, then lousy again. Presently his entire roll was in the game, except for two silver dollars he gave to Jess.

"Take these cartwheels," he said, "and hustle over to the bar. Inform the man behind it that Eric J. Long of Palmdale, California, would like a beer. Get yourself something."

She returned with the glass, and stood watching his dented profile. He kept his head lifted, absently chinking a few chips together in his hands, and scarcely ever looking at the little ivory ball. Finally, as he was on the point of going broke, the tide turned. He began hitting and kept on hitting. A large, irrational happiness possessed Jess. She was relieved, as his run petered out, to see him rise and quit.

"You did all right," she remarked, as he cashed in. He had won over two thousand dollars.

"You're lucky for me, all right," Eric said. "Stick with me for a few more nights. I need another few grand."

"Why?"

"I want to buy a ranch and become a sheepherder."

"Very funny," Jess said.

IT WAS very late, and they tramped along a winding, dusty road beneath soaring trees, with a white, waning moon in the sky and stars that seemed close enough to touch.

Frances had left the porch light on. Eric leaned against the railing. His grin was weary.

"What do you do for a living?" Jess asked.

"I'm a gambling man, honey child," Eric said. "You look gorgeous under a porch light."

"This—this girl you mentioned you're engaged to. Is that final?"

"I said I was practically engaged."

"But you've made up your mind," Jess said. "Haven't you?"

"Not exactly."

"She's rich, huh?"

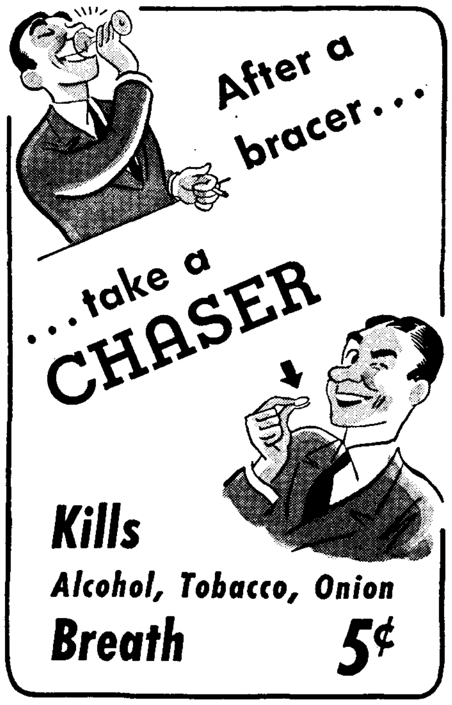
"She's loaded, Carrottop," Eric said. "I'm not exaggerating."

"In that case," Jess said glumly, "I bid you good night, E. J." . . .

After breakfast the next morning, Frances and Jess drifted into the lodge. They were both preoccupied, and the employer-employee relationship was not all the National Labor Relations Board could have desired. Both of them saw Eric at the same moment; they couldn't have missed him. He was wearing a yellow sport shirt, white flannels, a camel's-hair jacket, yellow socks and deerskin moccasins. His grin was encouraging.

"What a day for red hair!" he said. "Good morning, Jessie and Hopkins."

"Hello, E. J.," Jess said.



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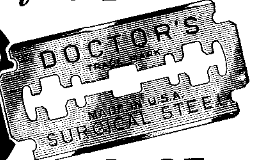

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"How wonderful!" Frances said.

"Isn't it?" Eric said. "Day by day I am adding to my fortune."

"Mr. Long has a rich girl he's going to marry, Miss Hopkins," Jess said.

"Really?" Frances said

"She's crazy about me," Eric said. "And maybe jealous—I don't know. Are you real busy today, puss?"

"Terribly, terribly busy, Casanova," Frances said.

"That leaves me and Jessie in the clear, then," Eric said. "My car has come back. Come on, Carrottop."

"Oh," Jess said, "I'm sure Miss Hop—"

"Miss Hop has no need of you whatever, Miss Bal," Frances said. "Please enjoy yourself while you can with Eric—Mr. Long, I mean. You'll have some memories when you return to your desk."

She strode off, and Jess looked sadly at Eric. He grinned guilelessly.

"Imagine being married to her," he said. "I'd probably love it."

His car was a beat-up, elderly drive-yourself coupé from Reno, but Eric confidently assured Jess it would take them around the lake. The air was tastier than the wine they'd had the previous night. Eric drove with one hand, in a negligent, offhand manner, at approximately as fast as the old coupé would go, but somehow Jess felt safe with him. He had a careless competence with anything going fast. She joined willingly in singing the Air Corps song with him and smoking his cigarettes. Occasionally she realized she was having the most fun she'd ever had, even if she perished in the ruins of the car.

"Were you in the war?" she asked.

"You might say I was, angel," Eric said. "It scared me."

"Do women always enjoy themselves with you?"

"Honestly, they can't believe it."

"This rich girl you're practically engaged to . . ."

"Yes?"

"Forget it," Jess said. "I've got to stop asking these questions. I'll go nuts."

By the time they returned, still in one piece, the sun was high and the air warm. Eric suggested a swim.

When they reached the beach, Frances was already there in a spectacular outfit of white sharkskin. She was with a burly young man named Peter, a football player from San Mateo whose parents were staying the summer in a house near the lodge. Peter was obviously overawed by the Hopkins name.

They all went for a swim in the startlingly cold lake, and then formed an uncomfortable group on the sand. Peter was too obsequious; Frances was crisply unpleasant; Jess' earlier exhilaration vanished at the sight of her employer; and Eric seemed to be longing for a beer. When Jess and Peter ducked into the lake again rather furtively, Eric lighted a cigarette. He had on sunglasses and shorts of a brilliant Hawaiian design, and he was all muscle and bone and assorted scars. The other bathers stared at him. He stared at Jess, who was in a brief bra and diaper panties.

"Pretty soon, Eric," Frances said, "I'm going to kill you. With my bare hands."

"Use gloves," Eric said. "Then you won't leave fingerprints."

"And the gag isn't working. I'm not jealous."

"Well, I am."

"Of Peter?"

"Yes."

Frances laughed.

"He'd better stay away from Carrottop," Eric said, "or I'll lose my temper."

"Listen," Frances said fiercely, "that's your speed—charming twenty-one-year-old stenographers!"

"Is that all she is?'

"I can see she's beginning to take you seriously, you louse."

"They're tender at that age," Eric said. "A real delicacy."

WHEN Jess came out of the water, he took her hand and they said goodby to Frances and Peter. Jess changed to her usual neat green wool dress and met Eric in the bar

"I wish I had more clothes with me, E. J.," Jess said, "but a secretary has to travel light."

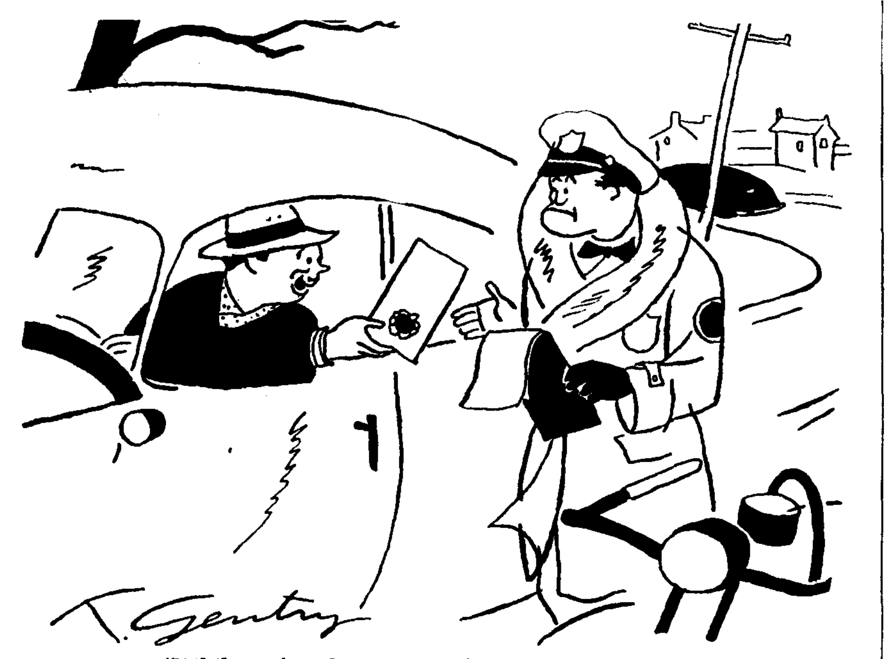
"I keep thinking of you in a bathing suit now, angel," Eric said. "It doesn't matter. Let's have lunch."

The headwaiter served them venison steaks himself, and requested them to keep their mouths shut about this scarce item. Feeling full and sleepy and satisfied, Jess suffered herself to be led to the old coupé. Eric tipped a boy who brought an iced bucket containing three or four bottles of beer

"We ought to give the lake a whirl," he said, "and the sight of all that water'll make us thirsty."

They drove to the dock and transferred to a large, smart speedboat. Eric handed the boatman a fistful of cart wheels and told him to go fast and far. And then, against her better judgment, Jess drank a bottle of beer with Eric Then she fell peacefully asleep, her head resting on his shoulder, and awoke back at the dock in gathering twilight.

"I have never enjoyed a glass of beer



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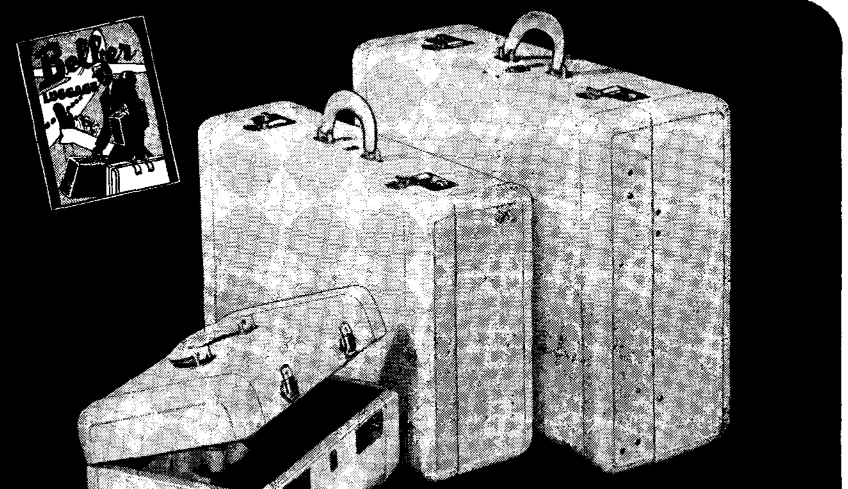

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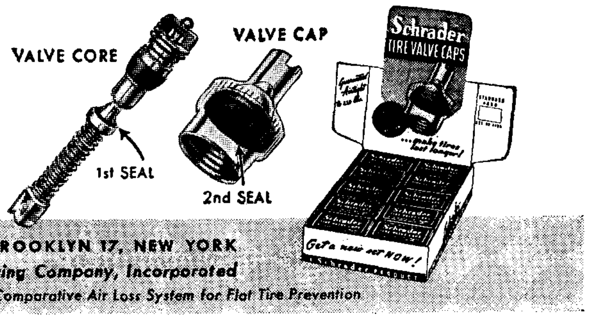

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under nicer circumstances," Eric stated. "They ought to put a steamer with a few roulette tables on the Nevada side of this lake, Jessie. I'd charter it for us someday."

Thin-lipped and curt, Frances disappeared early in the evening for dinner with Peter and his parents at their house. Jess ate with Eric, the biggest steaks the lodge could provide. And wine again.

"This is really living, Carrottop."

"It certainly is," Jess said. "Now you know how it'll be with that rich girl you're practically engaged to."

"Will it be like this?" Eric said.

She stayed late that night in the gambling room, nervously watching his varying fortune. At last the break came, and he won twenty-six hundred dollars before he quit.

"Haven't you got enough to become a sheepherder?" Jess asked.

"Yeah," Eric said. "I'm all set. The rest should be easy." Then he grinned at her queerly, and added, "I hope."

They walked to Jess' cottage under a paling sky. The porch light was on. Eric bent and kissed Jess on the lips, very lightly. His lips felt as if he were smiling, and she was shocked at how her breath caught.

As Jess moved blindly into the cottage, she saw Frances waiting up for her in the living room.

IN THE morning Frances left early for breakfast and a horseback ride with Peter. Jess joined Eric for a look at the lake prior to ham and eggs.

"Listen," he said, "I never saw a bluer redhead. Did the boss' daughter take you for another ride?"

"Sort of, E. J.," Jess said. "Sort of. And never mind."

He took her to Virginia City at high speed in the unsteady coupé. They visited the Piper Opera House and other relics of the fabulous Comstock Lode, and went down into a mine. Jess had a glass of beer with Eric in a bar full of crystal chandeliers. Then they drove to Reno.

Eric knew the town. They lunched in a dubious-looking Italian restaurant on delicious *gnocchi* and veal *scaloppini*, topped off with perfect zabaglione. Eric ordered a second bottle of Asti Spumante.

"Always drink the wine of the country, angel," he said.

He showed her the University of Nevada upon the hill and the gambling joints and a new hotel that was being built, and Jess bought supplies that Frances needed. Finally they stood by the river, across the bridge from the courthouse where so many romances had ended. Jess decided she was in an appropriate spot.

"Look, E. J.," she said, and gulped slightly. "The nicest days I ever spent have been with you. It's the nicest vacation I've ever had. And now as we leave beautiful Reno in the glow of . . ."

Eric grinned. "The man at the lodge is going to give us venison again tonight."

"No, he's not. Not us. Last night the boss' daughter told me the whole works. You've made your point with her, and now I can bow out. Thanks for everything, E. J."

"She did, huh?" Eric said, and his grin faded. "Bless her heart. Jessie, a very peculiar thing has happened—"

"To me," Jess said. "I know. And it doesn't look good the way I wear it. Let's go home."

Eric dressed with care for the cocktail hour in a blue suit, a dark blue shirt and a white silk tie. Jess had half promised she'd meet him in the bar, but he wasn't surprised to find only Frances there.

"You haven't got red hair," he said. "You're not Jessie."

"No, I'm your original girl friend," Frances said. "Remember? You win, Casanova, across the board. You had me worried silly, and the stenographer has gone to bed with a headache."

"I think I'll have a beer," Eric said.

Dining was done in considerable style, and they drank the wine of France. Concluding upon baked Alaska, they danced. Frances rested her cheek upon Eric's.

"You're really a very decorative man," she said, "and if I can refine your taste in clothes, food and secretaries, and stop you drinking beer and flying, I should be quite happy. Are you happy, Eric?"

"I should be," Eric said. "You're so rich and well dressed and gorgeous and smell so good. Sure, I feel great."

"Thanks. Will you go to work for my father?"

"Couldn't I just—"

"No. I have no intention of becoming a wealthy widow."

"Listen," Eric said, "having my arms around you is exciting me too much. Why don't we go in the other room and risk a buck?"

It was quite a short date. Frances bet two dollars to his every dollar, and she had the luck. In an hour he was through.

"I have to quit," he said, "while I've got enough to pay my bill here."

"Let me stake you," Frances said. "I'm ahead, and you might as well get used to it."

"No, no," Eric said. "You save that for your old age, puss."

They walked down the dusty road, under the luminous stars. Jess had left the porch light burning.

"I guess I was a little nasty to you tonight," Frances said. She laughed and took his hand. "You shouldn't have made me jealous of the little typist. But now you're broke and I think you realize the error of your ways. Are you ready to give in, Eric?"

"All ready," Eric said.

"Good," Frances said. She kissed him on the cheek. "I'll drive you back tomorrow and send Miss Balfour by train."

"Speaking of Carrottop," Eric said, "would you ask her to come out here and give me a kind word?"

"Definitely not," Frances said.

"Then I guess I'll have to come in."

THEY stared at each other. Frances gasped, turned on her heel and hurried inside. In a moment Jess came out, wearing baggy pajamas and a bathrobe. Her red hair was mussed and the cold cream had been hastily scrubbed off her face, but she was gorgeous under that porch light.

"Can I help you, E. J.?" she said.

"You probably could," Eric said, "if you're willing to gamble. I'm busted at present, and pretty soon I have to fly a kind of tin Roman candle that goes like sixty. When you get into the zone of compressibility, nobody knows what will happen. Once you are beyond that and knocking off eight hundred miles an hour everything's peachy. But . . ."

"I—I know."

"Well, I wouldn't go into all this because it scares me to death, but you should know what you're getting into. I'm sure it won't be a bit dangerous, only if I should happen to push the wrong button and set my pants on fire . . ."

"You won't."

"No," Eric said. His face was red. "Then when you slow down, you go back through compressibility. No one knows what happens to your pants at the speed of sound . . . I'm getting scared again."

"Do you have to do it, E. J.?"

"I love you," Eric said. "Yes, I guess so. Somebody has to take the chance. It might as well be me."

Jess didn't say anything.

"I'd like to get married," Eric said. "Even with no dough and the Roman candle and everything. But somebody has got to take a chance."

"It might as well be me," Jess said, and went into his arms.

THE END

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

a remarkable resemblance to his drawing of "Clem," who incidentally is known locally—here in Texas, that is—as "Smoe."
PATTI CRAIG, San Antonio, Tex.

P.S.—That's me!

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

DEAR EDITOR: What is this I read in Turn the Light on Communism (Feb. 8th) by ex-Senator La Follette that Joe Ryan's International Longshoremen's Association is one of the C.I.O. unions in the Communist orbit? And that: He is not left enough to suit many of his membership.

In the first place, Joe himself is a Red-chaser from way back; second, his union is strictly A.F. of L.; and third, whatever left sentiment you can find in the ILA—with a microscope—is there because Joe's so broad-minded. Somebody must have been daydreaming about Harry Bridges and his International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union.
FRED WOLTMAN, New York

. . . In his article, the ex-senator makes reference to a statement made by a representative of a C.I.O. union in the state (a statement which was based on erroneous information on the voting record of the then Senator La Follette as printed in the Chicago Sun) and adds that "The Wisconsin C.I.O. News, the official state organ which had splashed the original story on its pages, failed to devote a single line of type in retraction or correction."

The lines quoted immediately above are erroneous, as Mr. La Follette might easily have ascertained.

The Wisconsin C.I.O. News never carried a single line about the incident to which he refers, let alone "splashing the original story on its pages." Consequently it saw no need of carrying a "retraction or correction" on a story it had never printed.
ALFRED H. HIRSCH,
Wisconsin C.I.O. News,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sorry, the senator slipped on Ryan and also in stating that the Wisconsin C.I.O. News carried the misrepresentation of his voting record. The News did nothing of the sort.

SHIP NOW LEAVING FOR MARS

DEAR EDITOR: All this talk (Will Russia Rule the Air? by W. B. Courtney, Feb. 1st) of who will rule the air, rocket trips to the moon and poking holes in the atmosphere fills me with gloom. Can you tell me:

"When we take off on the rocket's flight
Will we be filled with fearsome fright?
Or will the aerial privateer
Sail bravely thru the stratosphere?
Will the man in the moon smile on us?
Or will he kick up an awful fuss
For fear that the milk will turn to whey
As we dash thru the Milky Way?"

MRS. ALLEN WESTFALL, Wolcott, N. Y.

MOBILE PHONE POLES

DEAR EDITOR: Red Heads, You Kill Me! (Feb. 8th) was interesting reading. However, it *is* definitely illegal for Stumpy to jump on Love's shoulders to score a basket. (Official Basketball Rules—Rule 10, Section 4:—Using unsportsmanlike tactics.) A technical foul could be called.
WILLIAM STILLMAN, Broadalbin, N. Y.

Reader Stillman may have struck on the solution to the 7-foot basketball player. Why not amend the rules so the Stumpies of the courts be allowed this tactic? Personally we have always thought telephone-pole-sized players and their advantages unsportsmanlike.

. . . You have a wonderful story and some lovely color pictures of a basketball game in which a team of redheaded girls participated but you do not make any mention of those ex-servicemen who were the opponents.

You don't even mention our favorite undertaker who acted as referee, and worst of all, you don't mention that this game was played in the high school gym. SHAME ON YOU.
CHAS. L. CLOPP, Beech Grove, Ind.

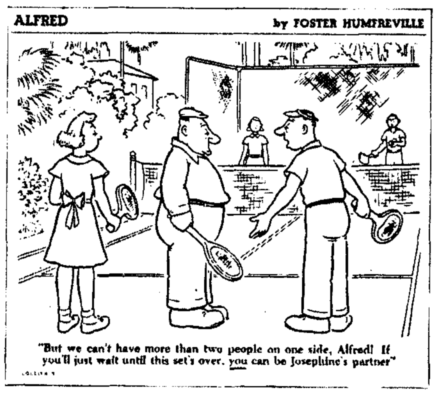
The Flame Tops dominated the story and the Hoosier Wowsers, of Indianapolis, who were pretty brave to tangle with the ferocious amazons. We don't know the name of your undertaker. Will gladly print it, @ our usual advertising rates.

PICTORIAL SNERD

DEAR SIRS: Your cartoon in the Feb. 22d issue finally confirms a strong suspicion: Mr. Humfreville's Alfred, far from being dumb, was one smart cookie.

Like many a William Bendix character, he is forever giving off the impression of being slightly untenanted in the upper story.

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"But we can't have more than two people on one side, Alfred! If you'll just wait until this set's over, *you* can be Josephine's partner"

This enabled him to avoid such embarrassments, while in the Navy, of many irksome details, such as deck and dish manicuring, extra watches, etc. Now in civilian life his action herewith pictured proves it further. Surely three on one side in tennis makes it less effort for each partner.
JOHN JACKSON SHUTTLEWORTH,
New York, N. Y.

You're absolutely wrong. Of course we all love Alfred but he is just plain stupid. He don't know no better.

SHEMALE STUFF

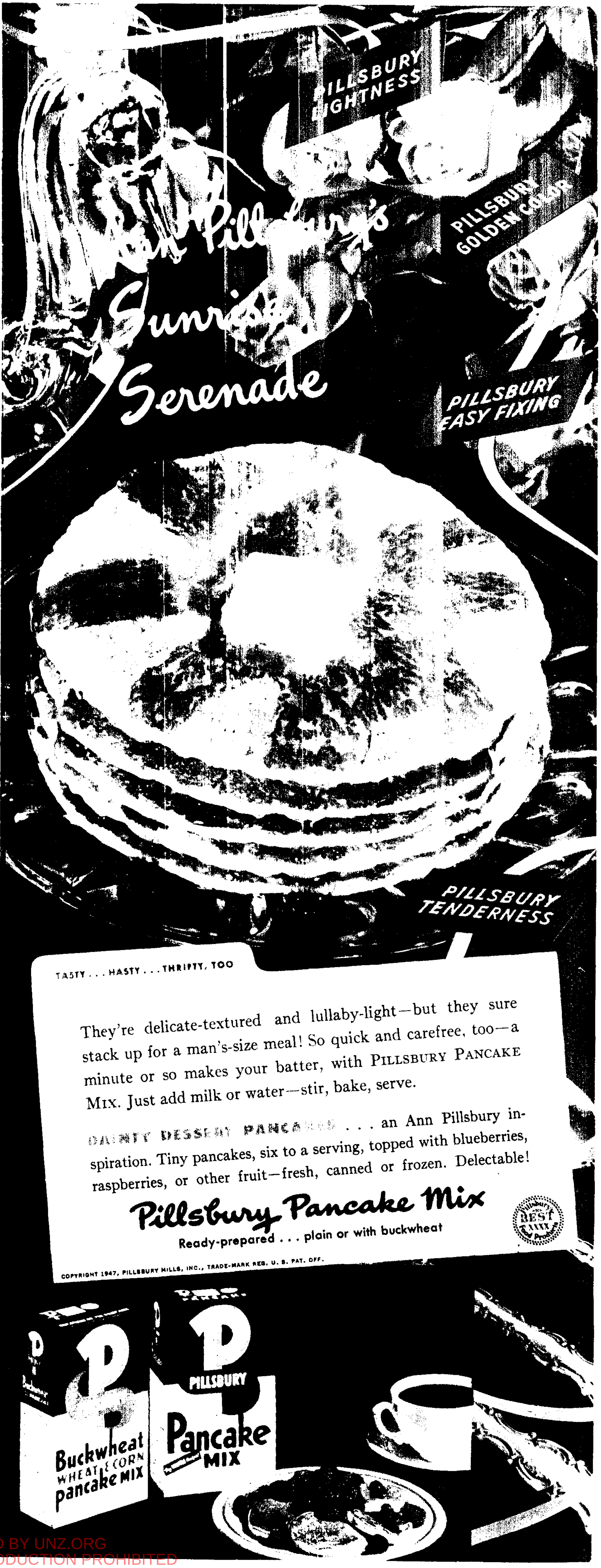
DEAR SIR: You do want males to read Collier's, don't you? Two thirds of the fiction in the Feb. 8th issue was by female writers. Now all you need is a few fashion illustrations to make it a completely female magazine.

Let male authors predominate so we know what we are reading. By that, I imply that very few authoresses make sense.
EDWARD FOLLMER, Little Falls, N. Y.

Collier's, as in all things, is middle of the road in the biological war.

SCHOOLTEACHERS

DEAR EDITOR: That Collier's has "gone to bat" for the American public schools is most encouraging to teachers.
MARY A. WHITMAN, Morgantown, W. Va.



TASTY . . . HASTY . . . THRIFTY, TOO

They're delicate-textured and lullaby-light—but they sure stack up for a man's-size meal! So quick and carefree, too—a minute or so makes your batter, with PILLSBURY PANCAKE MIX. Just add milk or water—stir, bake, serve.

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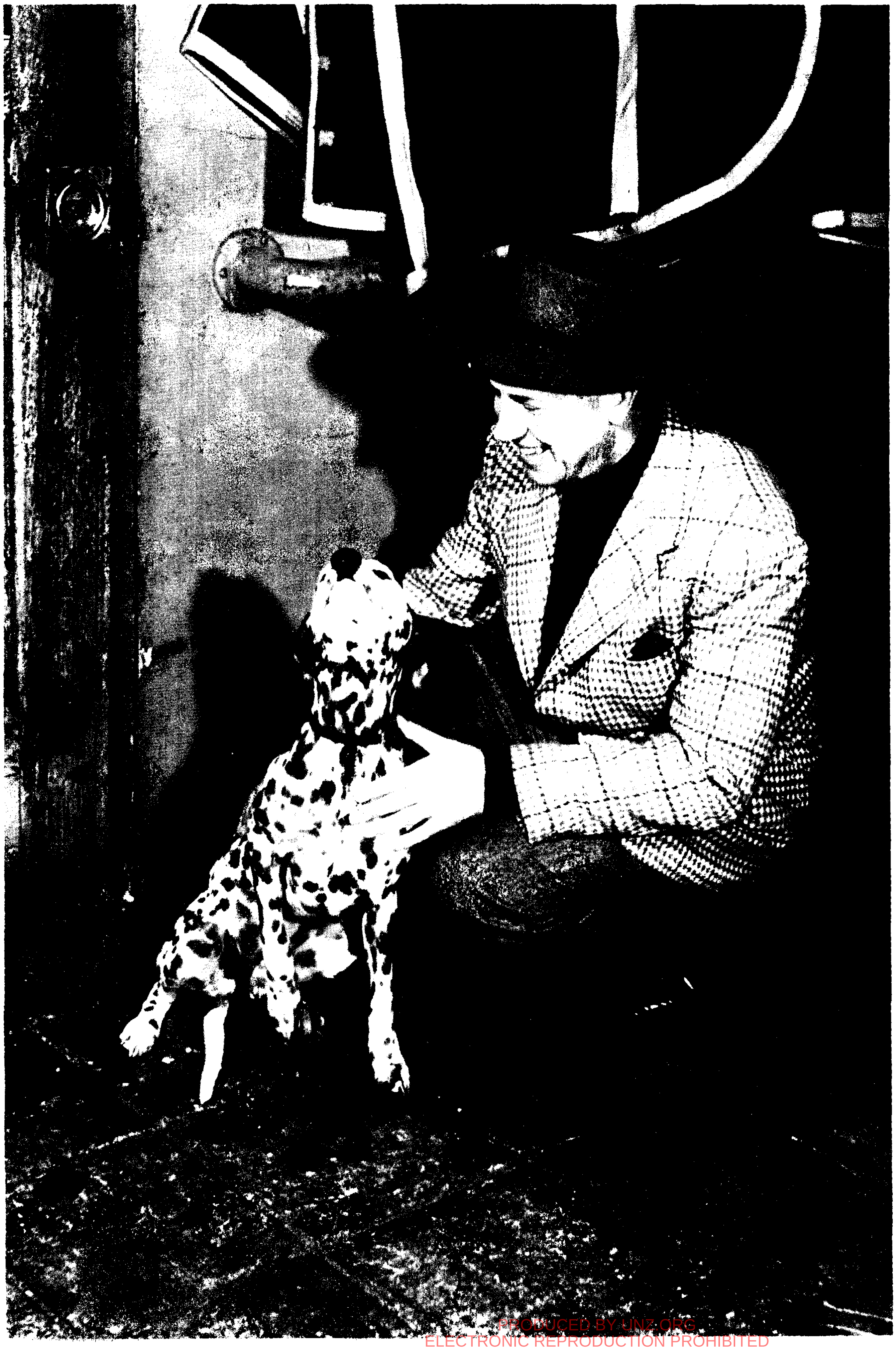
CLAD FOR COMFORT

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILFRIED ZOGBAUM

For a week end in the country, for spectator sportswear or for other informal occasions, a sport jacket and slacks are tops. Best of all, they're man's most comfortable outfit



The hacking coat, with its slanting flapped pockets and long center vent, adapted from a riding jacket, is the newest version of the sport jacket. Worn with a pair of gray flannels, a turtle-neck sweater, country hat and ankle-high shoes it makes an outfit as good-looking as it is comfortable for general wear in the countryside

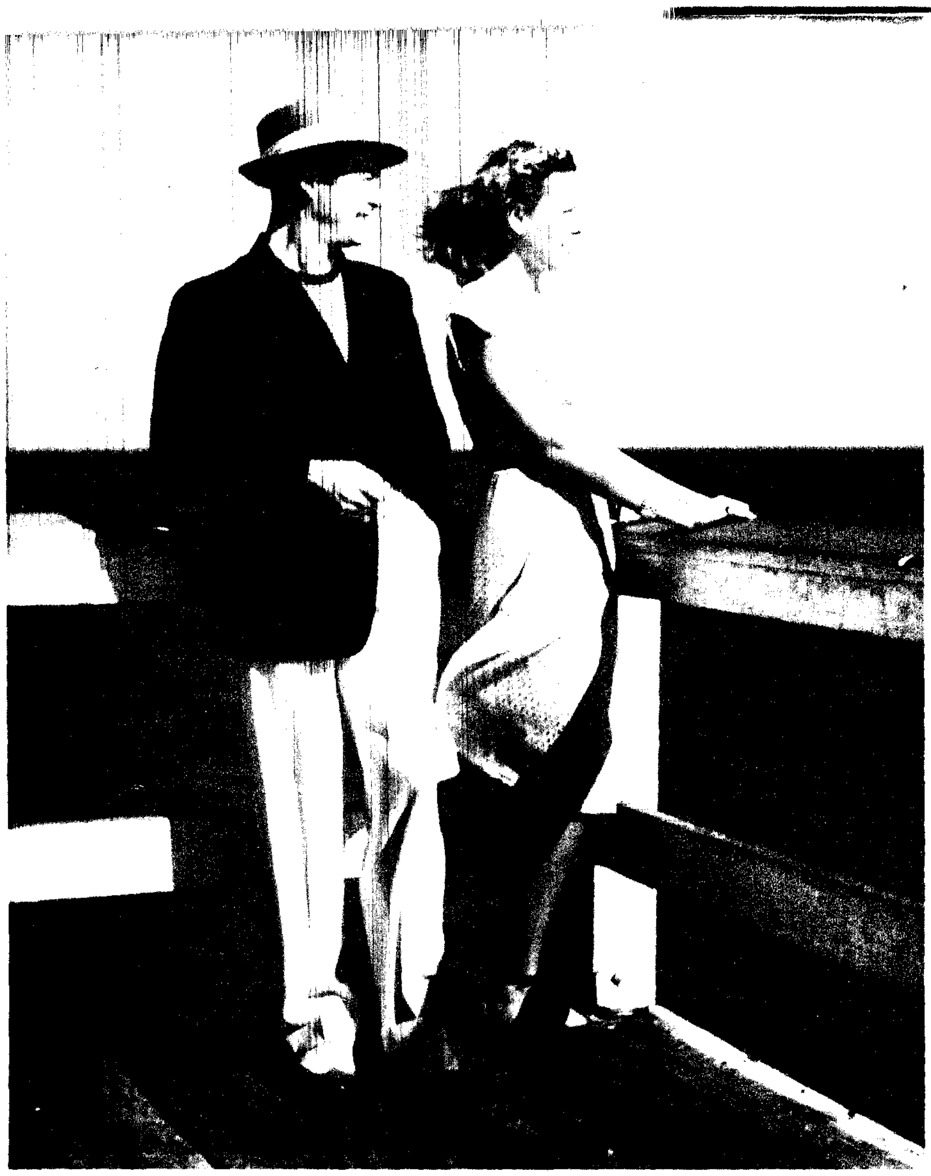
THIS all came about because a popular upperclassman at Cambridge University was both a careless smoker and a late sleeper. Having arisen late as usual for a class, he was hurriedly dressing when he noticed a large hole in his trousers where his smoldering pipe had burned through a pocket. Already late, the luckless student jumped into a pair of slacks and rushed to his class, attired in brown tweed jacket and gray flannel slacks.

From this incident has sprung an international vogue in men's clothing. Cambridge men liked the convenient, casual ensemble; they adopted it, and it soon spread to campuses around the world. Now it's regulation week-end dress at country clubs and sports events of all types. Seasoned travelers, too, prefer slacks and jackets to business suits, for dropped ashes, spilled liquids and food are far less noticeable on soft tweeds and Shetlands than on dressy blue or gray worsteds.

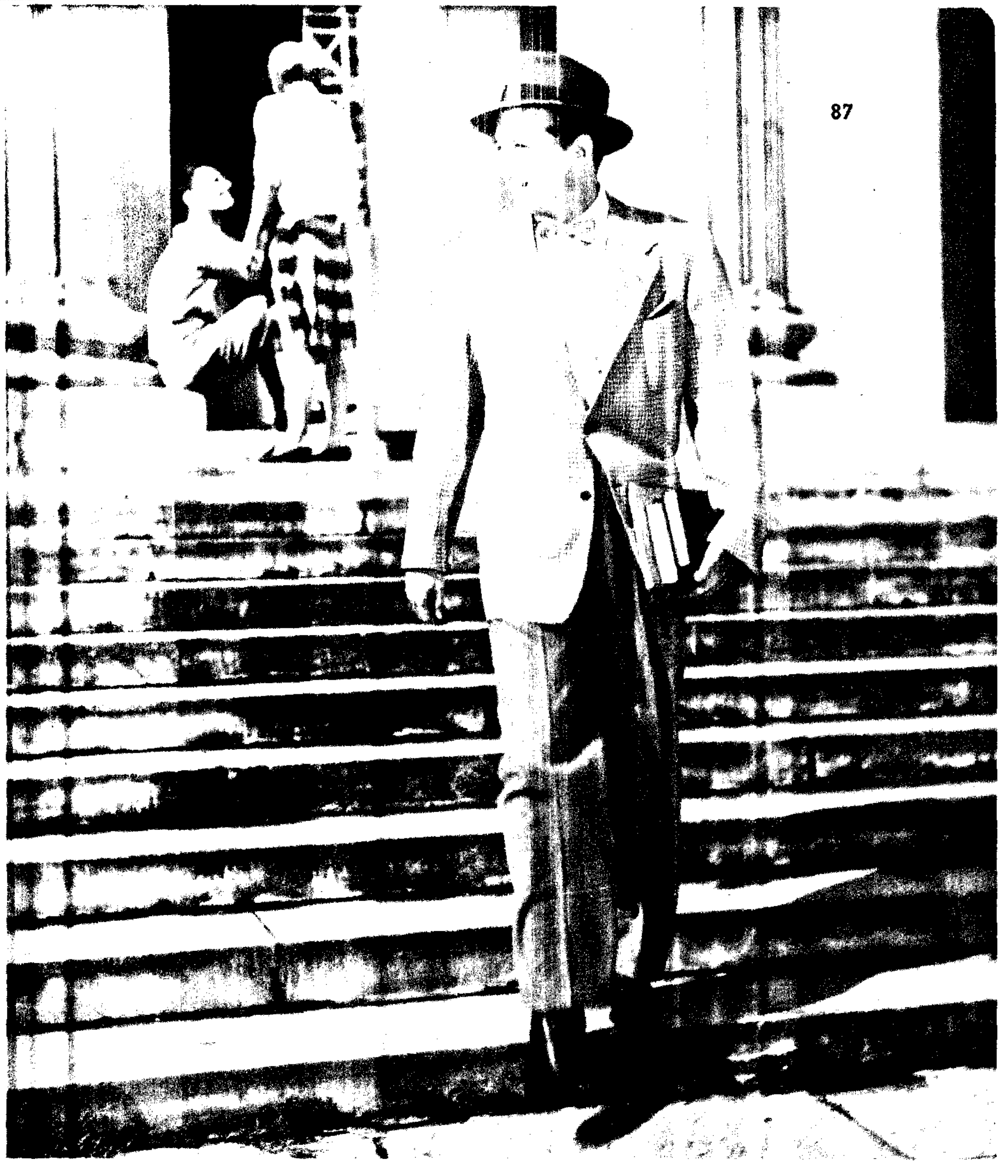
There are all sorts of sport jackets, for resort wear, for rugged country wear, some for winter, some for summer. The bold patterns, bright checks and tweeds of Harris, cheviot or Donegal make up many country jackets; the softer Shetlands and cashmeres are fine for spectator events. Pastel colors—soft yellows, blues, greens, and rust—are popular under a brilliant sun and appropriate at summer resorts.

Sport jackets are always single-breasted, except for the blazer which may be either single- or double-breasted. They may be two- or three-button, have either patch pockets or regular pockets with flaps, and either center or side vents. But no longer is the fancy-back jacket desirable.

Here are a few tips to guide you in getting your sports outfit together. If you have a tan or brown jacket, wear slacks of gray or contrasting shades of tan and brown. If your jacket is gray wear contrasting gray slacks. With green jacket wear slacks of gray, tan or contrasting green. With any of these combinations, choose a sport hat in rough-finish felt, informal shoes (buckskin or heavy leather brogues or combinations of suède and calf are good) and colorful wool hose. A woolen necktie, in stripes or plaid, colorful print or crochet knit, fits in well. The shirt, in plain color or simple stripe, should be of oxford or lightweight flannel. ★★★

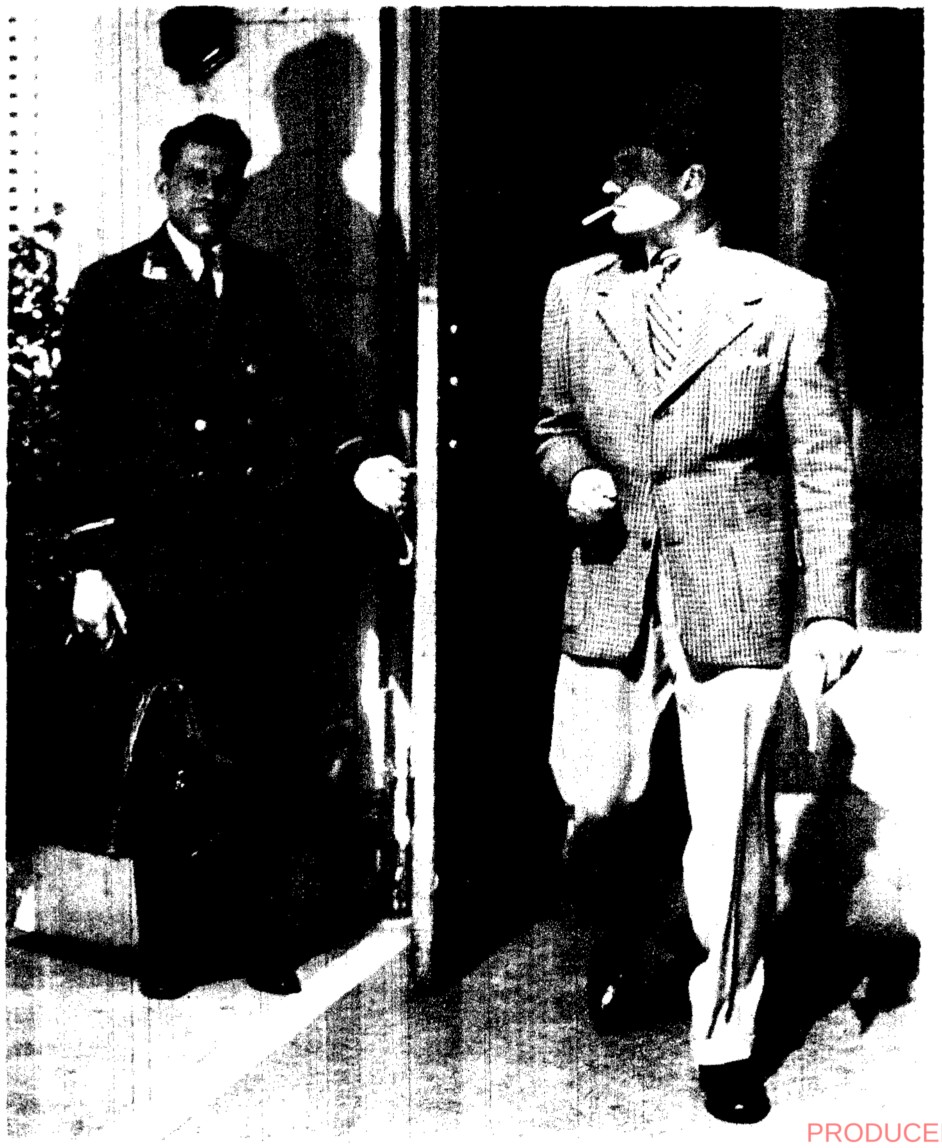


The gilt-buttoned blue flannel blazer is an ideal choice for resort wear, where it is worn informally with a striped Basque shirt, white gabardine slacks, sport shoes and a chocolate-color leghorn hat with white band. Substitute a regular shirt and tie for the knit shirt and you are appropriately turned out for shopping and lunching

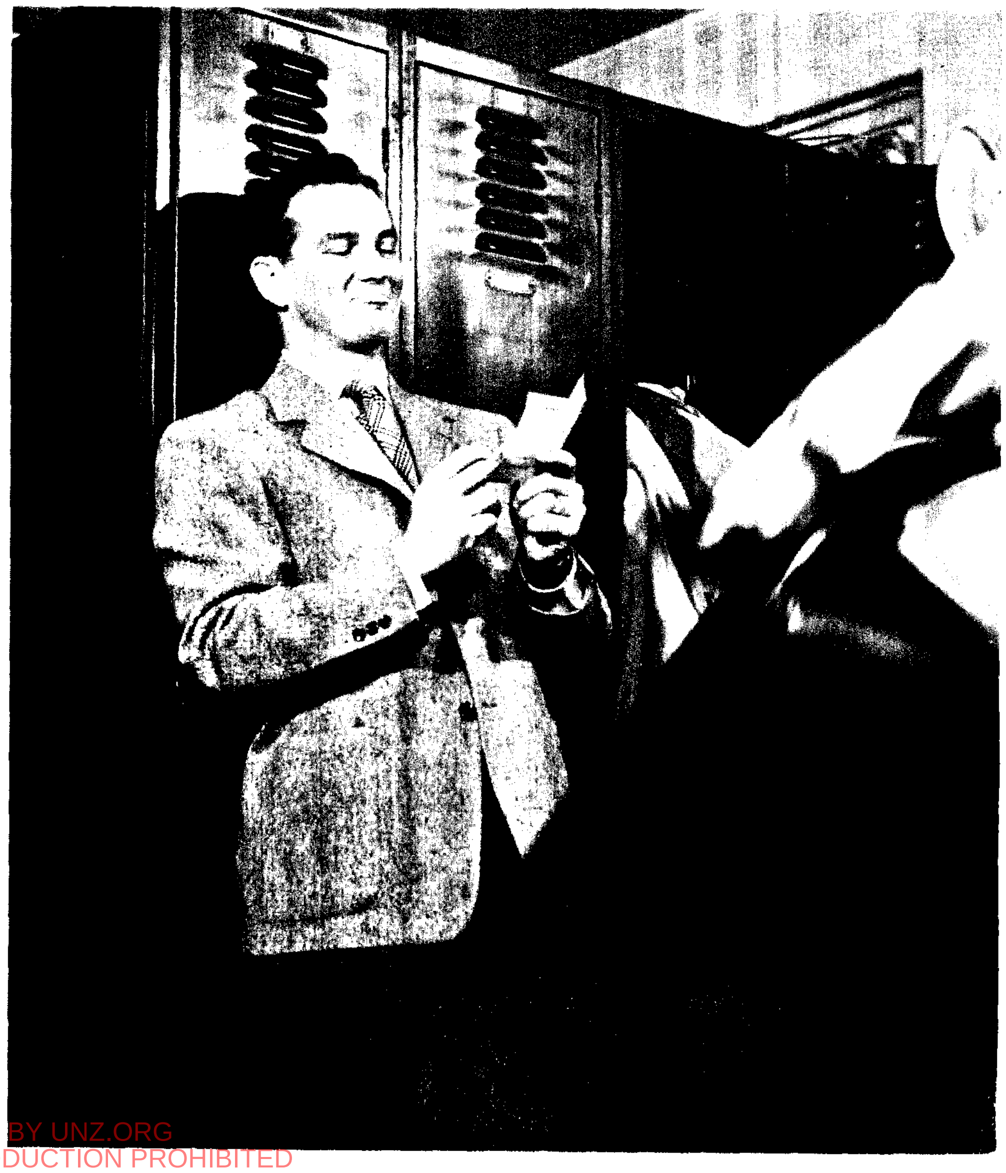


Most popular outfit of all for university wear is the tan and white hound's-tooth check sport jacket, straight-hanging, in single-breasted model. The boys like it with gray flannel slacks, a white shirt with button-down collar, colorful Argyle socks and moccasin slippers. Typical university hat has a contrasting welt edge

Experienced travelers are wearing sport jackets and slacks to and from their destinations. Advantage is that you save wear and tear on business clothes and are able to utilize the outfit for wear at resorts. A snapbrim hat, striped tie, brogue shoes and a collar-attached shirt make an easy-to-wear outfit for plane, boat or car



The country club crowd gives its unanimous approval to sport jacket and slacks. This one is in a pebbly-surfaced Donegal tweed, and here again gray flannels are a favored choice. The blue oxford shirt has a widespread collar and the wool tie is in a plaid pattern. Brown country brogues should be worn here



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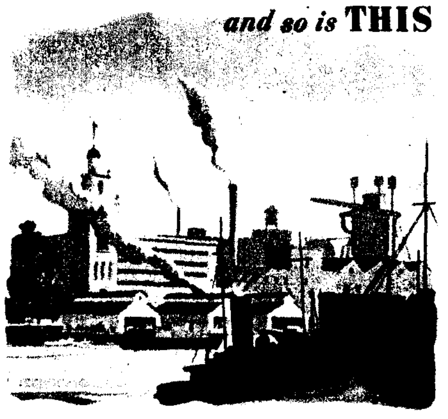

and so is THIS

And while you're down here, take time to consider how you and your business might profit from a Florida location where so many costs are lower. Florida is close to important domestic and foreign markets. Florida tax laws are friendly to business—big or small. Employees, too, are happier in The Sunshine State where living is so pleasant and healthful. These are just some of the reasons why you'll want to look twice at Florida — for a sunnier future!

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CROSSROAD IN PALESTINE

Continued from page 17

confidential communication on Palestine supplied by Division of Near Eastern Affairs for use of Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry." It dealt with seventeen items—dispatches, cables, correspondence, memoranda of conversations. This was a resumé of the State Department secret file on Palestine, the existence of which apparently not even President Truman had known.

According to this file, since September 15, 1938, each time a promise was made to American Jewry regarding Palestine, the State Department promptly sent messages to the Arab rulers discounting it and reassuring them, in effect, that regardless of what was said or promised publicly to the Jews, nothing would be done to change the situation in Palestine without consulting the Arabs. (When I charged last summer that the middle levels of the State Department had sabotaged President Truman's Palestine policy, Undersecretary of State Dean Acheson denied my charges. I challenged him then to make public the communications in this secret file. To this writing, Mr. Acheson has remained silent.)

It was a sorry and bitter record for an American to read. When I had finished I said, "I think I ought to book passage home as soon as we arrive in Southampton. I don't see that there is any purpose in going on with our work."

Sir John Singleton, the British cochairman of our Committee of Inquiry, said dryly, "It appears that Great Britain is not the only power who promises the same thing to two different groups."

My reading of the record recalled to me the promises which the Jews had been given throughout the years of the Roosevelt Administration. Two of them stood out: The first was the Democratic party plank adopted at the 1944 convention in Chicago, reading, "We favor the opening of Palestine to unrestricted Jewish immigration and colonization and such a policy as to result in the establishment there of a free and democratic Jewish commonwealth."

A Personal Pledge from F.D.R.

The other was President Roosevelt's letter in October, 1944, to Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, which was to be read before the convention of the Zionist Organization of America. In his letter the President not only reiterated the plank of his party, but also committed himself personally as follows: "Efforts will be made to find appropriate ways and means of effectuating this policy as soon as practicable. I know how long and ardently the Jewish people have worked and prayed for the establishment of Palestine as a free and democratic Jewish commonwealth. I am convinced that the American people give their support to this aim, and if re-elected I shall help to bring about its realization."

I remembered, too, President Roosevelt's statement, made after his Red Sea visit with Ibn-Saud, and less than a month before his death, in which he reaffirmed his pro-Zionist stand. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, the veteran Zionist leader, was authorized to quote him: "I made my position on Zionism clear in October. That position I have not changed and shall continue to seek to bring about its earliest realization."

But the State Department record presented a very different picture. Here, for example, was proof that when the Iraq prime minister questioned the authenticity of the statement quoted by Dr. Wise, he received a secret cable from the State Department assuring him that the statement "referred to possible action at some future date," and adding that when President Roosevelt wrote his letter to Senator Wagner he was "of course keeping in mind the assurances made to certain Near East governments regarding consultations with the Arabs."

The chronological story was as follows: On May 26, 1943, a highly confidential note to King Ibn-Saud from us asserted that no decision affecting the basic situation in Palestine would be reached "without full consultation with both Arabs and Jews." On October 26, 1943, in a secret cable to the acting foreign minister of Saudi Arabia, the U.S. took the position that "we sympathize with the aspirations of the people of the Near East to attain full independence and strengthen the ties between them."

While this message may have been designed to offset the pro-Axis broadcasts then being made from Berlin by the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem,* it certainly encouraged the Arabs at this critical moment to believe the United States might repudiate the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate for Palestine.

Secret Messages to the Arabs

From time to time, as American Jewry obtained Congressional support, our State Department—on February 24, 1944, again on March 4, 1944, and on March 28, 1944—reassured Cairo, Yemen, Bagdad, Beyrouth, Damascus and Jidda by secret diplomatic cablegram that President Roosevelt's views remain unchanged and there would be no decision without consultation with the Arabs.

Then came Dr. Wise's statement of the President's position. This was followed not only by the reassuring message cited above to the Iraq prime minister, but by similar messages to King Ibn-Saud of Saudi Arabia, the regent of Iraq, the prime minister of Lebanon, the emir of Trans-Jordan, and the prime minister of Egypt. The only part of this correspondence made public so far is the now-famous exchange between Ibn-Saud and President Roosevelt in March and April of 1945.

Similar messages were sent by the State Department under President Truman's Administration. On August 16, 1945, President Truman revealed that he had discussed Palestine with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee at Potsdam, and that they wanted to allow as many Jews into Palestine as possible. But shortly after, on October 23d, in a confidential cable to Bagdad, Cairo, Damascus, Beyrouth and Jidda, the State Department explained this away by asserting that President Truman and the prime ministers "engaged in exploratory correspondence on this subject and naturally mentioned Palestine as one of the havens for homeless Jews, but there has been no change in this government's previously announced attitude on Palestine." On November 15, 1945, another similar reassurance was given to the Arab world.

No doubt those who drafted these dispatches to the Arabs believed themselves astute. I can think of no more perfect illustration of the danger of power politics and secret diplomacy than this "secret file." It exists in our State Department. Its counterpart undoubtedly exists in the British Foreign Office. Many are apt to say that open covenants openly arrived at are not practical. But the results of British and Amer-

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**The Mufti reached the high point of his exhortations to the Arabs on March 4, 1944, when the United States Monitoring Service heard him broadcast to the world: "Arabs! Rise as one and fight for your sacred rights. Kill the Jews wherever you find them. This pleases God, history, and religion. This saves your honor. God is with you."*

ican policy in the Middle East, based upon this cynical belief that one can be all things to all people, has only been to alienate both Jews and Arabs and to bring about among the small peoples of the world a profound disillusionment with the great democratic powers.

The attitude of some of the British members of the Committee of Inquiry to these disclosures was painful to me. Sir Frederick Leggett, a noted Labor conciliator and a friend of Ernest Bevin, was almost amused. Richard Crossman, the brilliant Labor Member of Parliament, said he could not understand the stupidity that would permit us to do a thing like that, "but I must say it pleases me to find the British and the Americans are in the same boat."

Sir John Singleton, our British co-chairman, consoled me. In his stateroom he explained matters. "Really, the Jews are not the most important factor at all," he said. "The important thing is Anglo-American co-operation. Since these promises of yours have put both nations in the dock together, it only serves to bring us closer in the world ahead."

As for the reaction of the Americans on the Committee, I think I was more deeply depressed than any of them. Dr. James G. McDonald, Honorary Chairman of the Foreign Policy Association of New York, was a veteran in the diplomatic business, as was Ambassador William C. Phillips. I am afraid neither of them was very surprised. Judge Joseph C. Hutcheson, Jr., of the Fifth Circuit Court, Houston, Texas, who was the American co-chairman of the Committee, was most displeased, but felt that as agents of President Truman we should not consider ourselves bound by the State Department records. Frank W. Buxton, then editor of the Boston Herald, a Republican and former Willkie man, put the best possible face on it. He said, "In spite of all the correspondence, we'll call the shots as we see them."

I sought to get a clarification of the British point of view on Palestine from Harold Beeley, a member of the British Foreign Office who had been assigned to the Committee as a Near East expert. One evening in the ship's lounge he explained his views to Buxton and me. The Palestine issue, Beeley said, must be seen in the framework of strong Soviet expansionism. The Russians planned to move down into the Middle East. The United States, therefore, would do well to join Britain in establishing a *cordon sanitaire* of Arab states. If Palestine were declared an Arab state, it would be a strong link in this chain.

Beeley was frankly pro-Arab. He had tremendous influence with the British committee members. The impression I had been given was that our experts were to be neutral on the Palestine question. We were a committee of inquiry, charged to find the facts; surely we should be able to turn to our experts for advice. Yet, if the British brought a pro-Arab adviser, we were not guiltless either.

Among the letters I carried aboard the Queen Elizabeth was one from a Washington newspaperman. He had enclosed a newspaper clipping reporting a speech in which one of our American experts, an authority on Semitic languages, had ascribed Palestine's troubles to the "misguided efforts of the Zionist movement to secure political control of the country for the Jews." The note that accompanied the clipping concluded, "You wouldn't say the cards are being stacked, would you?"

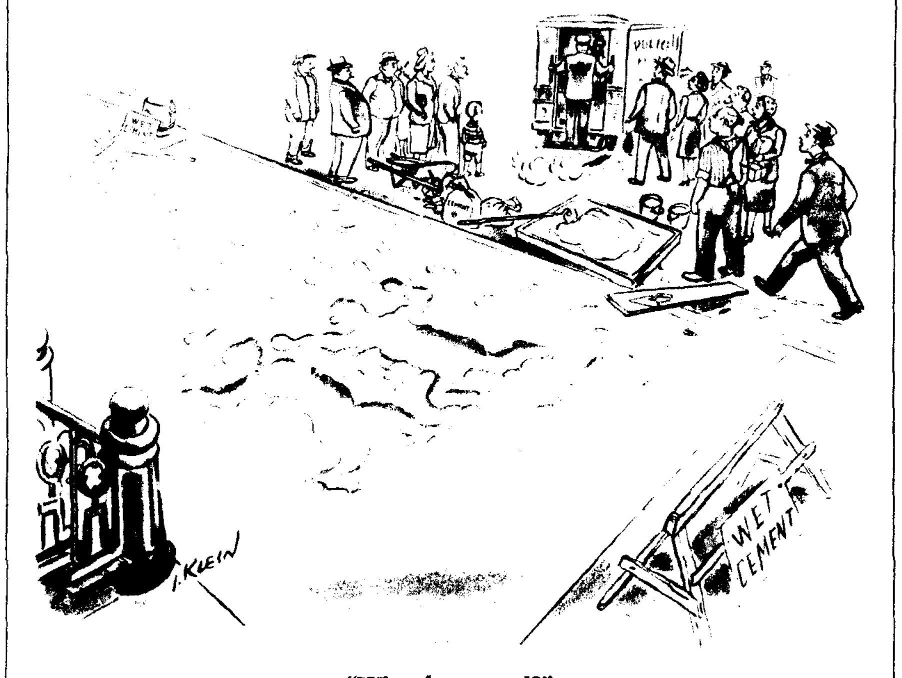
Surveillance on Shipboard

Once in London, I felt for the first time the strange sensation of being watched. I do not say that I was being trailed day and night. But aboard the Queen Elizabeth I had been told that it was not wise to send confidential messages over the ship's radio to Washington. Beeley was in charge of our arrangements in London and when we arrived I discovered that I was to share a room in the Hyde Park Hotel with one of my British colleagues. It seemed reasonable to suppose that members of governmental committees might have rooms of their own. I was keeping a diary, making and receiving many personal telephone calls, and I preferred privacy. I broached the subject a number of times, and on the third day I was given a room of my own.

Nonetheless a British member of the Committee cautioned me to be careful to whom I spoke and particularly to choose my words when I was on the telephone. I took this as a pleasant way of letting me know that my conversations were being tapped, that we were under some form of surveillance. I was to be aware of this curious sense of espionage throughout the course of our investigation in Europe, Egypt, and Palestine, where finally whoever was opening my letters did not trouble to reseal them.

One afternoon I returned to the London offices of the Committee to find George Wadsworth, our minister to Lebanon, closeted with one of the American members. I was interested to know what an American diplomat, stationed at Beyrouth, was doing in London. He had come to us, it developed, as an emis-

(Continued on page 90)



COLLIER'S "What happened?" I. KLEIN

you're a swell egg!

This Easter, you'll sparkle with good taste all over! Van Heusen shirts and ties put pride in your stride – with styles and colors that are fresh, gay, man-of-the-world in flavor. And distinctive, imported Wolsey socks, a Van Heusen exclusive, add spring to your step with carefree comfort and classic styling. Van Heusen quality always stays its Easter Sunday best . . . Keep parading back to your dealer, and we'll try to keep him well-stocked . . .

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YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Your Windows Glow

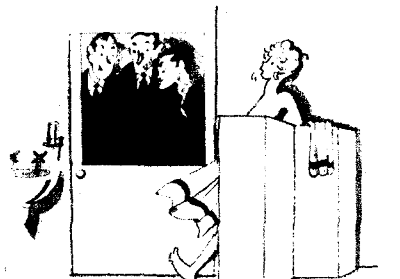
Now you can go through the ordeal of washing windows, satisfied that they will stay clean longer and take much less time to do. A new preparation that comes in a bottle is wiped on windows, mirrors or glass table tops, then rubbed off a moment later. Ultrafine abrasive in the mixture scours off all dirt; another chemical in it leaves a satiny, invisible coating of wax on the glass, which gives it luster and actually improves visibility. The film is so smooth that it sheds rain water and prevents new dust from sticking.

Twisting Flashlight

Like the comic-strip gun with the folding barrel, there is a new flashlight that bends around corners to light places that can't be reached by ordinary lights. Using a bulb and reflector like the usual flashlight, this gadget has a long flexible neck that can be bent to any angle and shoved into cracks and holes. It will coil up to fit into a car's glove compartment, a toolbox or purse. It is completely waterproof and uses a couple of small standard-size batteries.

More Miles Per Gallon

The latest scientific improvement for saving gasoline is a new engine-cooling fan with adjustable blades automatically controlled by a thermostat. Ordinary fans have fixed blades and are designed to cool the radiator on the hottest day. On cooler days they draw in too much air and waste considerable power. With the new self-adjusting blades the fan provides no more air than needed according to weather conditions and saves as much as 10 to 15 per cent of engine power on cooler days. This means several extra miles per gallon.



A Mirror for Your Door

That little window in the speak-easy door is back again, this time as an aid to housewives who want to see who's ringing the doorbell without being seen themselves. This is the "transparent" mirror, coated with an atom-thin layer of metal that passes bright light through but reflects weak light back. Invented by Dr. John Strong of Johns Hopkins, who developed machines for coating giant telescope mirrors, the mirror-window is good for kitchen-dining-room doors, shower-bath enclosures (to see out, not in) and for a host of ornamental home uses.

Radio Fix-It Machine

French engineers have come up with a device called a "cinematic analyzer" that spots any kind of trouble in a radio receiver and indicates how to fix it. The analyzer is a radio set itself, with the addition of an oscilloscope that shows visually where the trouble is. Too technical for home use, it will be a boon to thousands of radio repairmen, who sometimes have a tedious job finding the trouble with an ailing receiver. It will show up open circuits, loose connections, weak or burnt-out tubes, defective condensers—in fact, will analyze the performance of every element of the set in a few minutes, and much more accurately than present methods can do it.

Rickety Chairs Will Rick No More

That wobbly chair you keep behind the door for fear the heavy guest will collapse in it can be brought out now and mended for good. A new kind of glue has arrived that not only sticks but *swells* loose chairs tight and keeps them that way. Pull the chair apart, swab this glue on the dowels, let it soak in, then knock them together again. An hour later you have a new piece of furniture that will withstand the driest steam heat. The glue works, too, for rattling mop handles and the ax and hammer handles that no amount of wedges seem to fix.

Two-Wheeled Featherweight

For a really zippy ride, get a magnesium bicycle. The machine has a tubular magnesium frame and aluminum disk wheels and weighs only 16 pounds complete. The ordinary bike weighs from 30 to 50 pounds. Heaviest unit on the new bicycle are the tires, which are standard. But the machine is just as strong and rugged as the best steel construction and is said to ride like a cloud.

Now . . .

Engineers are building an electric transmission line for 500,000 volts across Ohio—nearly double the voltage on the world's record Boulder Dam lines. The purpose is more and more economical electric power for homes and factories.

You can wash delicate nylon, silk and rayon garments with a little cupped rubber plunger in the bathroom basin. The sucking action does the cleaning without the scrubbing that wears out thin fabrics.

There's an automatic safety clutch for protecting rotating machinery from sudden changes in speed. It can make gear-shifting in cars entirely automatic, will prevent motorboat shafts snapping off when the propeller hits a snag; will also protect countless motor-driven tools and machines.

You can get a chemical that will clean off shovels, hoes and other tools that have been encrusted with dried cement. It is a simple liquid that harms neither metal nor wood. ★★★

CROSSROAD IN PALESTINE

Continued from page 89

sary of the Arabs. The Arabs wished to testify before us—but in private.

I was against this as were most of the Committee. All witnesses had given evidence publicly so that the opposition had been able to hear what was said and had had an opportunity to refute it. Wadsworth must have gained a rather lively impression of our reaction to his suggestion, for the following day word was received from the Royal Egyptian Embassy that five Arab spokesmen wished to appear before us—publicly.

In London I was most eager to see how the British Labor party would meet the issue of its pledges on behalf of Jewish development of Palestine. In December, 1944, the Labor party had adopted a Palestine plank reading, in part, "There is surely neither hope nor meaning in a Jewish National Home unless we are prepared to let the Jews, if they wish, enter this tiny land in such numbers as to become a majority. There was a strong case for this before the war, and there is an irresistible case for it now, after the unspeakable atrocities of the cold-blooded, calculated German-Nazi plan to kill all the Jews of Europe." How would Labor M.P.s react to this pledge now? Part of the answer came in the testimony of Thomas Reid, Laborite Member of Parliament.

Hasty Labor Party Resolutions

Reid was forthright: His party's pledges on Palestine had been "hurried through" the Labor party conferences. There was practically no discussion of them. He added, smiling, "I think the average party member had about as much knowledge of the Palestine problem as I have of the moon. These resolutions were put forward and accepted because nobody objected, as far as I can remember."

One of the British members of the Committee, Wilfred Crick, adviser to the Midland Bank, leaned forward. Precise and formal, he asked: "Would you care, for the benefit of our American colleagues, in particular, to give us your view as to the weight which is to be attached to these declarations? There might be some presumption that a declaration passed by the party conference could be expected to hold out a flag as to the direction in which the government might move when it assumed office. Have you any comment to make for our American friends on that prospect?

"Would you agree," Crick continued, "that it is not entirely without precedent that political parties, when they are faced with the responsibility of government, do sometimes qualify the policies they have expressed?"

"I am afraid it is worse than that," said Reid promptly. "Sometimes political parties make promises which they do not at all carry out. I do not think the Committee need pay an enormous amount of attention to vague resolutions passed at Labor party conferences."

Dr. James McDonald spoke up sharply:

"I'm a good deal troubled by these answers, Mr. Reid. Being a naïve American, I had thought much about the pronouncements of the Labor party. I had supposed that while they might not indicate a binding obligation, they definitely indicated a party line. I suppose that is not the line which you have suggested. Is that correct, Mr. Reid?"

Reid rubbed his nose. "You must not ask me, sir," he said.

I was studying the memorandum Reid had presented to the Committee. One paragraph seemed to call for explanation. I read it to him:

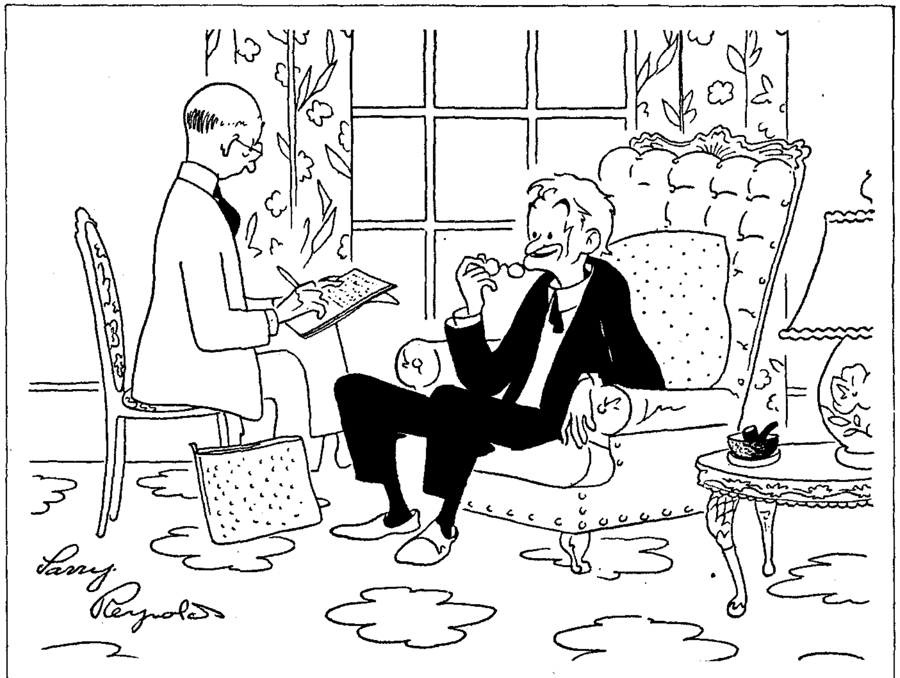
"On pages 8 and 9 you state: 'The Arab states occupied some of the most important strategic positions in the world at least before the atomic bomb upset former world strategy. It behooves the practical man either to get their friendship, sealed in treaties, or to exterminate the lot, not a very paying proposition. Then Saudi Arabia has a lot of oil which the world needs. The practical man will conclude that the great warrior king, Ibn-Saud, is worth cultivating.'

"Would you mind explaining that a little further?" I asked.

There were some chuckles from the gallery, and Reid reddened. "I am glad you gave me a chance of pointing out that I totally disapprove of the views of the narrow practical man, as stated here," he asserted. "I want to make it quite clear. I quoted the narrow practical man because I disagree with him."

"You don't think our decision should be made on the basis of oil and of friendship with Ibn-Saud?" I asked.

"As I have stated in the memorandum," he said, "this Committee should not bother their heads about the oil or



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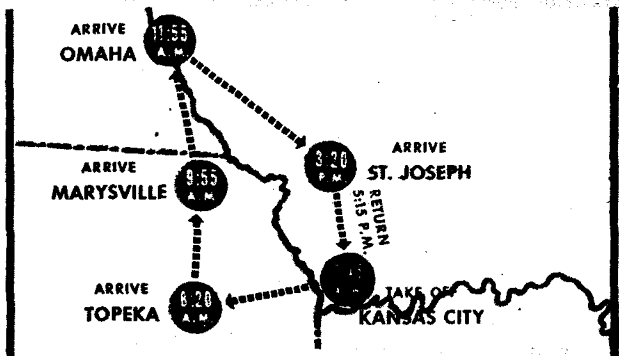

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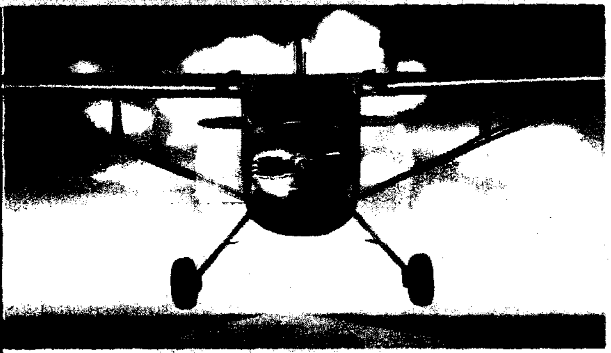

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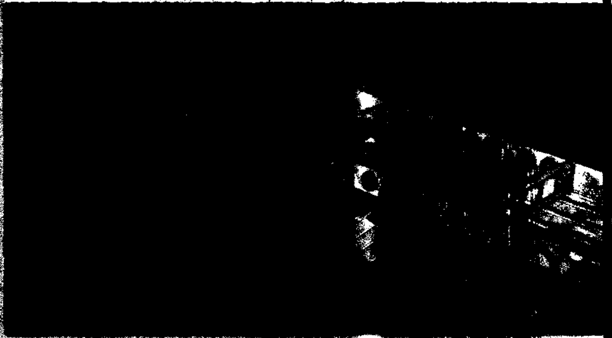

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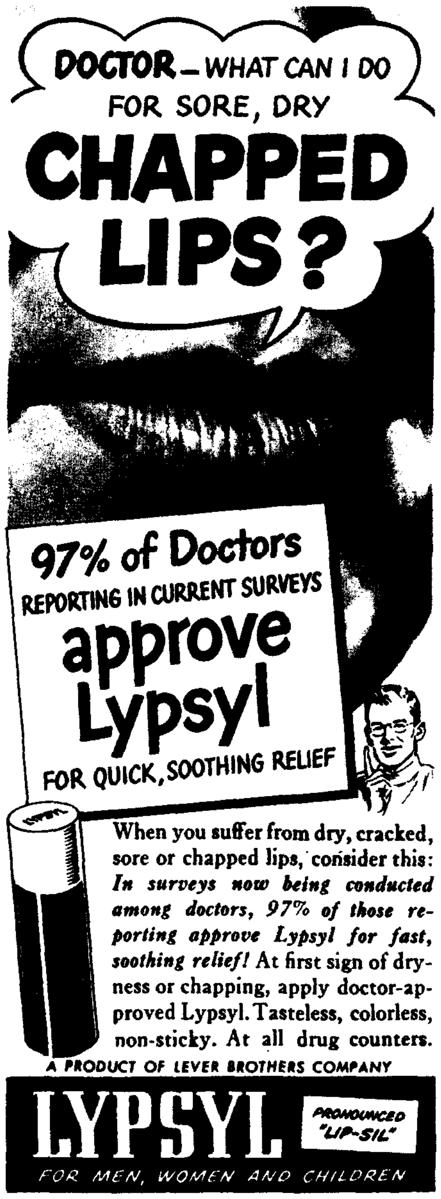
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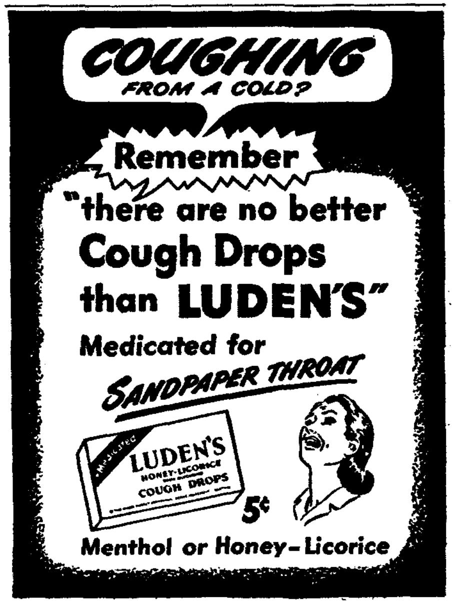
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the greatness of the position of Ibn-Saud, but simply on the question of justice and legality."

I had no further questions to ask of Reid, but I could have wished that someone else had appeared as their spokesman. As I left this session of the hearings I came upon Harold Laski, the theoretician of British Socialism. I checked with him on Reid's statement that the Palestine pledges were vague and hurried.

Laski denied this emphatically. "Far from hurried," he said. "The Palestine plank was carefully studied for several years, I can tell you, and it represented the mature opinion of Labor party members. I regard it as absolutely binding on the party."

I myself had the opportunity to see a promise made and broken in the course of the next few weeks. While in London, Foreign Minister Bevin tendered our Committee a luncheon. He spoke frankly to us. The British government would take our counsel. "We will accept your recommendations," he declared.

I have since charged publicly that Mr. Bevin made this promise and the only reply to date is that the British Foreign Office "has no record" of it.

Bevin and Attlee Criticized

I may say that I never dreamed that when we finally produced our report urging that 100,000 Jewish displaced persons from Europe be permitted to enter Palestine immediately, our entire report would be discarded by Mr. Bevin and Mr. Attlee. Here, after all, were the unanimous recommendations of a joint commission of investigation representing two great nations and set up at the invitation of the British government.

Yet, I suppose I should have suspected that there was more truth than fiction in Beeley's casual observation toward the end of our stay in Lausanne, Switzerland, where we wrote our report. He made it with a twinkle in his eye—an offhand remark—"Well, after all, we certainly won't implement any such program as this."

And I remember Sir John Singleton's repeated warning with a hesitant cough and clearing of throat, "You know, Crum, these are only recommendations."

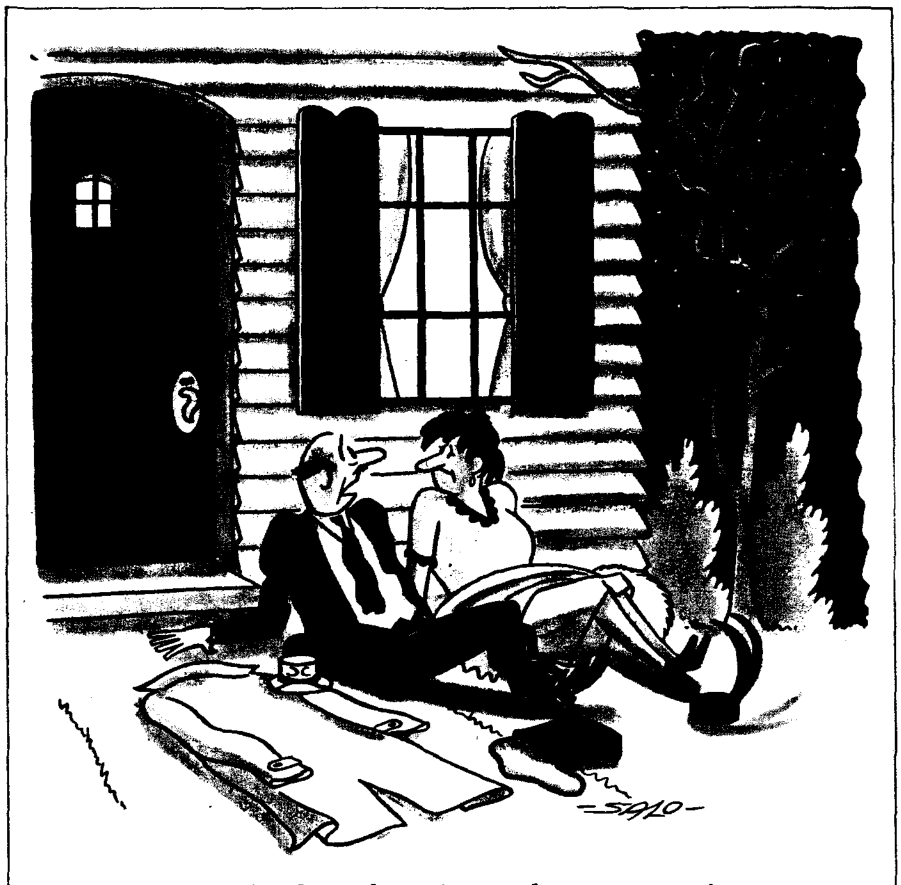
Yes, they were only recommendations, but they were made in good faith and in the belief that governments base their acts on decency and morality. Our Committee had gone through the crowded displaced persons' camps in Germany, Austria and Italy. We had seen the unspeakable conditions in Poland. We had heard the testimony of competent Jewish, Christian and Arab witnesses. We had studied Arab-Jewish relationships on the spot in Palestine, and had realized that the political conflicts on high levels did not affect the relations between the men on the street.

We had conferred with British military authorities in Cairo and Jerusalem, and we had been assured that it was feasible to allow 100,000 Jewish refugees into Palestine, that the repercussions likely on the part of the Arab world were highly exaggerated and no great trouble was anticipated; and it was our unanimous opinion that it would be consonant both with human decency and the best interests of the peoples of all the Middle East to make this recommendation. Our report was filed with President Truman, who endorsed it. He said there was no reason for the British to delay further the issuance of these 100,000 certificates.

Every newspaper reader knows the bitterness and disorder that have followed. Unrest in Palestine is part of the troubled pattern of the entire Middle East, and it is to our own interest as a nation to work out democratic policy which will keep that area from being a springboard to new wars.

I am convinced that the free development of the Jewish community of Palestine is the key to the democratization of the Middle East. We must support that program whose wider implications were first seen by the great statesmen who framed the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate for Palestine. If Britain now does not have the vision, the strength, to take the path to tomorrow rather than that to yesterday, we must point the way for her. She needs our help. Her burdens are many. For our own protection and hers, we must contribute our thought and our energy to that end.

THE END



"You've got to hand it to them, the way they went at getting us to leave. First, running out of liquor, then getting the kid to play his violin, then bringing out the home movies—and finally . . ."

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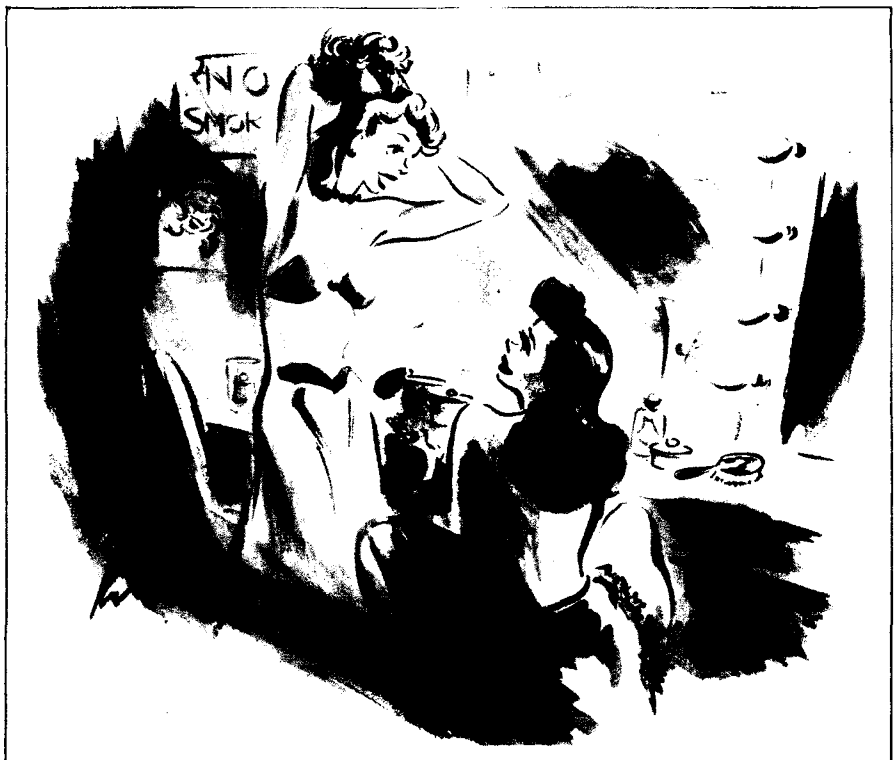

"He asked me to kiss him and before I could say 'No,' I did"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES

THE BLANK PAGE

Continued from page 21

funeral more than a week ago, he had not once emptied his pockets or brushed his clothes. So there was the revolver, bulging in his pocket, giving him the look of a jealous husband hunting down a rival.

Jealous—of whom? One can't be jealous of the past. Agnes was dead, the victim of a stupid accident. For fifteen years he had lived with her and thought of her as a loving and virtuous wife. He still thought of her so. He had come here simply to make sure, and to clear up a mystery.

Agnes had had an appointment with an unknown person, Lambert by name, and within the hour of that appointment she had met her death. What more natural than to come here to ask the unknown Lambert for some explanation as to that blank sheet of paper she was holding in her hand? Anyway, Agnes was dead, their life and happiness together were things of the past, so what matter if it had been simply an illusion? No, he was not jealous; he was only puzzled and bewildered. But somehow he could not bring himself to ask for *Monsieur* Lambert. To do so was to give too much substance to a shadow. He would temporize.

"Er . . . Lambert, please?" he queried, pretending to be casual and hurried, as he half opened the door of the lodge.

BUT the concierge, who was busy at the stove, liked exactness in such matters. She came forward, saucepan in hand, and stared at the intruder for a good minute before replying. A born witness, this concierge.

"*Madame* Lambert?" she said. "Madame Lambert's flat is on the third floor left."

"Third floor, left," he repeated mechanically. "Thank you."

On the stairway he paused, took a deep breath, and wiped the sweat from his forehead. As he put the handkerchief back he noticed it was one of his wife's. There was a little smear of lipstick on it. That living trace of her upset him. Agnes had been dead and buried for more than a week, and here in this dark stairway, where he stood like a criminal, he had used her hauntingly perfumed handkerchief, which she had touched to her lips.

It was horrible, this thing he was doing, horrible to have doubted Agnes, and to be here, spying on her. His heart thumped, he could scarcely breathe. By the time he reached the third floor, at this rate, he would not be able to say a word.

Glad of this excuse, he began to climb slowly. He would not admit to himself that he was now afraid, afraid of knowing . . .

Madame Lambert, the concierge had said. Three flights of stairs to think this over. Why, she might be simply a dressmaker, or a manicurist. Yes, that was it! He had come here on a fool's errand. He paused, struggling with the almost irresistible desire to turn back.

Stained-glass windows cast a weird, gloomy light on the dingy staircase. The greenish wallpaper was peeling from the wall. A pot of withering aspidistra stood in a jardiniere. The knob on the newel post was a crystal globe, like a fortuneteller's. A typical stairway in a typical shabby-genteel house, even to its stuffy atmosphere, heavy with the mingled fumes of dust, beeswax and cabbage. The sinister light and the stuffy smells recalled to him another stairway he had climbed sixteen years before, the one that led up to his father-in-law's office. Sixteen years ago he had gone to the stern old lawyer to ask—curious phrase—to ask for Agnes' hand. The old man had put a lot of questions about money; he had wanted to know how the young people would manage if they had any children.

Well, there hadn't been any children, except poor little Claude, who had lived only a few months. When Claude had died, Agnes had said: "No more children—I suffered too much." And the doctor had said: "No more children—that's the wise thing." And he himself had agreed: "No more children." So they had lived alone; alone together, with their perfect love. And now he was dragging its memory in the dirt by climbing these stairs.

First floor. A door to the right, another to the left. And a faded upholstered bench to sit on. Two more flights to go before reaching the Lambert flat.

Madame Lambert. Well, there must be a Monsieur somewhere. Perhaps he had made a quick getaway right after the accident. He could not help but know of it. And what more logical way of avoiding an encounter with the husband—

"You will turn ze head—yes?"

"I do not turn the head—NO!"

MR. G.: Now look, Mister—this is my wife's idea. NOT mine! And I am NOT turning the head. Take me *full face, head on*—or not at all!

MONS.: But, Monsieur—ze eff-*ect!* To turn is of a necessity—

MR. G.: Not to ME, brother! If I'm going to be painted for my wife, it's *head on, eye to eye.* Besides, this Arrow Collar makes me look better that way. And another thing—NO COAT.

MONS.: Name of a Name! Is zere no Art in Amerique? I beg you, WHY, Monsieur, the "no coat"?

MR. G.: Because if I've got to sit here I want to look my best, that's why. And this Arrow Shirt has a special "body-line" cut that flatters my vanity, see? Yeah, the "Mitoga" cut. O. K., hey?

MONS.: But yes! It is ve-ry hand-*some.* But I shrug. Pouf! The washing, I suppose, will feex it but good weeth the shrink-*age.* No?

MR. G.: No! These here Arrows have a label in 'em called "SANFORIZED." It means they can't shrink even 1%. I love that label—*get it in the picture!*

MONS.: Nom de Dieu! Rather than perform *that,* I shall conduct a taxi! No la-*bel!* Full face—yes! But no la-*bel!*

MR. G.: O. K., Doctor—I just wanted to see how far you'd let me go! Now look at it—isn't it the best-looking little old shirt you ever did see? Right! *Let's go! Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

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for he would have known of the existence of a husband; unfaithful wives always gab about their husbands.

A rush of blood to his head made him stagger—as he had done that day when he had peeped into Agnes' engagement book and had found the appointment with Lambert jotted down in it. An appointment which coincided strangely with the hour of her death. Just a few words: *5 o'clock. Lambert. Diderot 90-10.* There had been no address. He had made the discovery when he had returned to the empty flat after the funeral. It had made him reel with a sick dizziness such as this, now. It had taken him a long time to find the address in the telephone directory.

He leaned against the banister, peering down the well of the stairway at the luminous crystal globe. There were people who believed their fate could be read in crystal globes. What nonsense!

Not yet recovered completely, he nevertheless resumed his climb. These fits of giddiness were becoming common of late. And no wonder! For a good two weeks he had not eaten a decent meal, and scarcely a wink had he slept since the day he had found that name and address and had begun to worry over the piece of blank paper.

But: *Madame* Lambert? Well, what was to prevent Madame Lambert from lending her apartment to a friend? Or perhaps she had a boarder? She might even rent out a room by the day, or by the hour. Nothing so unusual in that. He himself, in the old days—but that was before Agnes came into his life and changed everything. And now he was imagining the possibility of Agnes' having gone up to such a room. Oh, horrible! He could not tolerate the thought.

Second floor. Same bench, same doors—one to the right, one to the left. And the same stained-glass window: pink heron, opalescent fish, green reeds, pink water lily.

FOR a whole week—ever since the funeral—he had been imagining an unknown chapter of Agnes' life staring out at him from that blank piece of paper. Did he want, now, to know the truth? Did he honestly want to know? There was still time to retreat. He could still run away from here, banish his fears, forget his suspicions, preserve his image of a pure Agnes, eternally loving.

But then, Lambert existed, 114 Boulevard National existed, and the mystery existed. Death does not visit you in a distant street, as you leave a certain Lambert's flat with a blank paper in your hand—not without reason. He was here to find out that reason.

At last, the third floor. With three doors. The door to the left, the one he had to deal with, was lost in shadow at the end of the corridor. He drew near it, slowly.

So dense was the shadow that he could not make out the lettering on the name plate under the doorbell. He realized, with a flash of relief, that a glance at the name plate might clear up the whole mystery. Madame Lambert might very well be a dressmaker. Or a manicurist. Still, if that were so, the directory would have mentioned it.

He felt in his pockets. Not a flashlight, not a match—nothing but that ridiculous revolver, and the blank sheet of paper. He ran his finger over the name plate. Not engraved; nothing to be learned that way.

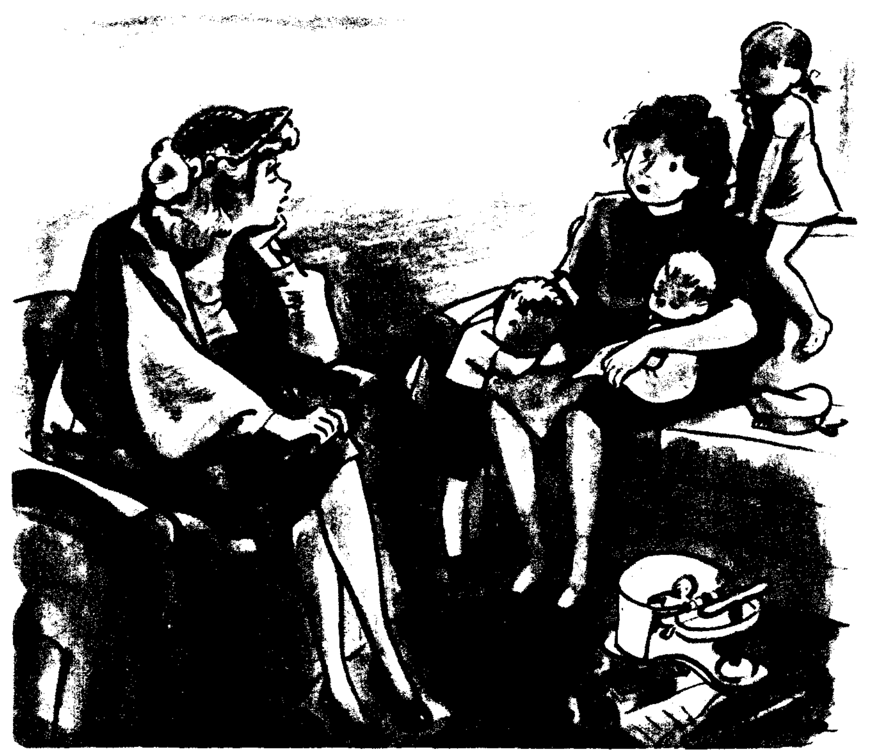
He started to touch the button, then pulled his hand back, in sudden terror. It was as if the pressure of his finger might set off a fuse, might blow up the house, blow all Paris to bits.

What he risked reducing to wreckage, though, was not a house or a town. It was the memory of Agnes and of their fifteen years of happiness together, a happiness, to which nothing could now be added. By pressing this button he might destroy that perfect memory—if he had not already destroyed it by his vile suspicion of Agnes. The suspicion had tormented him ever since he had looked in her engagement book and found that date: *5 o'clock. Lambert.*

The page of the following day, the 16th, was a blank, as blank as the sheet of paper which had been found clutched in Agnes' rigid fingers. An empty page, without a line or a watermark, open but creased from having been folded twice. That was all anyone could tell him about it. The kindhearted policeman and the doctors at the hospital had said she had held that paper in her hand when the truck ran over her. A blank piece of paper, a little muddied in the fall, smudged by the policeman's dirty fingers.

It had been a most ordinary accident: a fine rain falling through gathering darkness, a steep and slippery street, a heavy truck speeding along—everything about it had been banal except that one detail: the small sheet of empty paper clutched in the dead hand.

He had not been immediately struck by the strangeness of that detail. There had



"But aren't you getting yourself hopelessly involved with your husband?"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

been too many other things to think about in the week preceding the funeral. In the time that had elapsed between the announcement of the accident and his return to the empty flat after the funeral, events had crowded fast, as in a nightmare, or a bad film; a jerky and incoherent film, with himself an onlooker. There had been the police station, the hospital, the identification of the body—thank heaven, unmutilated; a broken back leaves no visible trace. There had been the undertakers, and the funeral announcements, the church, and the cemetery. Kind friends had taken charge of everything. During the funeral, rain fell. The sidewalks were black mirrors upon which people walked as if upon a void. There had been the phrases of condolence, and the insupportable sound of the first spadeful of earth upon the coffin. You read things like that in books and then one day it happens to you. Your beloved wife is lost to you, and you come home to an empty apartment, dizzy and empty-headed, and the door clicks and it closes on the only significant chapter of your life.

THE agitated, meaningless film, its scenes and faces all blurred together, had ended at last. It had ended suddenly when he found himself alone in the lonely apartment, where everything reminded him of the living Agnes, and no trace remained of the dead. The gloves on the desk still kept the curve of her fingers. Nothing was missing there that had belonged to her, except the clothes she had worn on the 15th, when she had crossed the Boulevard National in front of No. 114 and had not seen the truck speeding down upon her.

Remembering how Agnes loved order and neatness, he had pulled himself together and had tidied up things. He had lingered over her clothes—those dresses hanging flat and empty in her wardrobe, flat and empty forever. He had classified her papers. And then he had dared to look in her engagement book and had found that last note jotted down on the fatal date. Only a name and a telephone number. It was then that he had begun to think about that sheet of blank paper.

He had tried to recapitulate the last moments of the dead woman. Again and again he had examined the small oblong of paper, searching for some sign. Here was the last thing her living fingers had touched, the last thing about which she had thought. Had she intended to write something on it? What, then, was she going to write? There was no post office near the scene of the accident.

Anyhow, one doesn't take out letter paper ahead of time, not in a dark street and in the rain.

That name, with only a telephone number. He knew no one called Lambert. No Lambert was listed in her address book. He had consulted it when sending out the funeral announcements.

One day he had dialed the number: *Diderot: 90-10.* But when he heard the receiver at the other end being lifted, he hung up. The telephone could not help him. He did not want a voice and a polite lie. What he wanted was a face, and the truth. He wanted to know his adversary. He wanted to know everything, to see with his own eyes the rooms where they had met.

Half mad with grief and shame, he had searched the directory for the address. He had found it, and after a week of trying to resist the impulse, he had come to the house, this house, these stairs, this room. He had only to press the bell beneath his finger and he would know everything.

He pressed it. . . .

And now the blank paper was in the hands of Madame Lambert, a fussy little old woman, obviously much disturbed. She had let him in at once, as soon as he had given his name. She had exclaimed: "Oh, my God! You are *her* husband! Come in, come in!" And now she was saying, "Yes, of course, I recognize it. It's a page out of my writing tablet. See, it fits exactly into the block of paper."

On her desk, beneath the lamp, lay a small handbill with a crude drawing of a hand, all the lines very black and precise. And above it in large lettering:

MADAME LAMBERT, VOYANTE

Agnes had gone to a fortuneteller to have her hand read! In his bewilderment at that revelation he could scarcely make out the sense of Madame Lambert's torrent of words.

It would seem that Monsieur Lambert had been killed in the first months of the war . . . that they had once lived in the West Indies . . . What had that to do with it? Oh, she had studied palmistry there . . . And when Monsieur Lambert had died and she had been left penniless, she had turned to this business of fortunetelling. No, her profession was not listed in the directory—to avoid the taxes, and to keep the good will of the concierge—and yes, she had known the name, Agnes Vigner. There it was, written down on the desk calendar. See! The 15th at 5 o'clock. She had been horrified when she had heard of the accident. No, she had not thought of trying to communicate with him. Being a semi-invalid, she rarely went out . . . Moreover, she had been afraid of getting her name into the papers . . .

At last the words and phrases linked together:

"I think your wife came to see me just for fun. She was laughing when she came in. One of her friends had given her my name and address. She regarded the whole thing as a joke, but she sat down there and showed me her hand. And when I looked at it I had a terrible shock. It was an extreme case. Unique. Her life was finished—the life line showed it would end that very hour. She had no more life to live, you understand, no more time left. Nothing.

"I was upset. I didn't know what to do. It was the first time I had ever seen a life line like that. I couldn't tell her right out, could I, that her life was finished? And she didn't look like a person about to commit suicide.

"Well, at last I went to my desk and pretended to write something, a forecast. Then I gave her that piece of blank paper, folded up. And I told her not to open it until she had gone.

"Oh, poor little lady! She must have opened it while she was crossing the street, as soon as she left the door. And so she didn't see that big heavy truck speeding right down upon her . . ."

HE STAMMERS out something to end the intolerable interview. He cannot blame the old fool for what she has done. He says a few polite words. Then, on a sudden impulse, he stretches out his hand—palm upward, as if in defiance of fate.

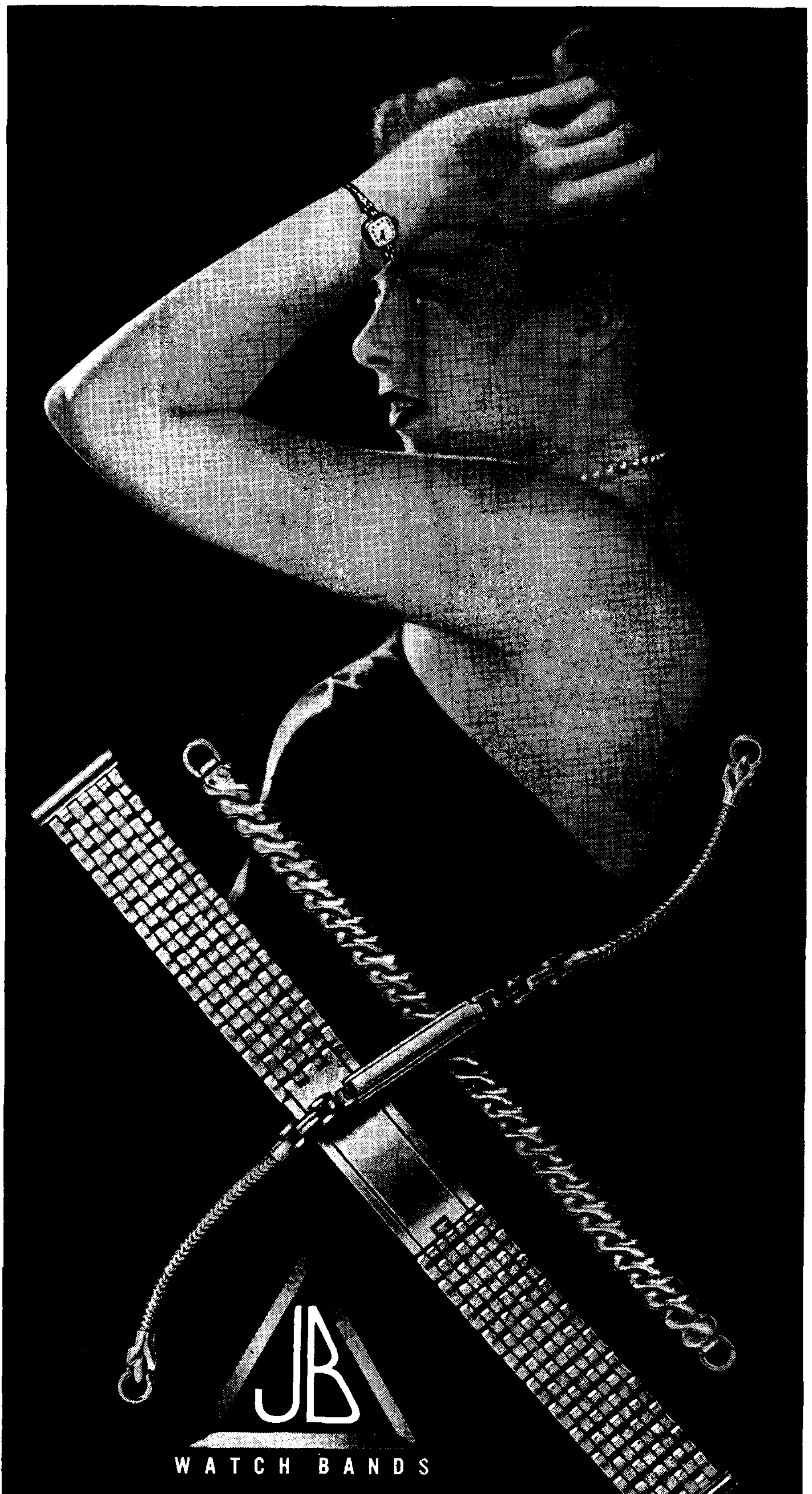
But Madame Lambert shakes her head. Her old eyes are brimming with tears. "No," she says. "No, I don't want to look at it. God knows, I've already done you enough harm!"

He shrugs. What does it matter? That wouldn't change anything. In the course of only a few days he has sullied those fifteen years of perfect love with Agnes. And what had his life been but Agnes and his faith in her?

He goes down the sinister stairway, and once more finds himself outside the door of 114. There he turns in the direction of the river Seine. He will go down to the banks of the river, he will seek out that quay where he first held Agnes in his arms. He must, somehow, wipe out this past week of evil thoughts; if he is to go on living he must somehow make his mind pure again.

In his hand, he holds the blank page.

THE END



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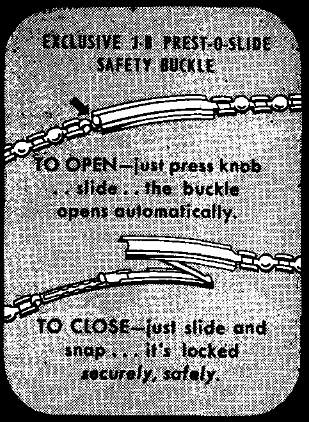
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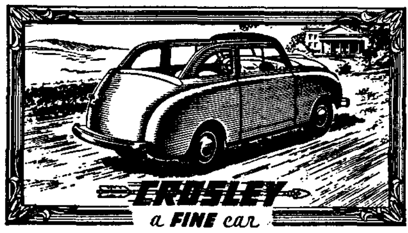

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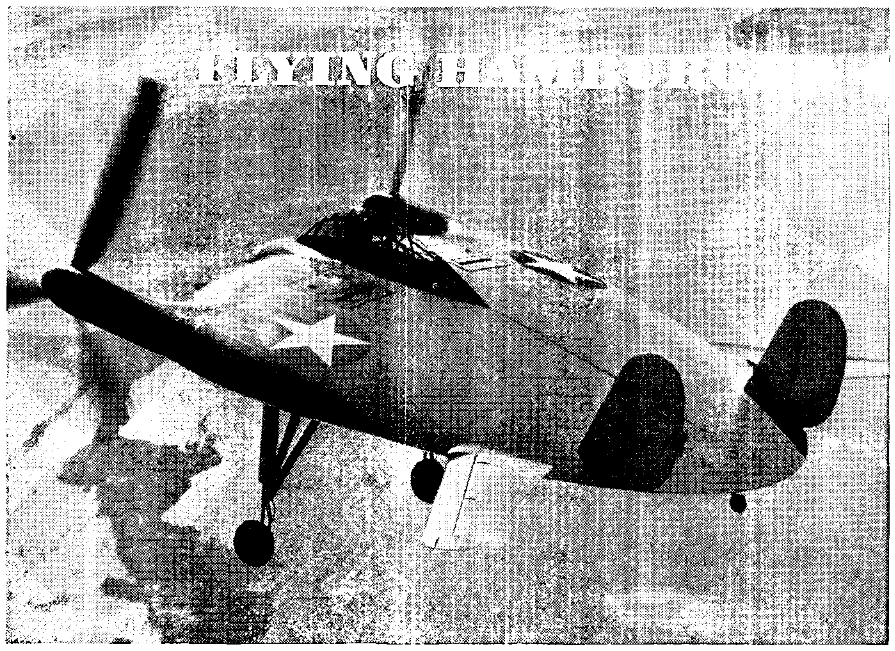
FLYING HAMBURGER



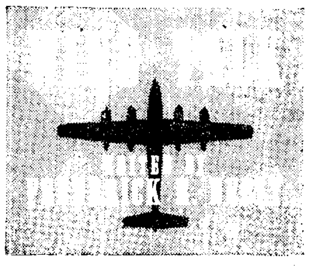
Also dubbed the Pancake, this Chance Vought flying wing is the lighter model of the Navy's 425-mph XF5U-1. Its landing speed is only 40 mph

SINCE 1907, when the Army Signal Corps advertised specifications for America's first military airplane and required that it should have a top speed of at least 40 miles an hour, aeronautical engineers have continuously been beaten over the head by the Army, Navy and commercial air lines to turn out planes that would fly faster, faster and still faster.

Some people think their technical brains have become so warped on the side of high-speed flying that they've completely forgotten one of the airplane's greatest needs—a safe, low landing speed. These same cynics maintain there is one paragraph in the specifications for the first military airplane (which the Wright Brothers met and delivered in finished form in 1909) that should be included in the performance requirements for all air liners and personal planes today, to wit: that they shall be able to "land in a field without requiring a specially prepared spot and without damaging its structure."

Well, we can't land a 40-ton airplane carrying half a hundred passengers, in any old field "without damaging its structure" when its landing speed is between 90 and 100 miles an hour. But if we could cut down the landing speed to 20 or 30 miles an hour (ridiculous in this high-speed age), the cynics say you'd never again kill a passenger in a forced landing away from an airport—"specially prepared spot" to the people 40 years ago—airports that now have hard-surfaced runways one and two miles long to serve the Goliaths of today and tomorrow.

Aeronautical engineers *have* been paying attention to the landing speeds of the bigger planes. If they hadn't, jobs like the new Douglas DC-6, about to go into service on American and United Air Lines, would be coming in for landings at 150 miles an hour or more. Through advanced wing design, wheel brakes, flaps (air brakes) and the latest, reversible-pitch propellers which slow down the plane as it touches the ground, these big air liners are able to utilize existing airports with safety. And their four-engined security all but eliminates forced landings away from airports. However, a 20-mile-an-hour landing speed is of little comfort if any plane, at normal cruising speed, plows into a mountain.



The Low-Landing-Speed lobby isn't satisfied with what has been done to keep the landing speed low while increasing the cruising speed. They call present devices a poor compromise. They were even bold enough to cry out when universal attention was centered so intently on the run of accidents that today's conventional airplane can never be considered safe until it can stand still in the air and land at a snail's clip.

In the early thirties, a young Olathe, Kansas, aeronautical engineer, then working in the mysterious and complicated wind tunnels of the government's National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, with millions of dollars' worth of scientific equipment, came to a somewhat similar but more tempered conclusion: The conventional airplane *could never be a satisfactory means of personal transportation!*

This Kansas University graduate, class of 1929, was and is Charles H. Zimmerman, now an engineer with conservative Chance Vought Aircraft of Stratford, Connecticut, a division of equally conservative United Aircraft Corporation which embraces other units that build such noted products as Pratt & Whitney Wasp engines, Sikorsky helicopters and Hamilton Standard propellers. The Chance Vought Division up to now is most famous for its Corsair Navy fighter, of which more than 11,000 were built to help win the Jap war, and it is now in the jet-plane business with its brand-new Westinghouse jet-propelled Navy fighter called the Pirate.

From 1929 to 1933, Charlie Zimmerman's explorations in the NACA wind tunnels eventually crystallized a nebulous idea that an entirely new and different type of flying machine was needed to overcome the recognized and accepted limitations of the conventional airplane. In this he is supported by leading aeronautical engineers who, when cornered by the Low-Landing-Speed zealots, admit: "Sure, we can build a plane with a 20-mile-an-hour landing speed, but it won't look like an airplane and, what's more, it will take many years of research and many millions of dollars to make the change-over."

To this, the L-L-S lobby replies, "Just what *is* an airplane supposed to look like, and who cares so long as it will land slowly?"

Zimmerman's idea was based not only upon the concept that an airplane should fly on a fixed wing (like our present air liners) in cruising flight, but also that it should be supported as a helicopter on rotary wings (blades whirling horizontally) at slow speeds and in hovering flight (standing still in the air). So he invented it, and it doesn't look like an airplane—more like a hamburger sandwich or a pancake.

After four years of study and experimentation with this design, Zimmerman approached United Aircraft (no connection with United Air Lines), and they said

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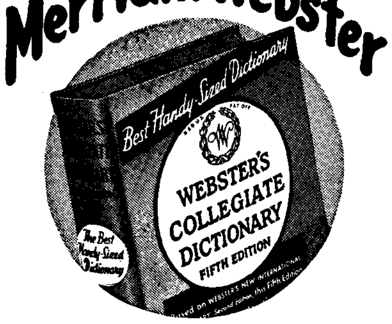

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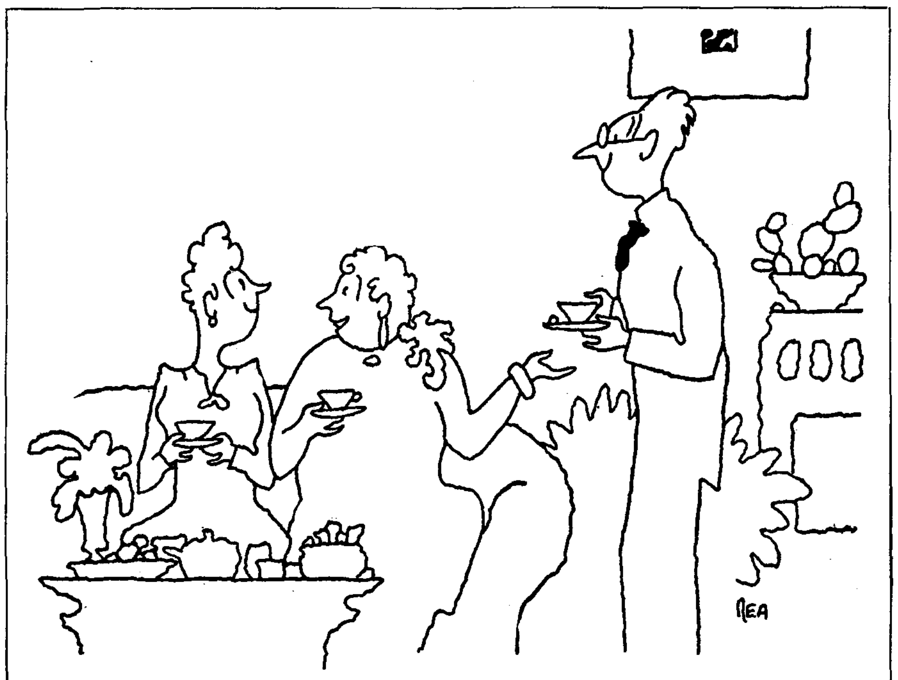
they'd buy it. This was 10 years ago. He quit the NACA, licensed his design to United Aircraft and joined Chance Vought as consultant engineer to carry out its development.

But the interests of national defense caused him and the company to convert his idea of "a plane for satisfactory means of personal transportation" into a fighter. This resulted in the building of the V-173, dubbed by Chance Vought factory workers as the "Flying Hamburger," the "Skimmer," the "Flying Flounder," the "Flying Pancake" and other inelegant but thoroughly descriptive names. It was made of wood and fabric and two low-powered engines and was first flown on November 23, 1942. It was a secret until last summer.

Subsequent tests proving that the original design was both usable and practicable, the Navy ordered a fighter version built—the XF5U-1—of all metal and fitted with two Twin Wasp engines of 1,350 horsepower each. Its anticipated performance at the government's Muroc, California, flight-test base is a low speed of 40 miles an hour and a top of 425. By taking advantage of jet engines driving propellers, the company is optimistic enough to predict a possible top speed of over 500 miles an hour and a low speed of *zero*—just standing still in the air, hanging on its props.

The Low-Landing-Speed missionaries care not a hoot for the tactical possibilities or military characteristics of the XF5U-1. They see in it the first major step in the development, someday, of air liners with a similar performance if both the Navy and Chance Vought can afford to continue their costly research and testing. That is why they hail the foresight of United Aircraft in taking over Charlie Zimmerman and his flying machine. The parent company has in its family specialists in aircraft engines and power transmission (the engines are buried in the wing and drive two distantly located propellers by right-angle drive shafts), propeller designers and builders, airplane constructors of long experience and helicopter experts.

Months of testing at Muroc lie ahead for the XF5U-I, and unborn bugs are certain to come into a vigorous and troublesome existence. Nevertheless, due to the possible hope that we will have flying machines with such a wonderful range of speed, the cynics and pessimists have turned into happy optimists—almost too much so for the people who have to make good the promises of these fans in the stands. . . . CLINTON R. HARROWER



COLLIER'S "One of Mr. Stickle's books was reviewed!" GARDNER REA

BOATS FOR EVERYBODY

Continued from page 24

month. And in Maine, land of old salts, an old-time boatbuilder with generations of experience in wooden construction has recently turned to aluminum for standardized 16½-foot sailboats.

A large chemical concern has developed a lightweight boat of magnesium. But it has not yet licked the problem of saltwater corrosion, so the current model is for fresh-water use only. It's a 12-foot runabout for outboards up to 5½ horsepower—and it weighs only 75 pounds.

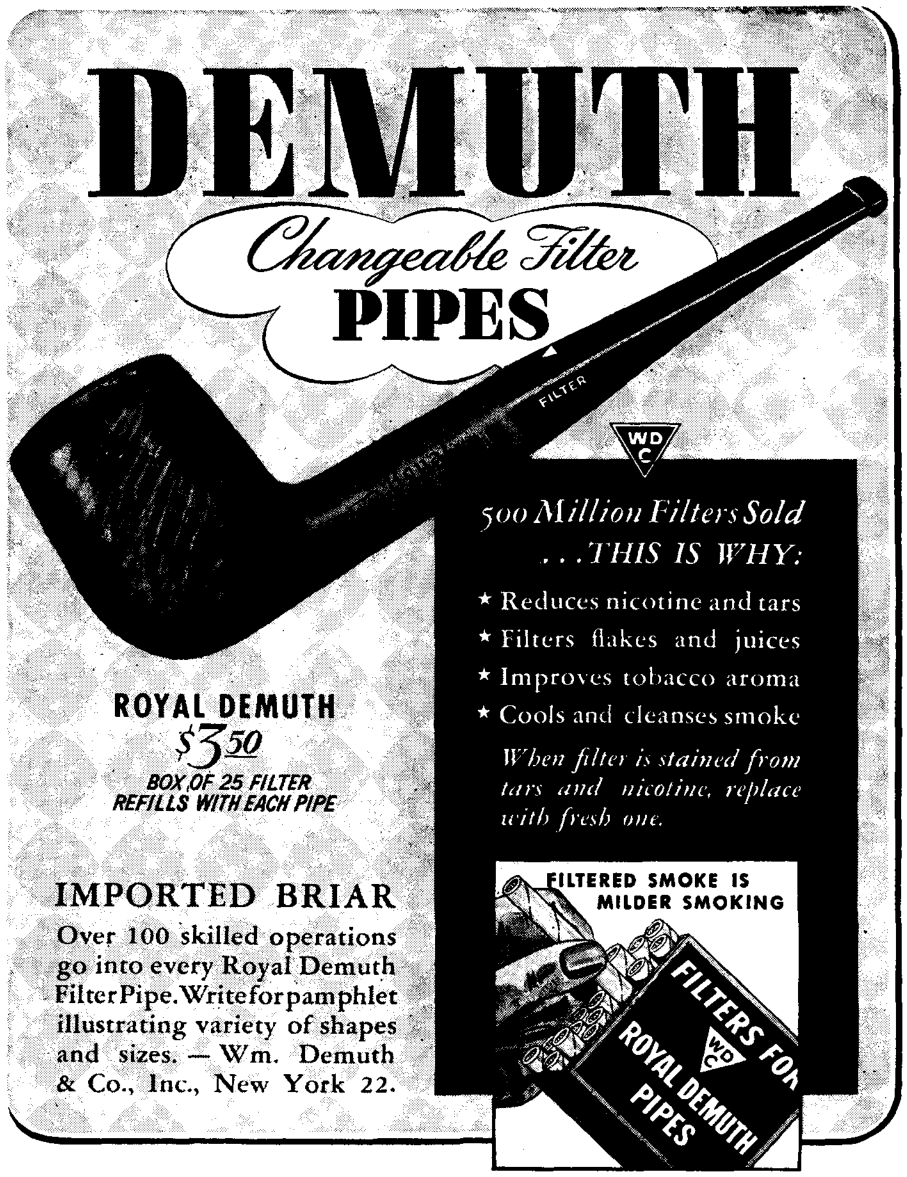
The plastics people, of course, were bound to get in on the boat business sooner or later. So far they have limited themselves to fairly small boats—up to about 17 feet. Most of the plastic boats now on the market are made with one-piece skins, either baked or pressed out under great pressure. Other so-called "plastic" boats are actually made on a plywood base, with plastic finish. One plastic, made of rope fibers, was used during the war for the disposable gas tanks carried by fighter planes. These used to be dropped from planes at great heights and found later, undamaged. This gave the manufacturer his idea for a tough, sturdy boat hull. Some plastic boats have an added advantage; the color can be impregnated in the plastic, so no painting is necessary. Instead you wax and polish your boat the way you would your car.

New materials are also coming into use for boat parts and marine accessories. Nylon sails and ropes, and seamless aluminum masts and spars are among the innovations.

With the advent of all these new ideas, boat owning should be much simpler and more fun. The new-style boats have no seams to caulk. They do not absorb water nor dry out in winter. They have smooth surfaces which are easy to finish and paint. They are not subject to dry rot. And they don't leak.

Furthermore they are—or soon will be—cheaper than old-type boats. Just now not all prices are as low as you might like. The change-over from old methods isn't complete, and materials are still scarce and expensive. But when assembly-line production really gets rolling, you, too, can be a part-time admiral.

THE END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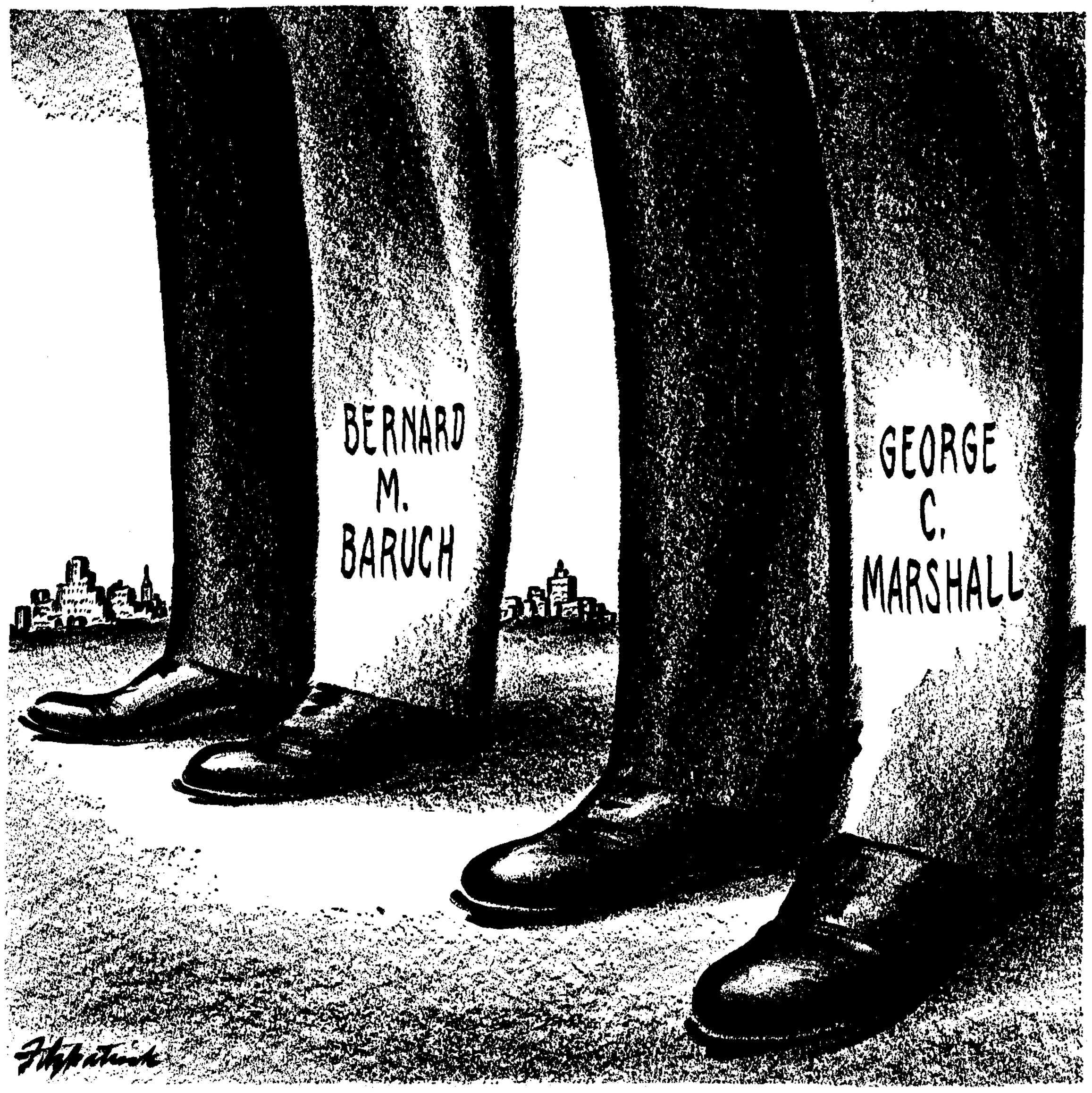

GIANTS IN OUR TIME

SOMEBODY remarked a while ago that in the person of Winston Churchill we had all been privileged to see greatness in our time. We agree with that estimate. But we'd like to add to the list of present-day greats the names of two Americans, at least—Bernard M. Baruch and Secretary of State George C. Marshall.

In these two men, we think, all Americans can take the highest pride, while any young American can profit by acquainting himself or herself with the life stories and the principles of Baruch and Marshall.

The new Secretary of State, of course, made the bulk of his reputation to date in the Army, as a brilliant young captain under Black Jack Pershing in World War I and as Chief of Staff in World War II.

He went on from there to become the President's special envoy to China, his job being to reconcile the warring Chinese Communists and Nationalists if he could. He failed to bring about an immediate peace; but he did tell the Chinese what ails them, in a brilliant and incisive report which inspired various patriotic Chinese to try again to compose their differences.

Largely because of his performance in China, we're strongly inclined to discount the dour predictions that little good can come of making a top-flight military man Secretary of State. Marshall, like MacArthur and Eisenhower, is much more than just a military man.

Mr. Baruch's services to his country in its two latest wars have been as spectacular as those of any civilian. In the first World War, he co-ordinated and supervised production of war materials, and got in some highly effective blows against inflation. In the second, the Baruch synthetic rubber program, carried through by William M. Jeffers, saved the nation from a transport breakdown which might have lost the war for the Allies.

The latest Baruch achievement as we go to press is the formulation of a plan for safeguarding the United States through the delicate, dangerous and self-imposed business of telling the world how we make atom bombs, the ultimate objective being to outlaw the atom bomb everywhere and start a move toward general disarmament.

In selling this plan to the Administration and our United Nations delegation, Mr. Baruch ran head on into a crowd of idealists, Russia Firsters and America Lasters who were determined to force disclosure of the atom-bomb techniques without assurances that the knowledge would not be used against us. It was a tough fight, in which our own knuckleheads naturally had the able assistance of Messrs. Molotov and Gromyko, of Russia. But at this writing Mr. Baruch appears to have won the fight completely. Thereby, he may have saved this country from a deadlier war than it has ever yet fought.

Speaking of greatness in our time, we give you, again, Bernard M. Baruch and George C. Marshall.

OUR PINK AND RED RIVALS

WE HEAR some worries expressed here and there, and some taunts tossed around over the fact that the general drift in Europe is toward Communism or Socialism, while the United States is moving toward more and more freedom and scope for capitalism.

As of now, we can't get alarmed about it all. We remain calm concerning this country's supposed political and economic unfashionableness because of certain facts and figures which show that neither Socialism nor Communism is delivering the goods in any way comparable to our own system's performance. By "goods" we mean consumers' goods, machine tools, and high-average living standards.

In England, where some 20 per cent of industry *is being nationalized—coal, banking, cable and* wireless, civil aviation and transport, with steel to follow when and if the Labor party can get up its nerve—production is lagging badly.

Coal production per British miner per shift used to be three tons before the war. It is down to 2¾ tons as this is written, with no prospect of early recovery.

Strikes are a growing headache in Great Britain, with workers seeming not to care whether they strike against the government or against some private employer.

In France, where about 23 per cent of industry is in process of being taken over by the government, coal and electricity production are well above prewar levels. But another trouble is hitting France. There, many business people fear that the government *will take over their properties sooner or later,* so they aren't modernizing or expanding.

Poland is socializing some 60 per cent of its industries. Yet the promised blessings of Socialism in Poland are still only pie in the sky, to borrow an old phrase with which Socialists and Communists have long enjoyed taunting capitalists. Food is short in Poland, prices of almost everything are high, wages are penurious, industrial production is far below prewar rates.

Czechoslovakia presents much the same picture as its government grabs about 60 per cent of its industries. Coal-mine output per miner is down to one third below that of 1937. So is iron and steel production. Over-all industrial production is reliably reported 35 per cent under normal.

In Russia, paradise of Red and many Pink thinkers everywhere, it is the same old pathetic story 30 years after the Communist revolution—savagely low living standards for all but the 3,000,000 or so members of the Communist party master class; recurrent shortages of this and that; failures of ambitious plans; endless promises by the national leaders that the pie will come down from the sky on some bright tomorrow.

Add to all this a serious postwar inflation, plus wide discoveries of graft and incompetence among Russian executives and bureaucrats, and you get a melancholy picture of Communism's performance as contrasted with its promises.

Germane to all this, too, is the fact that the United States has poured billions in money, credits and UNRRA materials into these Socialist, Communist and going-Marxist nations, and still none of them shows signs as yet of ever attaining the opulent productivity of our capitalist system.

They may overtake us someday; may even surpass us. But until that becomes a great deal more likely than it now appears to be, we think we'll save our worrying energies for something other than the fact that this country remains rightist while much of the rest of the world moves leftward. Up to now, the going has been lots better and more comfortable on the rightist side of the road.

Above figures by United States News

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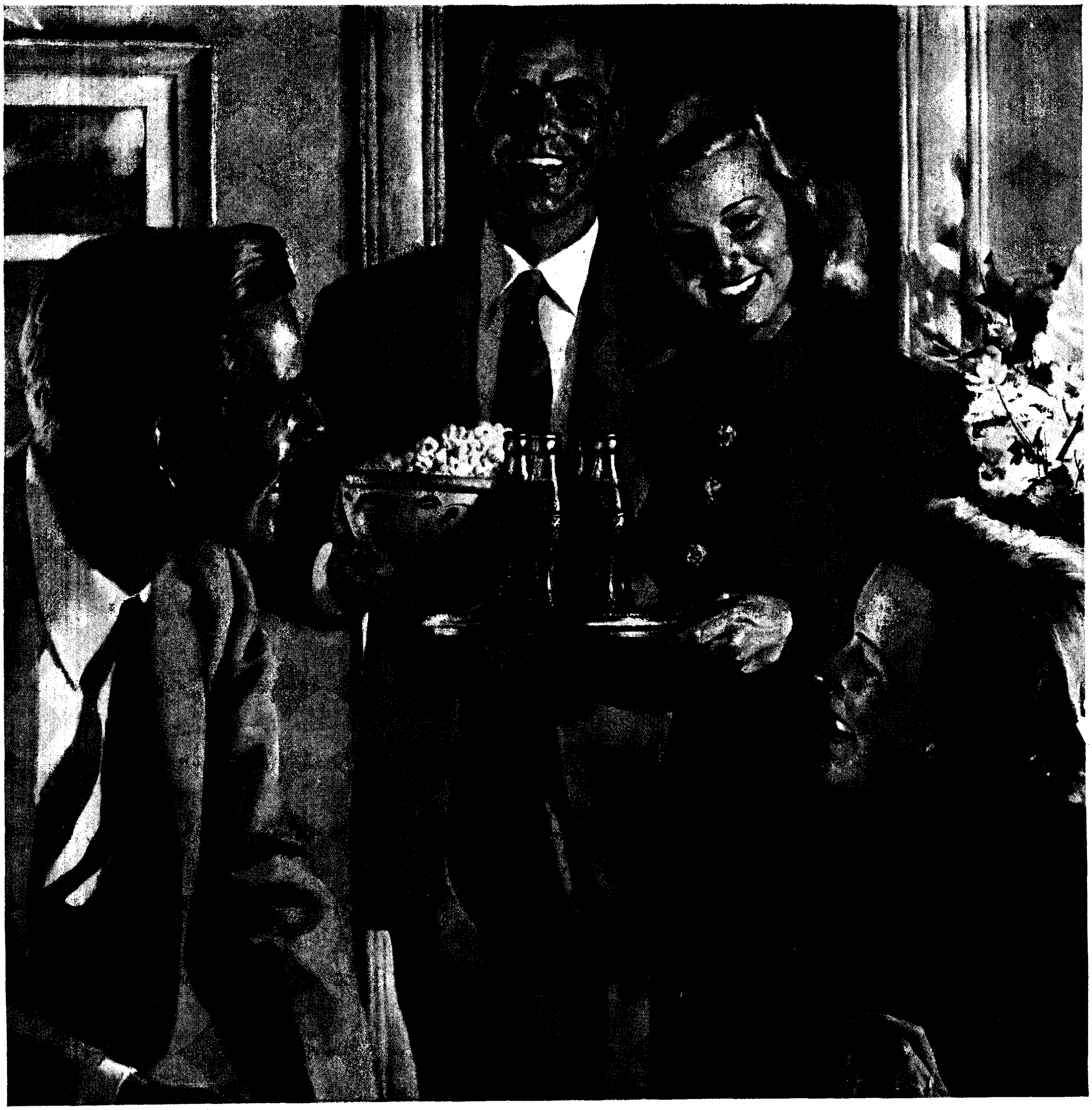

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